

E. H. Sears.

R. S. Willis

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
 2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled;
 3. For lo! the days are hast -'ning on, By proph - ets seen of old,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
 And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the - wear - y world:
 When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Shall come the time fore - told,

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 "Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heav'n's all - gra - cious King;"
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov -'ring wing,
 When the 'new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,

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 The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
 And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

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Merrily, Merrily. (Round.)

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly greet the morn, Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sound the horn;

Hark to the ech - oes, hear them play O'er hill and dale far, far a - way.

I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round, as a good time—a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely. And therefore, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it.—

Charles Dickens.