The heavenly Birth

M. B. Elliot

1. Hail this holy Christmas season When the Heavenly Birth we

2. Sing, Little Bethlem now triumphant Gaze upon thy

3. Salvation King, Who within a manger lowly

4. Deigns His Infant Form to lay, Casting off His

5. Royal Glory While He wills on earth to stay.
2. In this Holy Babe are gathered
   All God’s promises of old,
   All that patriarchs had spoken,
   All that prophets had foretold.
Man’s Redeemer lying meekly
   On His gentle Mother’s arm,
Son of David, loving Shepherd,
   Shedding o’er us peace and calm.

3. See! the heavens wide are op’ning
   To disclose an angel throng,
And the silent night is broken,
   With a joyful, holy song.
Shepherds hear those blessed tidings,
   In their ears the message rings,
And to Bethl’hem now they hasten
   To adore the King of kings.

4. Others, too, will come to seek Him,
   Come to offer worship sweet;
At the brightness of His rising
   Wise men bow before His feet.
Bearing gifts of fragrant beauty,
   They will unto Bethl’hem speed,
And the moving star above them
   To the “Morning Star” will lead.

5. Shall not we, in rev’rent homage
   Likewise haste our King to find?
Wilt not Thou, Lord, gladly great us,
   Thou so gracious and so kind?
Ere the angels cease their singing
   We, too, praise Thee and adore,
And while Christmas bells are ringing
   We would learn to love Thee more.