

Now Lift the Carol

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Arthur Brown.

Now lift the carol, men and maids,  
Now wake exultant singing;  
This day the Well of Life first sprang,  
Who shall declare His springing?  
It is the birthday of our Peace;  
This day for man the weary,  
The everlasting Son of God  
Was born of blessed Mary.

Refrain

Noel! Noel!

Proclaim the Savior's birth;  
He raises us to Heaven,  
O hail His coming down to earth.

He was not born in such sweet days,  
As we of yore remember;  
'Twas not the sunny summer time,  
Oh! 'twas the cold December:  
As shines the sun above the snows  
When nature's life is lying  
Fast bound in winter's icy chain,  
So came He to the dying.

Refrain

He did not bring a royal train,  
A host no man might number,  
Nor lay begirt by damask folds,  
Nor lulled by harp to slumber.  
Oh, He was wrapped in swathing bands  
Whose might o'erspans the Heaven,  
And that mean trough where oxen fed,  
For His first rest was given.

Refrain

There were poor shepherds in the field,  
Their flocks at midnight tending;  
Then Heav'n came down and brought for news,  
A rapture never ending;  
So they went swift to Bethlehem,  
And saw and told the story  
Of Christ the Lord, a little child,  
And angels singing, "Glory."

Refrain

Not in the manger lies He now;  
Far o'er the sapphire portal  
At God's right hand of power He sits  
Who was this day made mortal:  
All in the highest, holiest place,  
Where there may dwell none other,  
There our own Manhood sits enthroned,  
There is our elder brother.

The birthday of our God and king  
Lo! we are called to greet Him;  
The everlasting Bridegroom comes,  
Oh, go ye out to meet Him.  
This is the end of all below,  
The crown of love's best story;  
Christ stands and knocketh, happy souls,  
Receive the King of glory.

Refrain