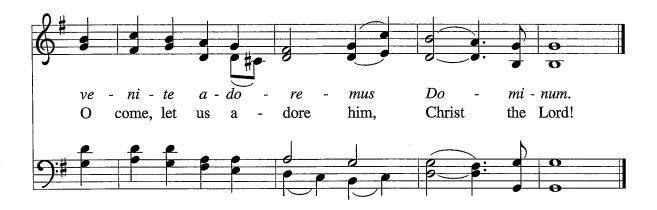
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O Come, All Ye Faithful



Text: attr. John Francis Wade, 1711–1786; tr. Frederick Oakeley, 1802–1880, sts. 1, 3–4; tr. unknown, st. 2
Music: attr. John Francis Wade

ADESTE FIDELES Irregular



'Twas in the Moon of Wintertime

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that

a as

be -

but

The

Come,



- the moon of win-ter-time when all the birds had fled, 'Twas in
- in a lodge of bro-ken bark the ten-der babe was found; ear-liest moon of win-ter-time is not so round and fair With - in
- chil-dren of the for-est free, the an - gel-song is the true;



*God the Lord of all earth sent an - gel choirs in - stead; the rag - ged robe of rab - bit skin en-wrapped his beau-ty round; the help - less in - fant there. was the ring of glo - ry on ho - ly child of earth and heav'n is born to - day for you.



their light the stars grew dim, and wan-d'ring hunt-ers heard the hymn: fore as the hunt-er braves drew nigh, the an - gel song rang loud and high: chiefs from far be-fore him knelt with gifts of fox and bea-ver pelt. kneel be - fore the ra - diant boy, who brings you beau - ty, peace, and joy.



Je-sus your king is born! Je - sus is born, in ex - cel-sis glo-ri - a!

^{*} original: "mighty Gitchi Manitou"

Cold December Flies Away

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- 1 Cold De cem ber flies a way at the rose red splen dor.
- 2 In the hope-less time of sin shad-ows deep had fall en.
- 3 Now the bud has come to bloom, and the world a wak ens.



A - pril's crown-ing glo - ry breaks while the whole world won - ders All the world lay un - der death. Eyes were closed in sleep - ing. In the lil - y's pur - est flow'r dwells a won - drous fra - grance.



un - seen pow'r the ho - ly of the tree which bears the at But, when all seemed lost in night, came the sun whose gold - en And it spreads to all the earth from the mo - ment of



flow'r. On the bless-ed tree blooms the red-dest flow'r. On the tree blooms the light brings un-end-ing joy, brings the end-less joy of our hope, high-est birth; and its beau-ty lives. In the flow'r it lives, in the flow'r, and it



rose here in love's own gar - den, hope, of our hope's bright dawn - ing, spreads in its heav'n - ly bright - ness full and strong in glo - ry. Son be - lov'd of heav - en. sweet per - fume de - light - ful.



