

# O happy morn, O glad bright day

Christmas traditional

*mf* 1. O hap-py morn, O glad bright day That tells of a Sav-iour's birth! "To

6 God be praise, good - will to men, And peace o'er all our sin - ful earth," Thus an-gels sang and

11 *rall. e dim.* sweet-ly rang Their song of ho - ly mirth, Their song of ho - ly mirth. *rall. e dim.*

2. The King of Heaven, the Lord of all,  
In love for our sinful race,  
Of no repute did make Himself,  
But took our form and lowly place.  
Was born a child, so weak, so mild,  
O wondrous gift of grace!
3. The birthplace mean—a cattle shed,  
The cradle—a manger bare,  
The mother, poor, village maid;  
And none to show them needful care.  
More comforts smiled on poorest child  
Than fell to Jesus' share.
4. O why did He thus stoop so low?  
O why was such meekness shown?  
Unequalled love! for you and me  
This poor hard lot by Him was known.  
He stooped that we might rise to see  
The joys around His throne!
5. What tribute can we render then  
For this wondrous boundless love?  
Just take the gift of life He bought,  
And all its power and sweetness prove  
Then stoop as He, that we may be  
A guide to joys above.

*Miss Jessie Chase.*