

Once o'er Judea's Hills by Night
Mary Slade, 1876.
Rigdon McIntosh.

Once o'er Judea's hills by night
Was heard a joyful sound,
A host appeared, of angels bright,
And glory shone around.
Fear not, they sing, to you we bring
Glad tidings, peace on earth;
Good will to men, they caroled then,
And sang the Savior's birth.
On Beth'lem's plain no more we hear
The wondrous heav'nly chime;
But we can sound a strain as dear,
This joyful Christmas morn.

Refrain

Our song we raise as God we praise,
Good will and peace on earth;
With heart and voice we all rejoice,
And sing the Savior's birth.

When they had sung their song of love,
The angels went away,
To sing in joyful courts above
That first glad Christmas day.
The shepherds heard the wondrous word
The angels brought to them;
Then hastened they where sleeping lay
The Babe of Bethlehem.
Around the manger gathering,
O! let us prostrate fall;
And to the infant Savior bring
Our hearts, our lives our all!

Refrain