





Light's a-bode, Pa-lace of Peace, where, un-de-filed, Beau-ti-ful Ma-ry soothes her Child.



An-gels sing, we with them Do greet Thee, Babe of Beth-le-hem, Hail! all hail! Hail! all hail.



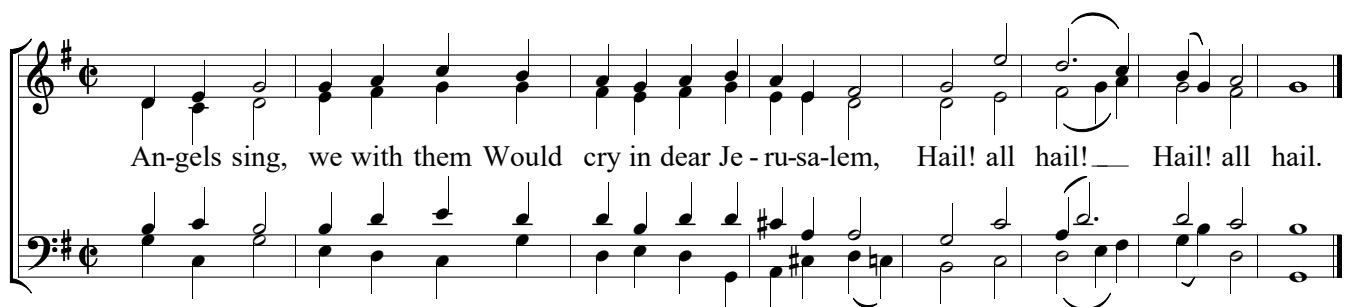
3. Trea-sures poor are those that we bring, Yet, kind Child, re-ceive them, Kneel-ing low, be-cause



Thou art King, At Thy feet we leave them. Glit-ter-ing crowns Thou hast in store For all who meek-ly



Thee a-dore; Bount-i-ful Lord, oh give me one, Earth's wear-y jour-ney past and done.



An-gels sing, we with them Would cry in dear Je-ru-sa-lem, Hail! all hail! Hail! all hail.