THE HAPPY CHRISTMAS COMES ONCE MORE

1. The happy Christmas comes once more,
   The hea\n n ly guest is at the door,
   The blessed words the shepherds thrill,
   "Peace, good will."

2. The lowly Savior meekly lies,
   Laid off the splendor of the skies,
   No crown be\n decked His fore\n head fair,
   No pearl, nor gem, nor silk is there.

3. O wake, our hearts, in glad ness sing,
   And keep our Christmas with our King,
   Till liv\n ing song, from loving souls,
   Like sound of mighty water rolls.

4. Thou patriarchs' joy, thou prophets' song,
   Thou heav\n n day spring, looked for long,
   Thou Son of Man, In\n car\n nate Word,
   Great Da\n vid's Son, great Da\n vid's Lord.

5. O ho\n ly Child, thy man\n ger gleams
   Till earth and heav\n n glow with its beams,
   Till midnight noon's broad light hath won,
   And Ja\n cob's star out\n shines the sun.

6. Come, Je\n sus, glo\n rious heav\n n ly guest,
   Keep thine own Christmas in our breast,
   Then Da\n vid's harp strings, hushed so long,
   Shall swell our ju\n bi\n le\n ce of song. A\n men.

WORDS BY Nikolai F. S. Grundtvig (1783-1872), TR. BY Charles Porterfield Krauth (1823-1883)
MUSIC BY Carl C. N. Balle (1806-1855)