

Happy Christmas! thou dost bring  
Joyful news, for us to sing.

Lord, our praise is weak and poor;  
Oh, that we could praise thee more;  
But Thine ear will not despise  
Songs from gladsome hearts that rise—  
Hearts that love Thee for Thy love,  
Hearts that long to sing above.

Glory, for Thy lowly birth;  
Glory, for Thy work on earth;  
Glory, for Thy life-blood given;  
Glory, for the hope of heaven;  
Glory, for Thy wondrous love;  
Glory, be to Thee above!

And while they listened sleep came over their weary eyes, and Herbie was soon lost in dreams of the night at Bethlehem long ago, when the glad tidings were brought to the shepherds who watched by their flocks; and the little boy fancied that he was amongst them, and that in the joyful song which came from the heavenly host he could distinguish the voices of his father and mother, and that they seemed to look lovingly down upon him and Arthur as they sang, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.”