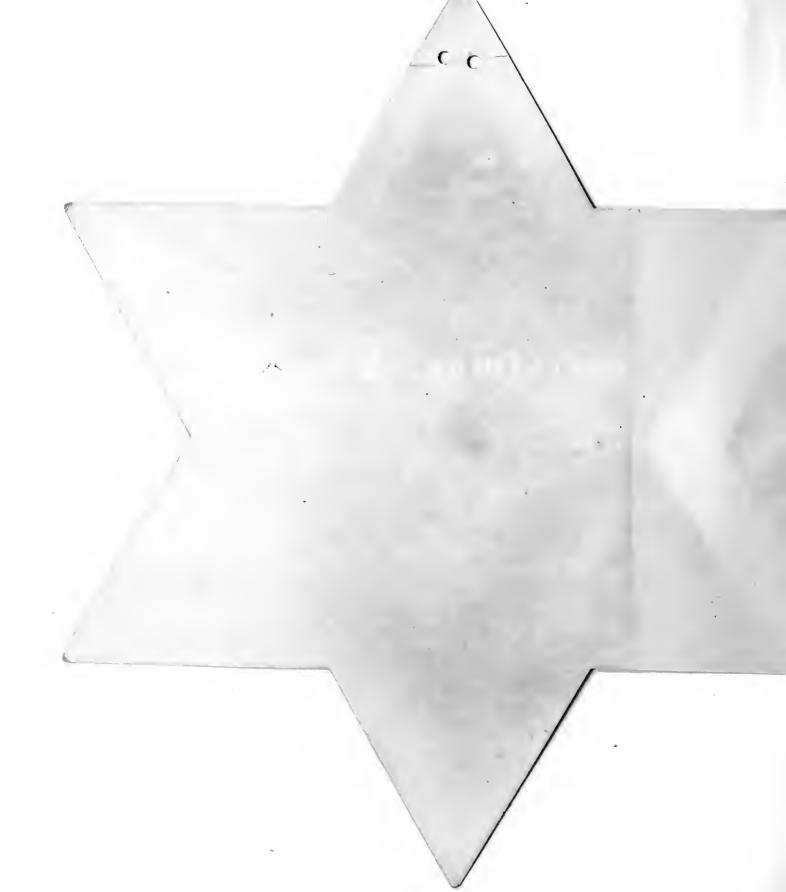


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Christmas Star.

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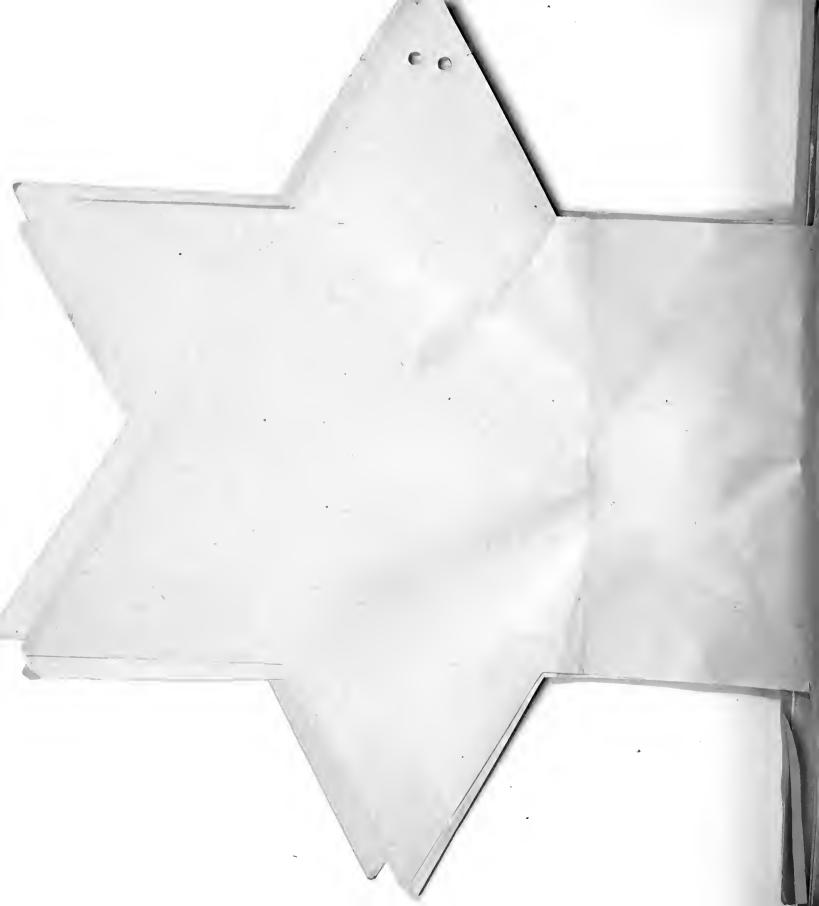
A child is born in Bethlehem, Whence rejoice. Jerusalem!

Here He lies in embryo, Who shall reign eternally.

