

Carol! carol joyfully!

Amy S. Woods

Caleb Simper

1. Car-ol, car-ol joy-ful-ly! Christ the Lord is born! With your sweet-est min-strel-sy,

Greet His Birth-day morn. Roy-al In-fant fair and sweet, Ti-ny hands and dim-pled feet:

'Tis the King of pow'r con-fest, Lies on maid-en mo-ther's breast.

CHORUS. *after each verse.*

Car-ol! Car-ol, Car-ol! Car-ol joy-ful-ly! Sweet-est songs of An-gel throngs,

Sweet-est praise our voi-ces raise, In-fant Lord, to Thee! In-fant Lord, to Thee.

2. Carol! carol joyfully!
Herald-angels sing,
Through the starry midnight sky,
Of the new-born King.
Patient oxen round Him stand,
While the kings from Eastern land
Bring their off'rings manifold,—
Myrrh and frankincense and gold.
CHORUS. — Carol! Carol! etc.

3. Carol! carol joyfully!
Winter's gloom is past,
Now our Sun right royally
Sheds His rays at last;
Shines with holy peace and love,
Shines with light from heav'n above,
Bringing from the Father's Throne
Power to claim and keep His own.
CHORUS. — Carol! Carol! etc.