Mortals, awake, the morning is breaking

Mortals, a-wake, the morning is break-ing. Chris-tians, re-joice, for the day is at hand;

See in the man-ger the In-fant a-dor-ing. Shep-herds and An-gels, a won-der-ing band.

Who is the ten-der Babe gent-ly re-pos-ing 'Mid cat-tle and stran-gers in your hum-ble stall?

Tis Christ the A-nointed, who, from the be-gin-ning, is Sov' reign, Cre-a-tor, and LORD o-ver all.

Hail the In-car-nate One, Ho-ly and Glo-ri-ous, Sav-iour, Em-man-u-el, GOD with us.

2. Shepherds, arise, reveal the strange story
How through the darkness there shone all around
Light far exceeding the sun in its glory;
How there appeared an Angel declaring
The message of mercy: "Glad tidings I bring."
Salvation on high for mankind is preparing.
Earth has received a Heavenly King,
Hail the Incarnate One, &c.

3. Mortals fall down in devout adoration,
Christians unite in the heavenly strains;
Join in the chorus of loud exultation
Carol'd by Angels on Palestine's plains,
Let the still air ring with music sublimest,
And echo in praises creation to fill;
All honour and glory to God in the Highest,
Peace be on Earth, unto all men good will.
Hail the Incarnate One, &c.

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)