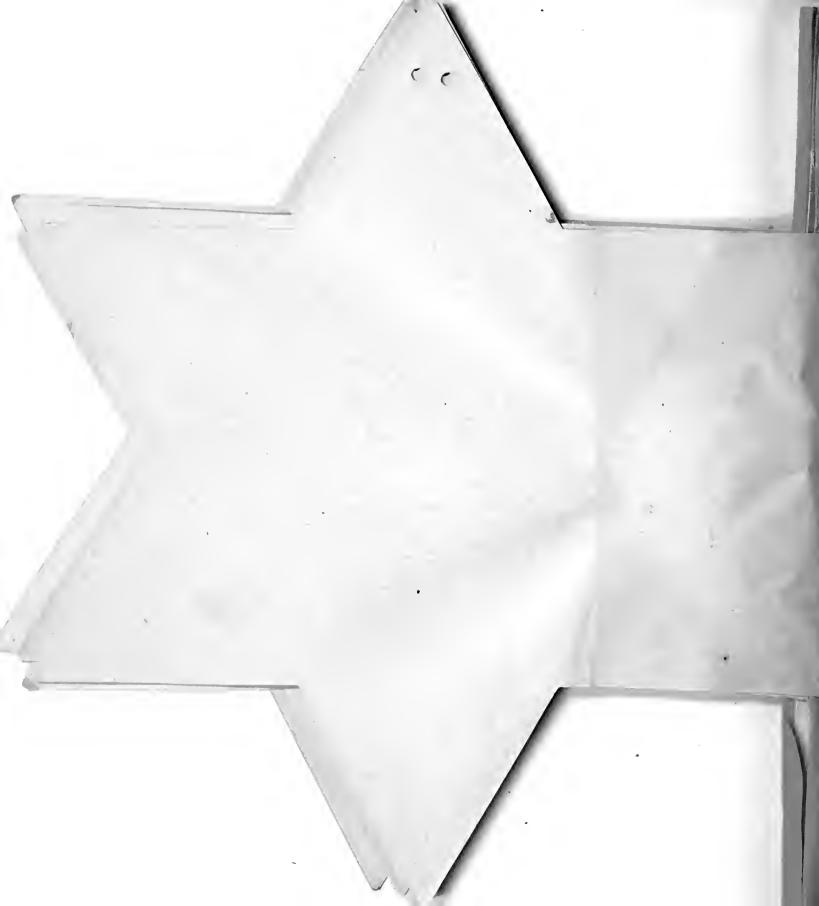
Ox and ass hath recognized That the Child is the Lord.

Kings from Saba come; Gold, frankincense and myrrh they bear.

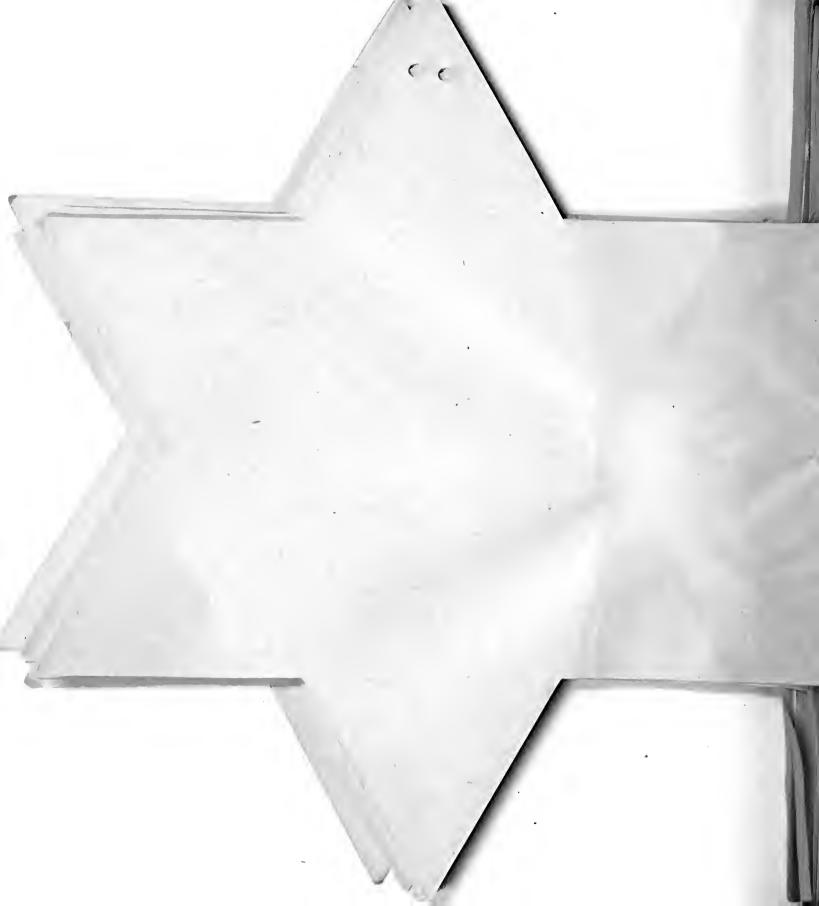
Entering the house in turn, They salute the young child, Prince.



