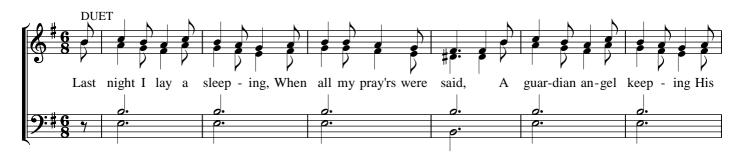
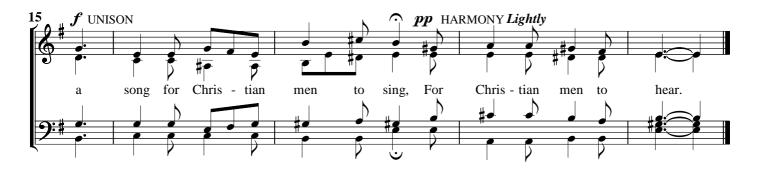
Last night I lay asleeping

Christmas traditional







- Thy body rest in slumber, Thy soul be free from sin, The angel near thee undefiled Breathes holy thoughts within.
 Full The Festal Season now is nigh That hails a Saviour's birth. All glory be to God on High, And Peace to men in earth.
 - 3. The Angel and the Heavenly Host Were keeping watch of old,
 They saw the herdmen with their flock, The sheep within the fold;
 They told them in a joyous song The tidings of the Birth. All glory, &c.
- 4. The Father's will must needs be done, In patience long and meek; He yearns for every wandering soul, And sent for them to seek.
 He came not down in Royal estate, But lowly at His birth. All glory, &c.
- Then may we all, like Him, be meek, And share His wondrous love, And strive to win the golden crown, That waits for all above.
 Then praise the Lord, our infant King, And sing His wondrous birth. All glory, &c.