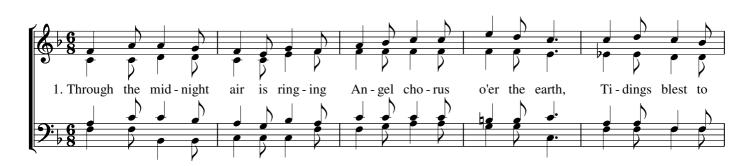
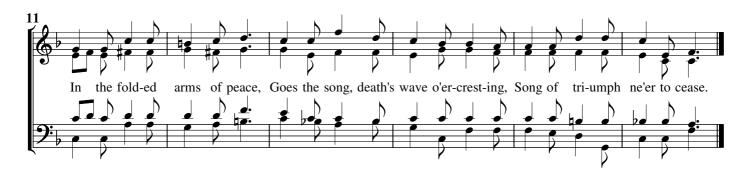
Through the midnight air

F. W. Dawkins







2. Lo! the star, the Christ revealing,
Bright above in Heaven doth shine,
Eastern princes, lowly kneeling,
Bow before the Babe Divine.
Israel's Sceptre is victorious,
Jesse's Rod as ensign stands,
Calling to a kingdom glorious,
People from far distant lands.

3. Swells the song, "A Son is given;
Unto us a child is born;"
Earth takes up the strain of heaven,
On the blessed Christmas morn.
Hail! All men lift up your voices,
Hail the new born King of kings;
And whilst earth in praise rejoices,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rings.

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)