

From the hallowed belfry tower

G. C. E. Ryley

1. From the hal-low'd bel-fry tower Hark! re-sounds the mid-night hour, Seek who will the

6 si-lent sleep, We our year-ly vig-il keep, And our sol-lemn ca-rol raise

11 Du-ly to the Sa-viour's praise; Vir-gin born, Thy praise we sing, Son of the Al-migh-ty King.

2. Hail the night, and hail the morn
Which beheld the Saviour born!
When in Bethlehem's wakeful fold
Tidings good the angels told;
Tidings full of joy and grace
To each child of Adam's race;
God in form of man arrayed,
God for man a servant made.

3. Virgin born! Thy praise we sing,
Song of the Eternal King!
When in Thee the Angels' voice
Bade the shepherds' hearts rejoice,
Straight was heard the answering cry,
"Glory be to God on high."
Echoed from the heavenly train,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

4. Hark! we catch the heavenly song;
Hark! the cherubs' hymn prolong;
"Glory be to God on high!"
Who, enthroned above the sky,
Deigns to cast his eye below,
And to bless this world of woe,
Send His Son our flesh to take,
Humbled thus for sinners' sake.

5. Thus to hail Thy natal day,
Prompted by those angels' lay;
Virgin born! Thy praise we sing,
Son of the Eternal King!
Grant us as we sing to live,
Grant us, day by day, to give
Glory first to God, and then
Peace on earth, good-will to men.