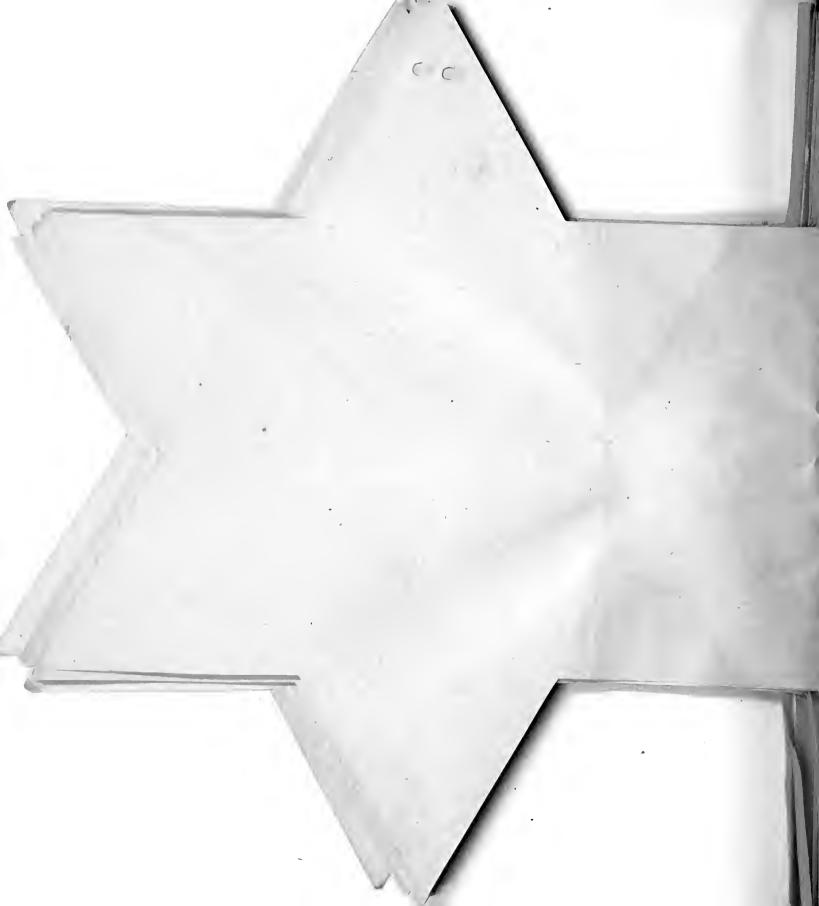




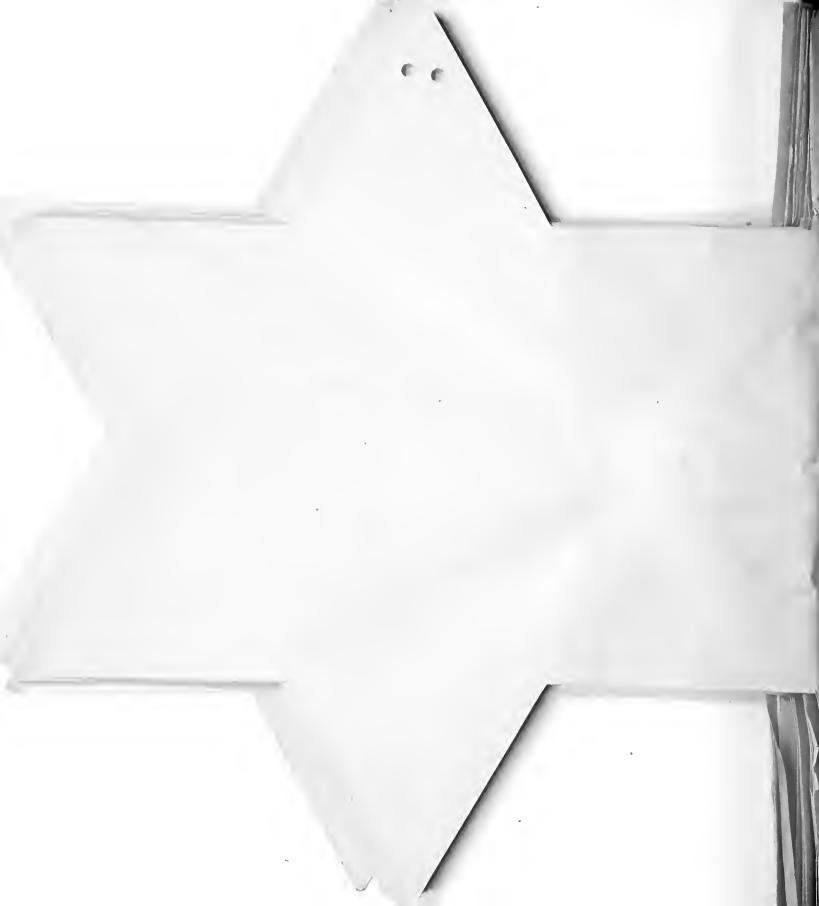




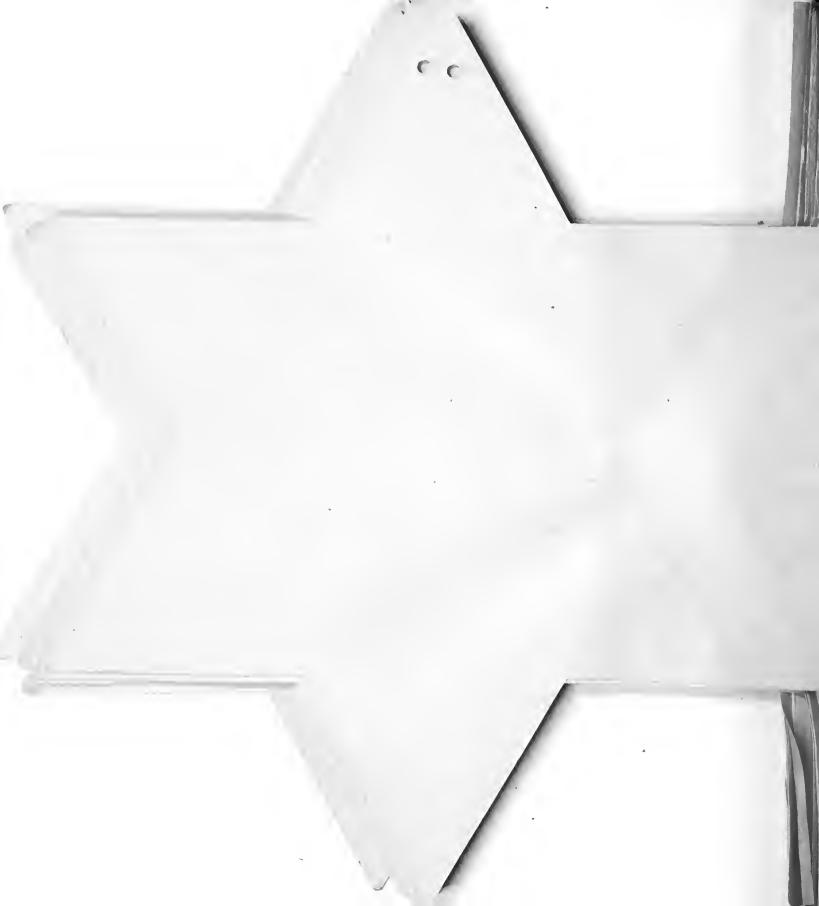




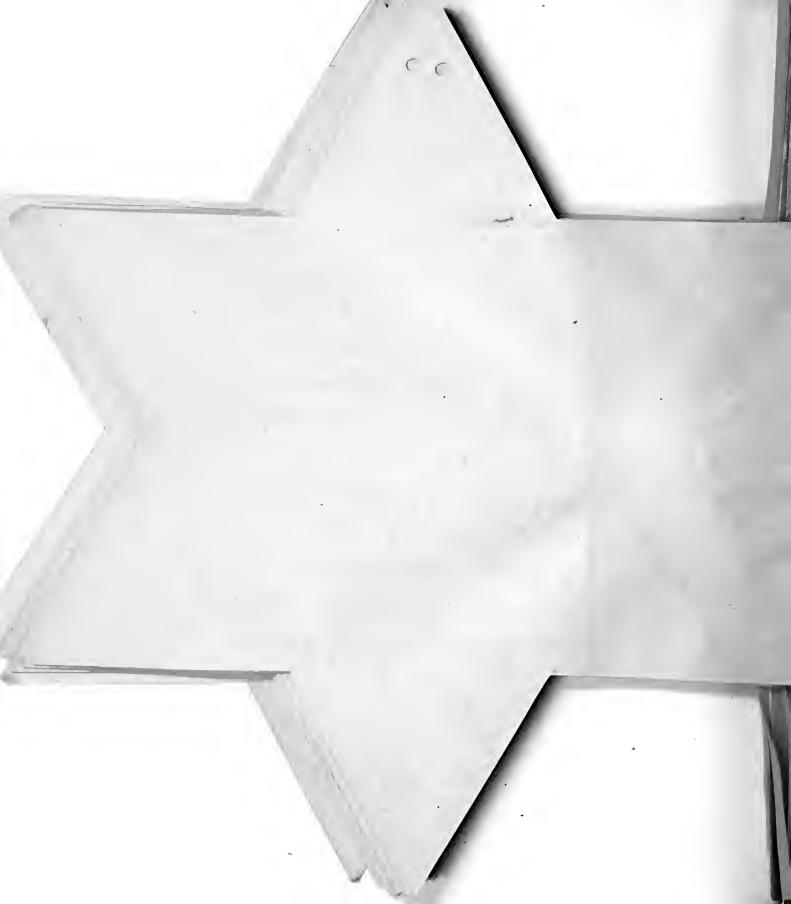




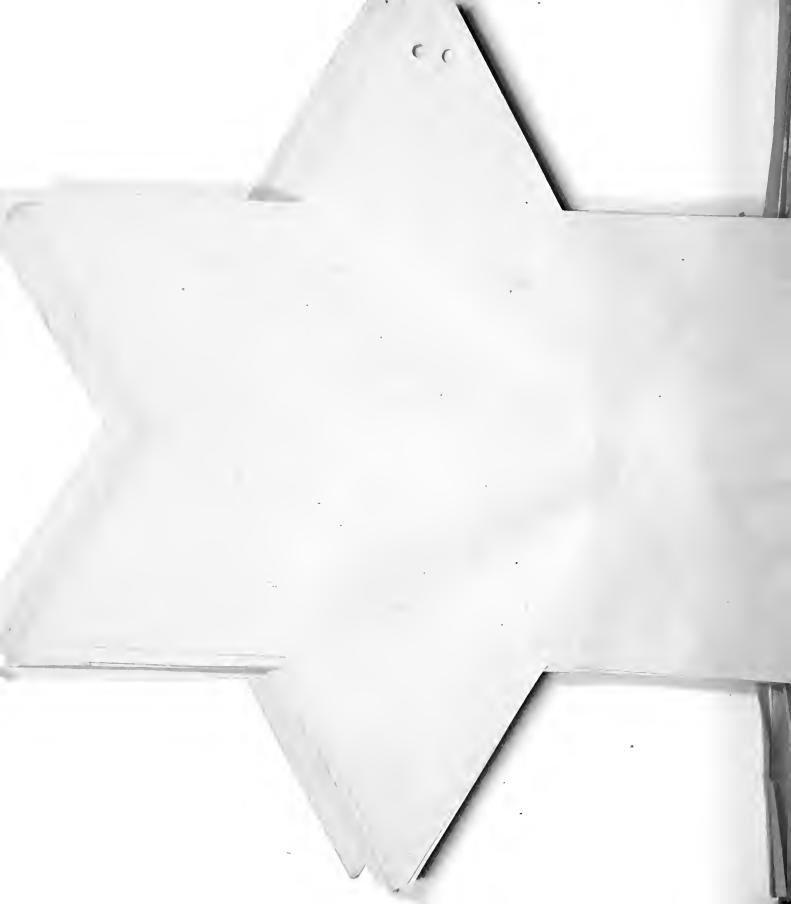












When first this matchless story
