

Christians, carol sweetly

Herbert Stephens Irons (1834 - 1905)

mf Chris-tians, car-ol sweet-ly, Up to-day and sing! 'Tis the hap-py

dim. birth-day Of our Ho-ly King: Haste we then to greet Him, Hum-bly fall-ing

cresc. down, While our hands en-twine Him, Dear-est Babe, a crown.

2. Crowds of snow-white Angels
Through the golden stair;
All things are delightful,
All things passing fair:
Bells, clear music making,
Peal the news to earth;
Chimes within make answer,
All is glee and mirth.

3. Michael, at the manger,
Bows his royal face;
Gabriel, with lily,
Hides transcendent Grace:
For, dear friends, the Glory
Of that lowly bed
Overpowers the beauty
On Archangels shed.

4. Shall I tell of Joseph,
Who, with rapt surprise,
Sees the light from Godhead,
Fill those infant eyes?
Shall I sing of Mary,
Who, upon her breast,
Cradles her Creator,
Soothes Him to His rest?

5. Angels, Mary, Joseph,
Yea, I greet you all!
Falling down in worship
At the manger stall!
For you hail our Monarch,
Born a child to-day:
So, with you I worship,
And my homage pay.

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