

# Christ's Natal Day

Birdie Bell, 1885

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$\text{♩} = 110$

1. Once o'er the hills of Ju - dah, Burst forth a glor - ious light;  
2. Strange was His throne, O child - ren! On - ly a man - ger cold!  
3. Still through the air a - round us E - cho ce - les - tial strains;

Her - ald - ing the Mes - si - ah, Shin - ing in splen - dor bright!  
But prince - ly gifts were brought Him, Myrrh, frank - in - cense and gold.  
Still o'er earth's sin - ful dark - ness That Light in grand - eur reigns;

And thro' the air came steal - ing, Sweet - ly on wings of morn;  
Myrrh was the bit - ter tok - en Of His great sa - cri - fice;  
What are the gifts we'll bring Him? No type of sor - row now!

From Heav - en's tow - ers peal - ing, "Je - sus the Lord is born!"  
Frank - in - cense, hom - age paid Him; And gold, the king - ly price.  
Hearts' prayers shall be our in - cense And love shall crown His brow.

*Refrain*

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry let us sing! Glo - ry to our heav'n - ly king!

Sound a - loud His prais-es, sing a joy-ful lay, This is our Sav-ior's na-tal day!