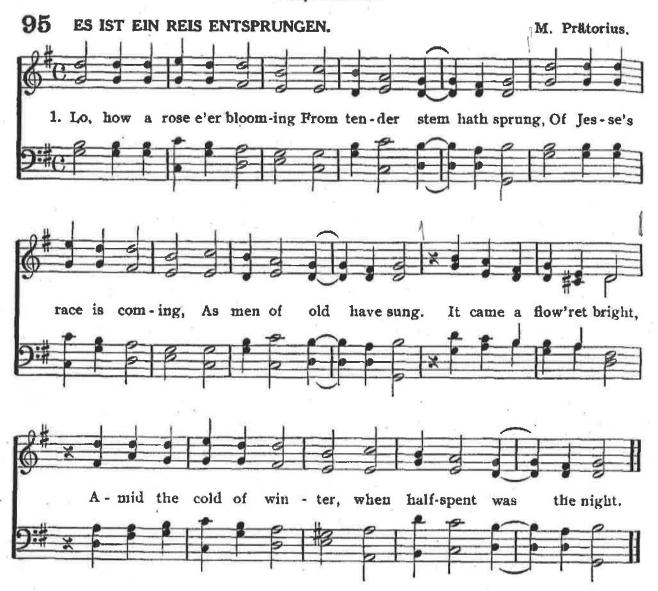
Christmas.



- Isaiah 'twas foretold it, The Rose I have in mind, With Mary we behold it, The Virgin-mother kind. To shew God's love aright She bore to men a Savior, When half-spent was the night.
- 3. The shepherds heard the story
 Proclaimed by angels bright,
 How Christ, the Lord of glory,
 Was born on earth this night.
 To Bethlehem they sped;
 And in a manger found Him,
 As angel-heralds said.

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