

SING, MORNING STARS, THE MYSTIC BIRTH

Christmas Carol for Mixed Voices (S. A. T. B.)

Words by
H. F. HENDERSON

Mus. by
JAMES LYON

M.M. ♩. = 76

Soprano
Alto

1 Sing morn - ing stars, the mys - tic birth Of God's a - noint - ed

Tenor
Bass

Son: ——— Tell out to all the peo - ple, earth The gold - en age be - gun. —

REFRAIN:

All hail! ——— all hail!

All hail! all hail! all hail! Thou Ho - ly Child, For all men's souls' re -

All hail! ——— all hail!

- lease ——— New - come from heav'n, a Mon - arch mild, The Prince of Peace!

mp *p* *rit.*

* The small notes are for organ only, the voices singing in unison.

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SING, MORNING STARS, THE MYSTIC BIRTH

1

Sing, morning stars, the mystic birth
 Of God's anointed Son:
 Tell out to all the peopled earth
 The golden age begun.

REFRAIN:

All hail! all hail! Thou holy Child,
 For all men's souls' release
 New-come from heaven, a monarch child,
 The Prince of Peace!

2

Proud kings from far-off lands draw near
 To do Him reverence,
 Presenting fitting gifts of myrrh,
 Of gold and frankincense.
 All hail! all hail! &c.

Adoring magi bend the knee
 Before His manger throne,
 In Him the fount of wisdom see,
 Him, Lord of Love, they own.
 All hail! all hail! &c.

4

And simple shepherds—humbler folk—
 Partake, too, of this joy:
 Forget the harsh world's heavy yoke,
 And praise the blessed Boy.
 All hail! all hail! &c.

5

While Mary, mother of God's Son,
 To pay Him homage meet,
 (O worship of the world well won),
 Bows at her Baby's feet.
 All hail! all hail! &c.

6

So let us worship, so adore,
 Like these, God's gift to earth,
 Join in the stars' song evermore
 To praise the mystic birth
 All hail! all hail! &c.

H. F. Henderson

AWAY IN A MANGER

Christmas Cradle Hymn for Mixed Voices (S. A. T. B.)

Words by
MARTIN LUTHER

Music by
JAMES LYON

Andantino

Soprano Alto

1 A - way in a man - ger, No crib for a The
2 The cat - tle are low - ing, The ba - by a takes But

Tenor Bass

mp *p*

lit - tie Lord Je - sus laid down His sweet head; The stars — in the
lit - tie Lord Je - sus, no cry - ing He makes. I love Thee Lord

mp

1 a -
2 till

bright sky, Looked down where He lay, The lit - tie Lord Je - sus a -
Je - sus, Look down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle till

p

1 a -
2 till

sleep — on the hay. —
morn - - - ing is nigh. —

- sleep — on the hay, a - sleep on the hay.
morn - - - ing is nigh, till morn - ing is nigh.

sleep — on the hay. —
morn - - - ing is nigh. —