


# Now lift the carol, men and maids

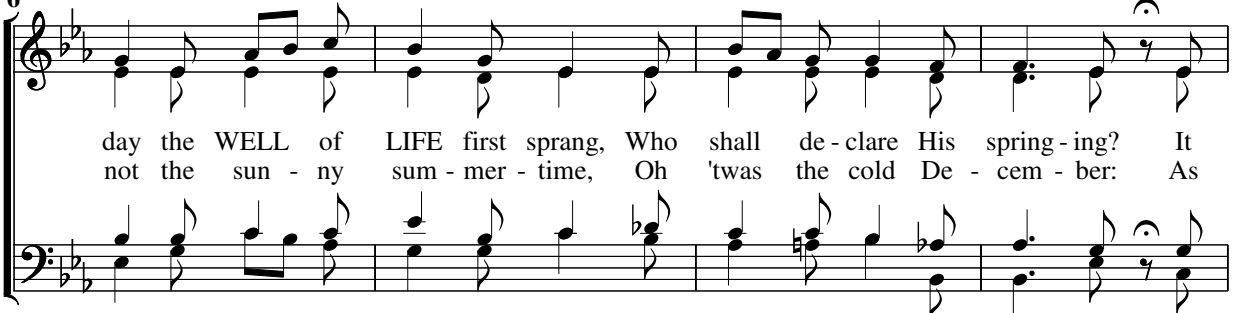
Arthur H. Brown

*Moderato* VERSE




1. Now lift the car - ol, men and maids, Now wake ex - ult - ant sin - ing; This  
2. He was not born in such sweet days, As we of yore re - mem - ber, 'Twas

6



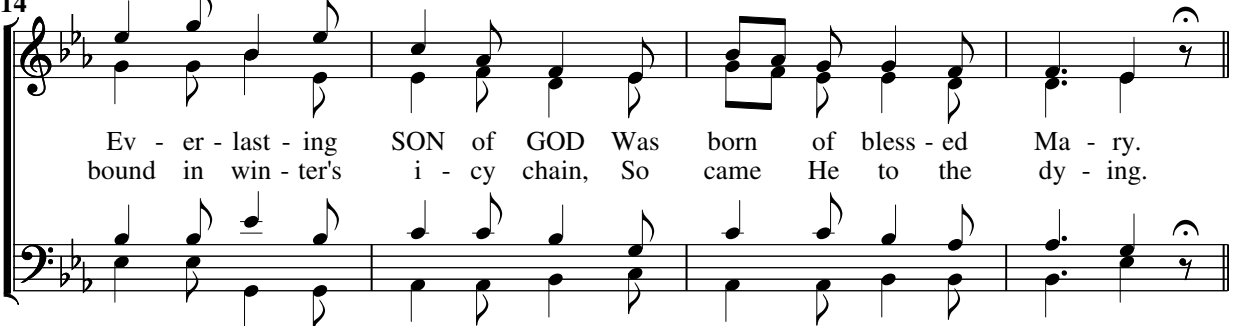
day the WELL of LIFE first sprang, Who shall de - clare His spring - ing? It  
not the sun - ny sum - mer - time, Oh 'twas the cold De - cem - ber: As

10



is the Birth - day of our Peace; This day for man the wea - ry, The  
shines the sun a - bove the snows, When na - ture's life is ly - ing, Fast

14



Ev - er - last - ing SON of GOD Was born of bless - ed Ma - ry.  
bound in win - ter's i - cy chain, So came He to the dy - ing.

18 CHORUS

No - el! No - el! Pro - claim the SAV - IOUR's Birth; He

22

rais - es us to Heaven, O hail His com - ing down to Earth.

3. There were poor Shepherds in the field,  
 Their flocks at midnight tending;  
 Then Heaven came down and brought for news,  
 A rapture never ending;  
 So they went swift to Bethlehem,  
 And saw — and told the story  
 Of CHRIST the Lord, a little CHILD,  
 And Angels singing "Glory."  
 CHORUS. — Noel! Noel! &c.

4. Not in the manger lies HE now;  
 Far o'er the sapphire portal  
 At GOD's right Hand of Power He sits  
 Who was this day made mortal:  
 All in the highest, holiest place,  
 Where there may dwell none other,  
 There our own Manhood sits enthroned,  
 There is our Elder Brother.  
 CHORUS. — Noel! Noel! &c.