

Let Sighing Cease and Woe
Charles Coffin(1676-1749)
Genevan Psalter, 1551.

Let sighing cease and woe
God from on high hath heard,
Heaven's gate is opening wide, and lo!
The long expected Word.

Peace! through the deep of night
The heavenly choir breaks forth,
Singing, with festal songs and bright,
Our God and Savior's birth.

The cave of Bethlehem
Those wakeful shepherds seek;
Let us too rise and greet with them
That infant pure and meek.

We enterat the door
What marvel meets the eye?
A crib, a mother pale and poor,
A child of poverty.

Art Thou the eternal Son,
The eternal Father's ray?
Whose little hand, Thou infant one,
Doth lift the world alway?

Yeafait through that dim cloud,
Like lightning darts before,
And greets Thee, at whose footstool bowed
Heaven's trembling hosts adore.

Chaste be our love like Thine,
Our swelling souls bring low,
And in our hearts, O Babe divine
Be born, abide and grow.

So shall Thy birthday morn,
Lord Christ, our birthday be,
Then greet we all, ourselves newborn,
Our King's nativity.