The midnight silence stirred,
Caroled by angels holy,
By awestruck shepherds heard,
Seeking the King of glory,
Led by prophetic star,
With gifts and homage lowly,
Came magi from afar.

And now in every nation,

And told in every tongue,

This story of salvation,

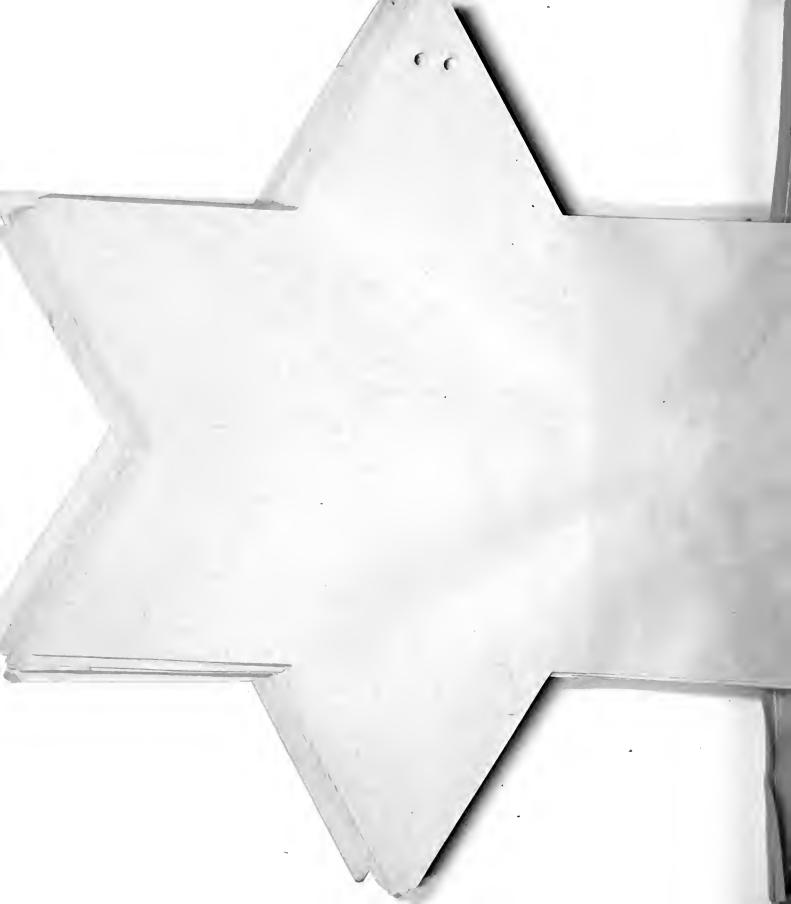
From pole to pole is sung;

Still would we tell this story,

Still sing the song we love,

of glory, glory, glory,

With ransomed saints above.



Christus! Anointed One! King at thy birth!

