

Good People, Give Ear  
James Barmby.  
John Swire.

Good people, give ear,  
As we sing loud and clear  
Our song of a Christmas morning.  
In Jewry of old,  
As the prophets foretold,  
A glory came down to the earth:  
And angels on high  
Sang loud from the sky,  
So we may have gladness and mirth.

O list, young and old,  
As we sing in the cold,  
Our song of a Christmas morning.  
It was cold on the plains,  
Where a few silly swains  
Were watching their flocks in the night;  
But a glory shone round,  
And sweet music did sound,  
And the welkin was filled with delight.

Awake ye, and hear  
For your solace and cheer,  
Our song of a Christmas morning.  
Anon were they 'ware  
That an angel stood there,  
And "Fear not," said he, "nor be sad;  
For a Savior is born  
To a world that was lorn,  
And therefore ye all may be glad."

O hear, great and small  
And God bless you all  
Our song of a Christmas morning.  
There came in due time  
From a far eastern clime  
Certain wise men led on by a star;  
Their gifts they unrolled,  
Myrrh, incense, and gold,  
And bore the glad tidings afar.

Now peace to you all  
And deliverance from thrall  
On this blessed Christmas morning.  
Our story is told,  
You have heard it of old,  
We sing the same song every year;  
But it ever is new  
To hearts that are true:  
May God of His grace send you cheer!