



## Christmas Hymn.

C. Croshaw, Printer, Coppergate, York.

**T**HE Moon shines bright,  
And the stars give a light,  
And a little before 'twas day,  
And bids us awake and pray,  
Awake, awake, good people all,  
Awake and you shall hear.  
Our Lord, our God dy'd on the cross,  
For us whom he lov'd so dear,  
O fair, oh! fair Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee.  
When all thy grief is at an end,  
The joys that we may see.  
The fields are green as green can be,  
When from his glorious seat,  
Our Lord our God he water'd us,  
With his heavenly good and sweet,  
And for the saving of our souls.  
Christ died on the Cross,  
We ne'er shall do so for Jesus Christ,  
As he has done for us,  
The life of Man is but a span,  
And cut down in his flower  
Where here to day and gone to morrow,  
We are dead all in an hour  
O teach well your Children Men,  
The wile that you are here.  
It will be better for your souls dear men,  
When your Corpse lie the Bier,  
To day you may be alive dear Man,  
With many a thousand pound  
To morrow you may be a dead Man,  
And your Corpse laid under ground,  
With a turf at your head dear Man,  
And another at your feet.  
Your Good deeds and your bad ones,  
Then will altogether meet.  
My song is done and I must begone,  
I can stay no longer here.  
God bless you all both great and small,  
And God send you a joyful new Year.

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**C**HRISTIANS awake, salute the happy morn,  
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born,  
Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
Which hosts of Angels chanted from above;  
With them the joyful tidings first began,  
Of God incarnate, and the virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful Shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the angelic heral's voice. "behold!  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,  
To you and all the nations upon earth;  
This day hath God fulfill'd his promis'd word,  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ, the Lord.

In David's city, shepherds, ye shall find,  
The long foretold Redeemer of mankind,  
Wrapt up in swaddling-bands the babe divine,  
Lies in a manger, this shall be your sign."  
He spake, and straightway the celestial choir,  
In hymns of joy unknown before conspire.

The praises of redeeming love they sung,  
And Heaven's whole orb with Hallelujah's rung,  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth and mutual good will;  
To Bethlehem straight the enlighten'd shepherds ran,  
To see the wonder God hath wrought for man.

And found with Joseph and the blessed Maid,  
Her Son, the Saviour in a manger laid.  
Amaz'd a wond'rous story they proclaim,  
The first apostles of his infant fame;  
While Mary keeps, and ponders in her heart,  
The heavenly vision which the swains impart.

They to their flocks, still praising God return,  
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn,  
Let us like these good shepherds, then employ,  
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy,  
Like Mary let us ponder in our mind,  
God's wond'rous love in saving lost mankind.

Artless and watchful as these favor'd swains,  
While virgin meekness in the heart remains,  
Trace we the babe who has retriev'd our loss,  
From his poor manger to the bitter cross,  
Tread in his steps assisted by his grace,  
Till man's first heav'nly state again takes place.

Then may we hope th' angelic thrones among,  
To find redeem'd a glad triumphant throng,  
He that was born upon this joyful day,  
Around us all his glory shall display,  
Sav'd by his love incessant we shall sing,  
Eternal praise to heaven's all glorious King.

