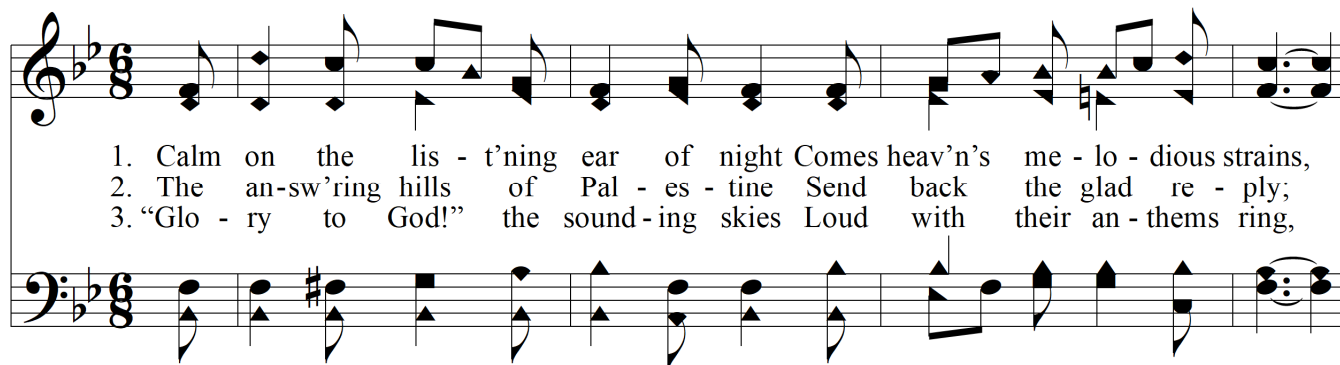
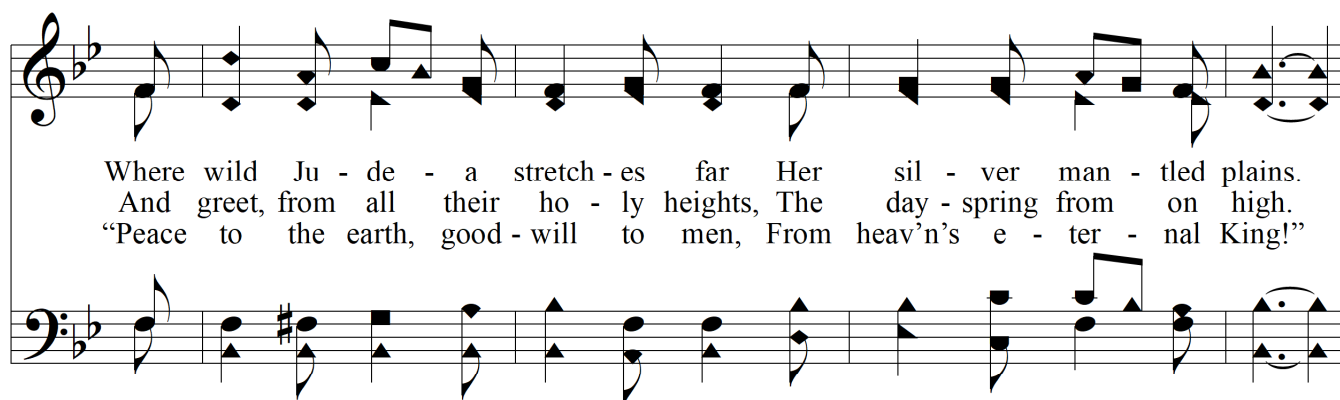


