Let music break on this blest morn, And sweetly a-choo back to heav'n, For lo! the promised
Son is born, The long expected One is giv'n. Of old the Prophets wrote of Him, Pre-
dicting this most glad event, And we, in one united hymn, Now celebrate the
Saviour sent, the Saviour sent. In heav'n the Angels sing of Him, And wonder at His

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mighty love; On earth we gladly chant the theme, Thus joining in the song above. Thus

Angels, prophets, sinners sing, With all the numbers sav'd in heav'n, And hail Thy Advent,

Saviour, King. One glorious strain to all is giv'n. Nor can we praise a worthier Name, Or

sing of love so great as Thine; No! endless honour Thou dost claim, Thy Name and Love are

both Divine, Thy Name and Love are both Divine.