

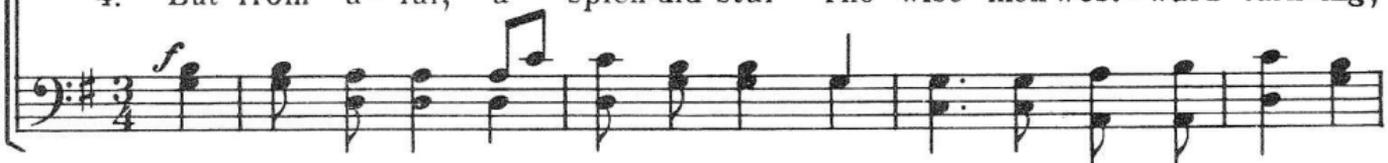
Glad Christmas Bells

Anonymous

Anonymous



1. Glad Christ-mas bells, your mu- sic tells The sweet and pleas- ant sto- ry;
2. No pal- ace hall its ceil- ing tall His king- ly head spread o- ver,
3. Nor rai- ment gay, as there He lay, A- dorn'd the in- fant stran- ger;
4. But from a- far, a splen- did star The wise men west- ward turn- ing;



How come to earth, in low- ly birth, The Lord of life and glo- ry.
There on- ly stood a sta- ble rude The heav'n- ly Babe to cov- er.
Poor, hum- ble child of moth- er mild She laid Him in a man- ger.
The live- long night saw pure and bright, A- bove His birth- place burn- ing.