Calm On The Listening Ear Of Night

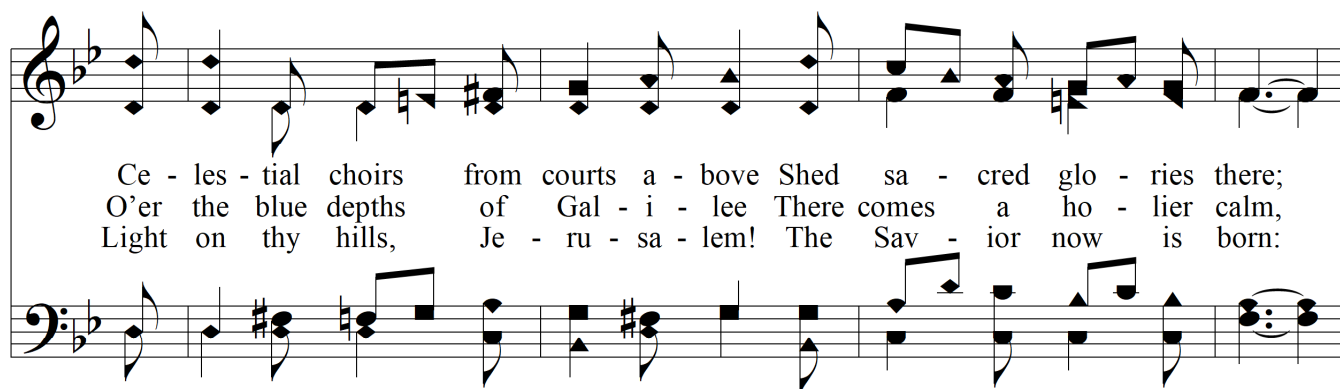
CAROL C. M. 8 lines



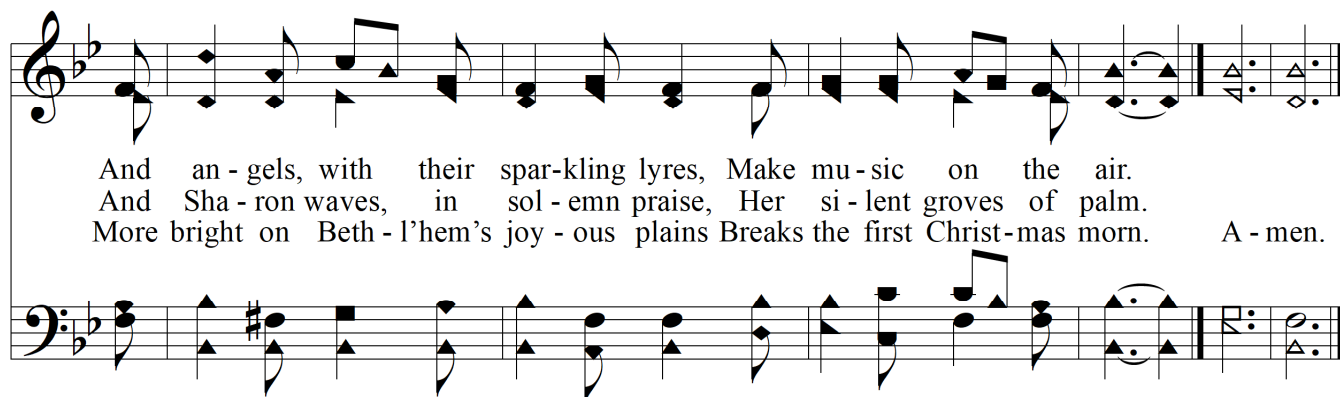
1. Calm on the lis - t'ning ear of night Comes heav'n's me - lo - dious strains,
2. The an-sw'ring hills of Pal - es - tine Send back the glad re - ply;
3. "Glo - ry to God!" the sound - ing skies Loud with their an - thems ring,



Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es far Her sil - ver man - tled plains.
And greet, from all their ho - ly heights, The day - spring from on high.
"Peace to the earth, good - will to men, From heav'n's e - ter - nal King!"



Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed sa - cred glo - ries there;
O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee There comes a ho - lier calm,
Light on thy hills, Je - ru - sa - lem! The Sav - ior now is born:



And an - gels, with their spar - kling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air.
And Sha - ron waves, in sol - emn praise, Her si - lent groves of palm.
More bright on Beth - l'hem's joy - ous plains Breaks the first Christ - mas morn. A - men.