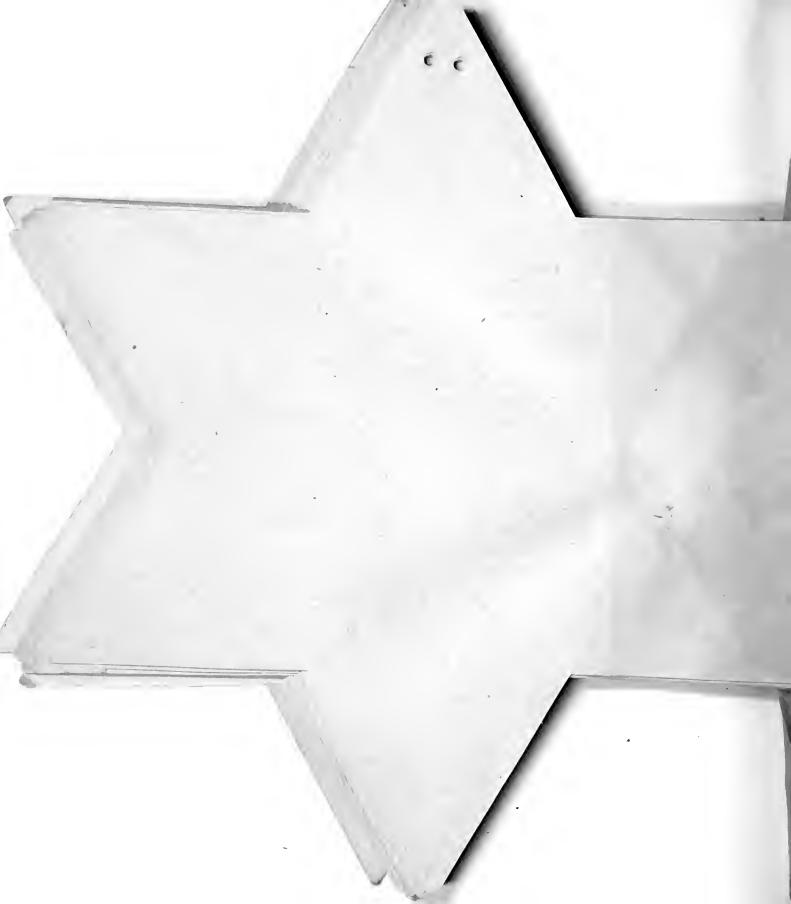
Entwined be thy name with emblems of mirth.

Bring the bright holly, the weird mistletoe;

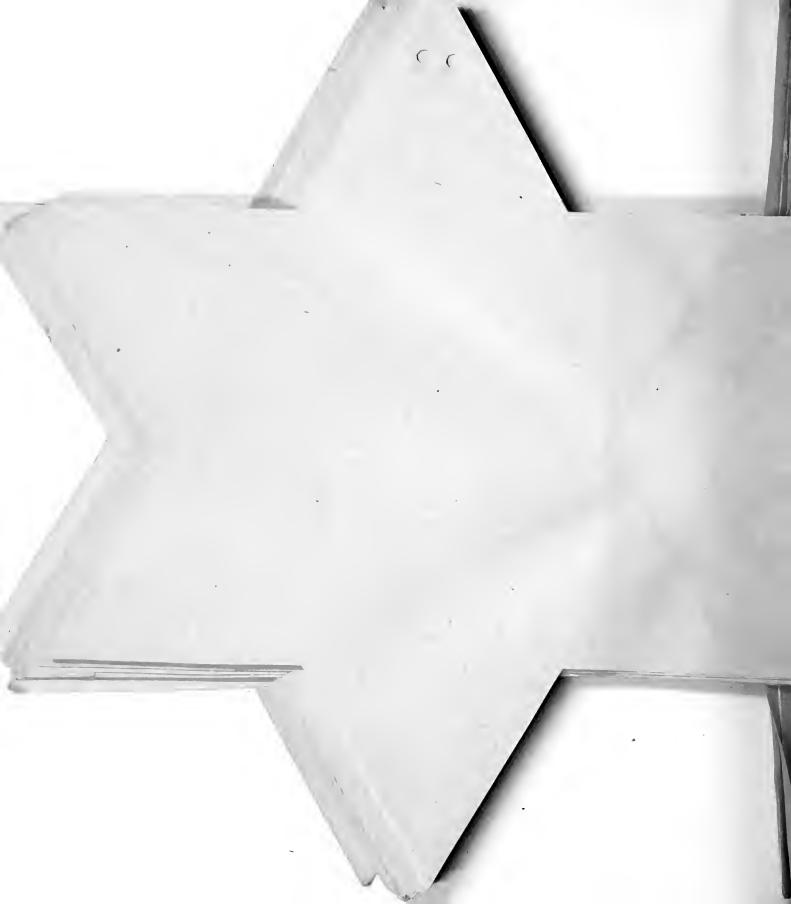
With ivy—both gladness and reverence to show.

Jehovan's new name, combining in one Infinite, Finite, Father and Son. Better than angels hath Jesus the Way, Obtained a more excellent title than they.

Mythology fabled the nation's Desire
Through peace-breathing lute, and Promethian fire,
Revealed to Isaiah in vision sublime,
He preached it before the fulness of time.

