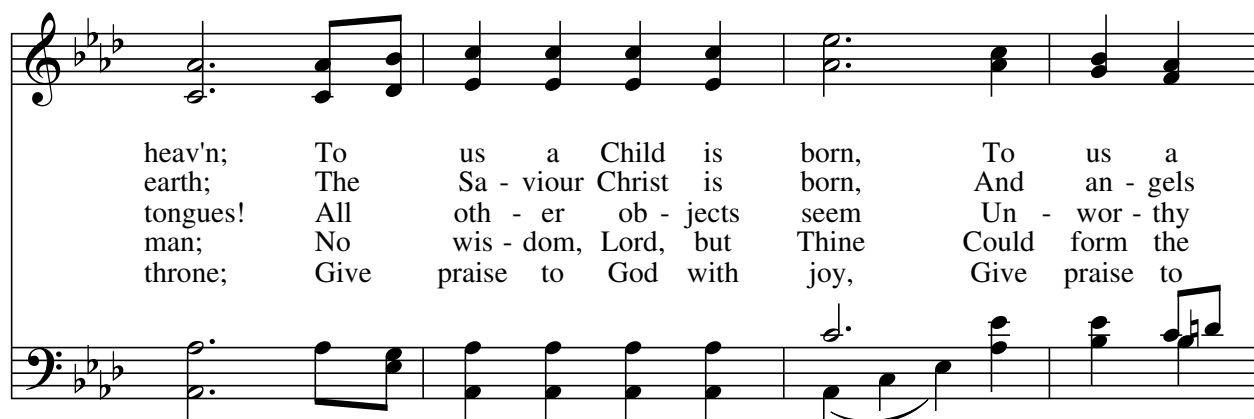
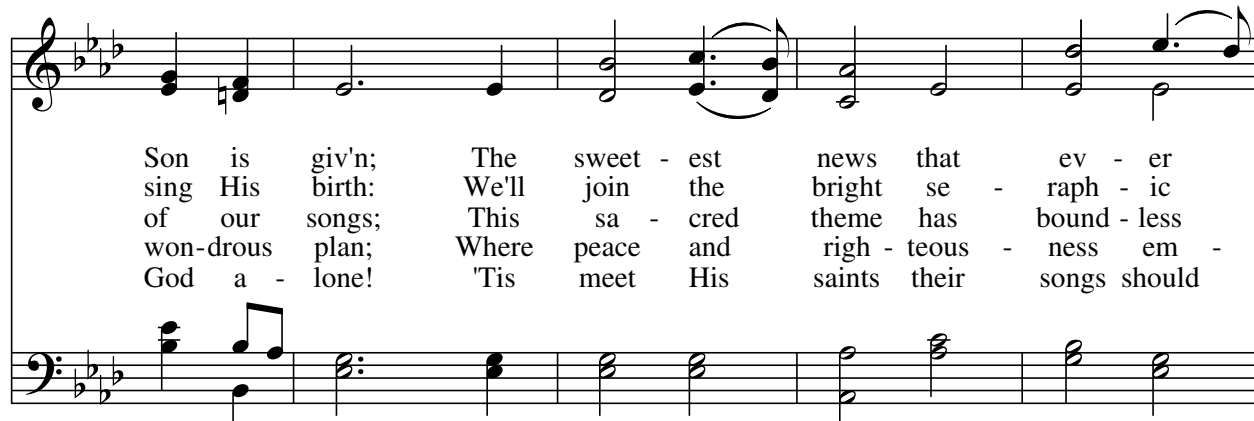


1. We'll sing, in spite of scorn; Our theme is come from  
 2. The long ex - spect - ed morn Has dawned up - on the  
 3. O! 'tis a loft - y theme, Sup - plied by an - gel's  
 4. Now sing of peace di - vine, Of grace to guilt - y  
 5. Give praise to God on high, With an - gels round His



heav'n; To us a Child is born, To us a  
 earth; The Sa - viour Christ is born, And an - gels  
 tongues! All oth - er ob - jects seem Un - wor - thy  
 man; No wis - dom, Lord, but Thine Could form the  
 throne; Give praise to God with joy, Give praise to



Son is giv'n; The sweet - est news that ev - er  
 sing His birth: We'll join the bright se - raph - ic  
 of our songs; This sa - cred theme has bound - less  
 won-drous plan; Where peace and righ - teous - ness em -  
 God a - lone! 'Tis meet His saints their songs should



came throng, We'll sing, though all the world should blame.  
 charms, We'll share their joys, and swell their song.  
 brace, It fills, it cap - ti - vates, it warms.  
 raise, And jus - tice goes a - long with grace.  
 And give the Sa - viour end - less praise.