

I Love to Hear Sweet Voices Sing
Richard Chope, 1894.
Herbert Irons.

I love to hear sweet voices sing,
That Day of all the best,
When earliest in the morn they bring
The news of Christmas blest,
And far away old echoes ring,
As bidding me to rest!

For then with waking thoughts intent
My soul looks up on high,
And mingles musing with relent
And fain 'twould see Christ nigh;
Hear for itself, ere time be spent,
Peace from the azure sky.

But thou no longer in our race
By flesh the virgin-born
Is known to us, yet Jesus' grace
Leaves not His forlorn;
Since now good Christians see His face
By faith, on Christmas morn!

Then come, ye faithful, great and small,
Come hasten to the sight,
Where Jesus at our festival
Comes down, the shining Light,
To fill all hearts, who hear His call,
With glory beaming bright!