

Christians, carol sweetly

Walter Spinney (1852 - 1894)

Chris-tians, ca-rol sweet - ly, Up to-day and sing! 'Tis the hap-piest

7

birth - day Of our Sa - viour King; Haste we then to greet Him,

12

Hum - bly fall-ing 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,
Yes, 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.