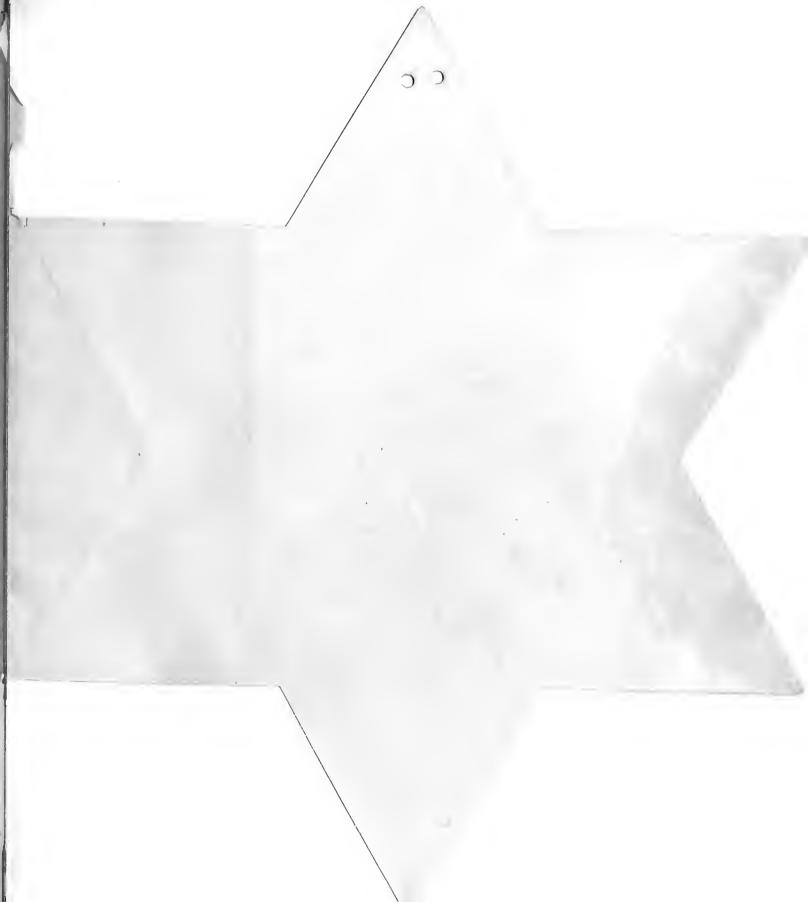


Harken, C Nations, and listen, O Land, For you is a Prince and Deliverer at hand, Whose government gentle shall ever increase, A reign of love, purity, righteousness, peace! No longer the desolate places are waste, Fields wait for the harvest; ye reapers, make haste! The wilderness blossometh, yea, as the rose, And waters of comfort invite to repose! Heaven's King is your guest, receive him, O Earth! Jesus, the child of immaculate birth! Son of a virgin, yet monarch most high-Hosanna! hosanna! exultingly cry! 11



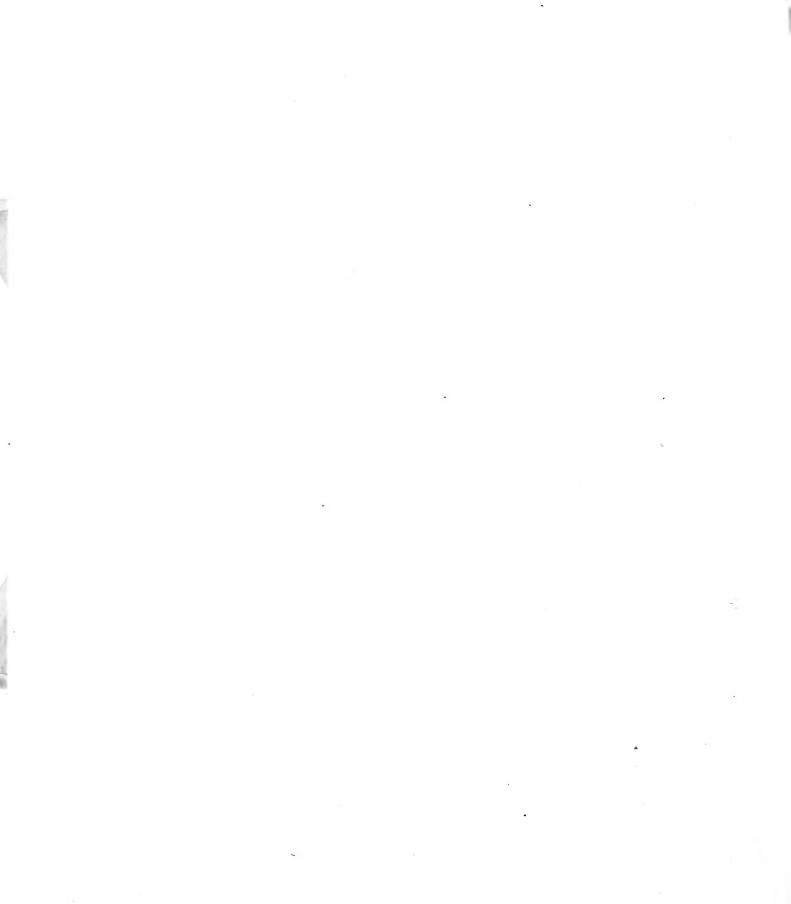
Rejoice, happy mother; most blessed thou art, Thy name among women dwells henceforth apart. Yea, magnify Him, thy Saviour and Son, Whose rule, long expected, at last is begun! Wake psaltery and harp! sound cymbal and lyre! 'Tis the birthday of Him whom all hearts desire. Blow ye the trumpets, command to the feast Of Jesus Immanuel, our King and High Priest! 12

