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New Christmas Carols . Carol 1

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NEW
Christmas Carols.



CAROL I.

THE first good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of One;
To see her own Son Jesus,
The blessed Saviour, born;
The blessed Saviour born,
Good Man, and blessed may we be,
With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Through the whole of Eternity.



The next good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of Two;
To see her own Son Jesus
Making the lame to go;
Making the lame to go,
Good Man, and blessed may we be,
With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Through the whole of Eternity.



The next good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of Four;
To see her own Son Jesus,
The balm of life to pour;
The balm of life to pour,
Good Man, and blessed may we be,
With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Through the whole of Eternity.



The next good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of Five;
To see her own Son Jesus,
Raising the Dead to life;
Raising the Dead to life,
Good Man, and blessed may we be,
With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Through the whole of Eternity.

The next good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of Six;
To see her own Son Jesus,
Wearing the Crucifix;
Wearing the Crucifix,
Good Man, and blessed may we be,
With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Through the whole of Eternity.

The next good joy our Mary had
It was the joy of Seven;
To see her own Son Jesus,
Ascending into Heaven;
Ascending into Heaven,
Good Man, and blessed may we be,
With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Through the whole of Eternity.

CAROL II.

ALL hail the great Immanuel's name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small!
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now join with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

CAROL III.

LISTEN — while the angels sing
Glory to the infant King,
Peace on earth he with him brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

Proclaim, ye nations, Christ, your King!
And Hallelujahs sweetly sing!

God in our own flesh appears;
All our troubles now he bears;
That our sorrows hence may cease,
Offers pardon, grace, and peace.

Let's joyfully proclaim our King,
And sweet Hosannas loudly sing.

Let your joys ascend on high!
Join the triumph of the sky!
Who have greater cause of praise?
Bring the harp, we'll tune our lays.

With shouts of joy proclaim our King
Till the heavens with the echo ring.

