The heavenly Birth

M. B. Elliot



- In this Holy Babe are gathered
 All God's promises of old,
 All that patriarchs had spoken,
 All that prophets had foretold.
 Man's Redeemer lying meekly
 On His gentle Mother's arm,
 Son of David, loving Shepherd,
 Shedding o'er us peace and calm.
- See! the heavens wide are op'ning
 To disclose an angel throng,
 And the silent night is broken,
 With a joyful, holy song.
 Shepherds hear those blessed tidings,
 In their ears the message rings,
 And to Bethl'hem now they hasten
 To adore the King of kings.
- 4. Others, too, will come to seek Him, Come to offer worship sweet; At the brightness of His rising Wise men bow before His feet. Bearing gifts of fragrant beauty, They will unto Bethl'hem speed, And the moving star above them To the "Morning Star" will lead.
- Shall not we, in rev'rent homage
 Likewise haste our King to find?
 Wilt not Thou, Lord, gladly great us,
 Thou so gracious and so kind?
 Ere the angels cease their singing
 We, too, praise Thee and adore,
 And while Christmas bells are ringing
 We would learn to love Thee more.