Hark, What Sounds Are Sweetly Stealing

HOLY VOICES. 8, 7, 8, 7.

1. Hark! what sounds are sweet-ly steal-ing, Soft thru Beth-le'm's mid-night air?
2. See! a light from heav'n is stream-ing Night and dark-ness quit the plain;
3. "Fear not, shep-herds! glad my sto-ry, Tid-ings of the great-est joy:
4. Thus the an-gel, then as-cend-ing, Seeks a-gain the realms of light;

Louder yet, and louder peal-ing, An-gel ac-cents sure are there.
See! an an-gel bright-ly beam-ing, Fol-lowed by a ra-diant train.
Christ is born, the Lord of glo-ry! I pro-claim a Sav-ior high.
Now the cho-rus faint-ly end-ing, All is si-lence, all is night.