

August 2019

Christians Awake

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk

 Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Christians Awake" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1262.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1262

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.



CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

On Christmas night all Christians sing,
To hear what news the angels bring,
News of great joy, cause of great mirth,
News of our dear Redeemer's birth.

The King of angels and of men,
The King of kings, of earth and heaven ;
Angels and men with joy may sing,
To see and bless the new born King.

Angels with joy sing in the air,
For none their ruin can repair ;
And prisoners in their chains rejoice,
To hear the echo of their voice.

And now on earth should men be sa
Our Saviour comes to make us glad,
From sin and hell to set us free,
And buy for us our liberty.

Now sins depart, behold his grace,
And death, his life comes in the place ;
And now thou may'st thy terrors see,
Thy powers great, shall conquered be.

Now from the darkness we have light,
Which makes the angels sing this night,
" Glory to God, and peace to men,
" Now and for evermore," Amen.

CHRISTIANS AWAKE.

Christians awake salute the happy morn,
Wereon the Saviour of mankind was born ;
Rise to adore the mystery of love ;
Which hosts of angels chanted from above
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, behold
I bring glad tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you and all the nations of the earth.
This day hath God fulfilled his promis'd word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

In David's city, shepherds, ye shall find,
The long foretold Redeemer of mankind,
Wrapt up in swad'ling clothes, the babe divine,
Lies in a manger, this shall be your sign ;
He speaks and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy unknown conspire.

The praises of redeeming love they sung,
And heaven's whole orb, with hallelujahs rung,
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and mutual good will ; [ran
To Bethlehem straight th' enlighten'd shepherds,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man.

And found with Joseph and the blessed maid,
Her Son the Saviour in a manger laid,
Amaz'd the wondrous story they proclaim,
The first Apostles of the infant fame ;
Whilst Mary keeps and ponders in her heart,
The heav'nly vision which the swains impart.

They to their flocks still praising God return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn,
Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ,
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy ;
Like Mary let us ponder in our mind,
God's wond'rous love in saving lost mankind.

Artless and wretched as these favour'd swains,
While Virgin meekness in the heart remains,
Trace we the babe, who has retriev'd our loss
From his poor manger to his bitter cross,
Treading his steps, assisted by his grace
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope th' angelic thrones among,
To sing redeem'd, a glad and joyful song,
He that was born upon this joyfal day,
Around us all his glory shall display,
Sav'd by his grace, incessant we shall sing,
Eternal praise to God, our heav'nly king.