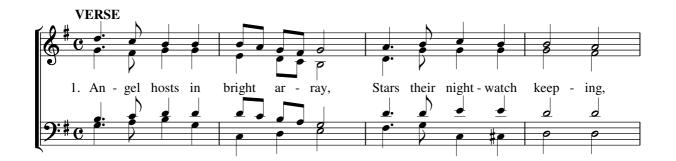
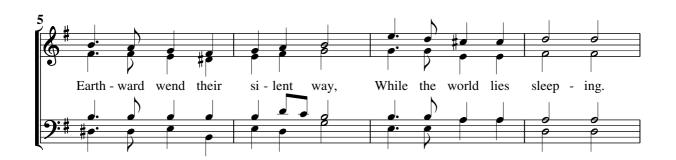
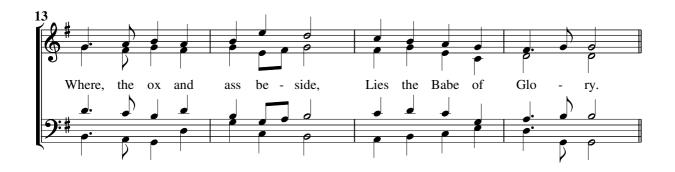
Angel hosts in bright array

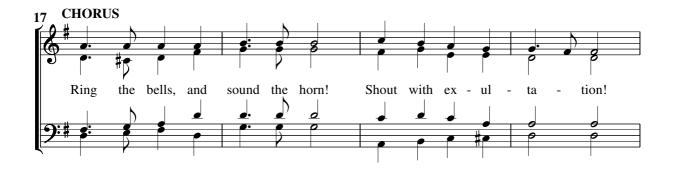
George Pierce Grantham (ca. 1833 - ?)

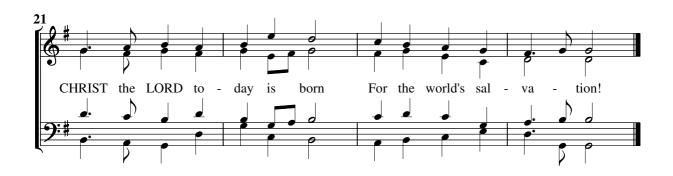












2. All unseen by mortal eye,
Reverent and lowly;
Prostrate there, they laud on high
Him, the INFANT HOLY.
From their lips celestial rise
Sounds, with joy o'erflowing,
Strains upborne beyond the skies,
Hymns with rapture glowing.
Ring the bells, &c.

- 3. Hark the news the Angel tells: —
 Lo! an INFANT Stranger
 GOD's dear SON among you dwells,
 Born in Bethlehem's manger!
 Bursts a chorus from the sky.
 Loud from Heaven's portal:—
 Glory be to GOD on High,
 Peace, good-will to mortal!
 Ring the bells, &c.
- 4. Angel spirits earthward led, With a hope endearing, First to worship, first to spread, News of CHRIST's Appearing! Trace we out your footfalls light, Praise we CHRIST in glory, Then waft on the tidings bright Of the Gospel story! Ring the bells, &c.