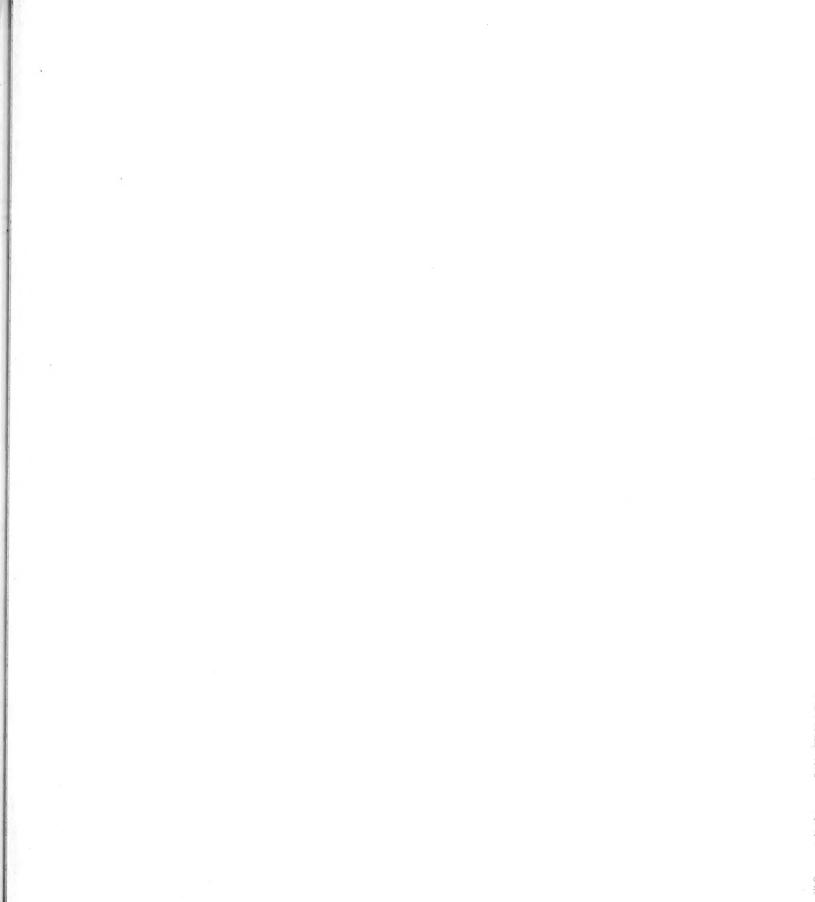


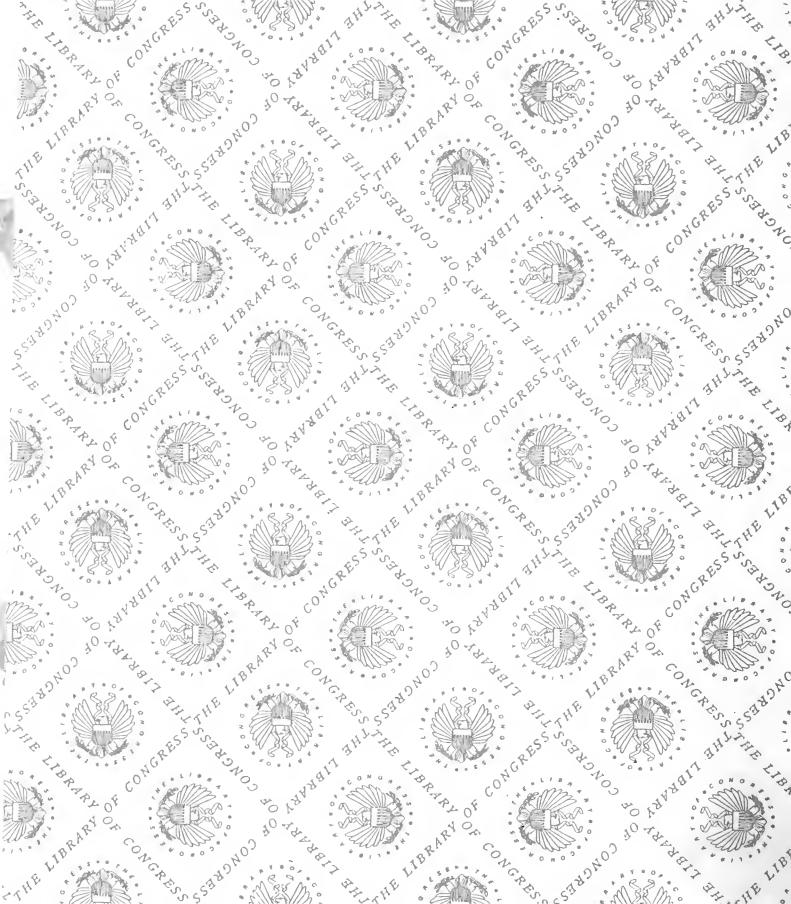














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