



THE ROANOKE RAPIDS HERALD

CAROLINA'S FIRST
TABloid  NEWSpaper

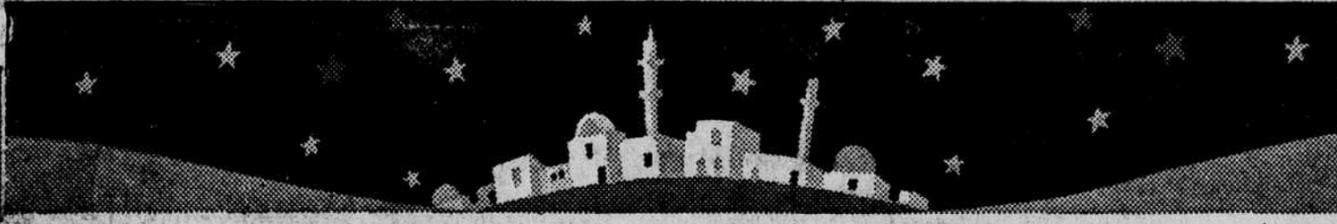


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ROANOKE RAPIDS, N. C.

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INVITING YOU TO COMMUNITY SING MUNICIPAL CORNER 5:30 P. M. CHRISTMAS EVE

JOY TO THE WORLD

1

Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
And heaven and nature sing.

2

Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While field and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
Repeat the sounding joy.

3

He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of thy righteousness
And wonders of his love.
And wonders of his love.

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

1

It came upon the mid-night clear,
That glorious song of old,
Of angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold!
Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on its wings:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4

For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet—bards foretold
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING

1

Hark! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the newborn King."

2

Hail the heaven—Prince of Peace!
Hail the sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings
Risen with healing in his wings
Mild he lay his glory by
Born that man no more may die
Born to raise the sons of earth
Born to give them second birth
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn King.

3

Come, desire of nations come!
Fix in us thy humble home:
Rise, the woman's conquering seed
Bruise in us the serpent's head;
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place
Second Adams from above,
Reinstate us in thy love
Hark! the herald angels sing
"Glory to the newborn King."

SILENT NIGHT! HOLY NIGHT!

1

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright;
Round yon virgin Mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

2

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia
Christ, the Savior is born!
Christ, the Savior is born!

3

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, loves pure light;
Radiant beams from thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

