

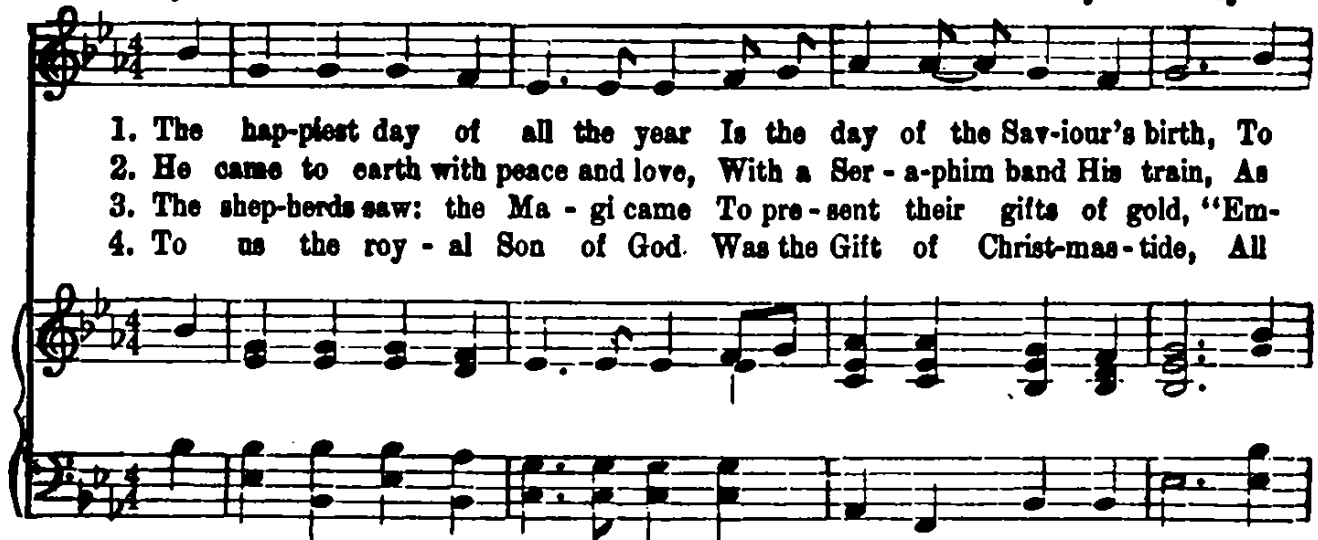
The Happiest Day of All the Year.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

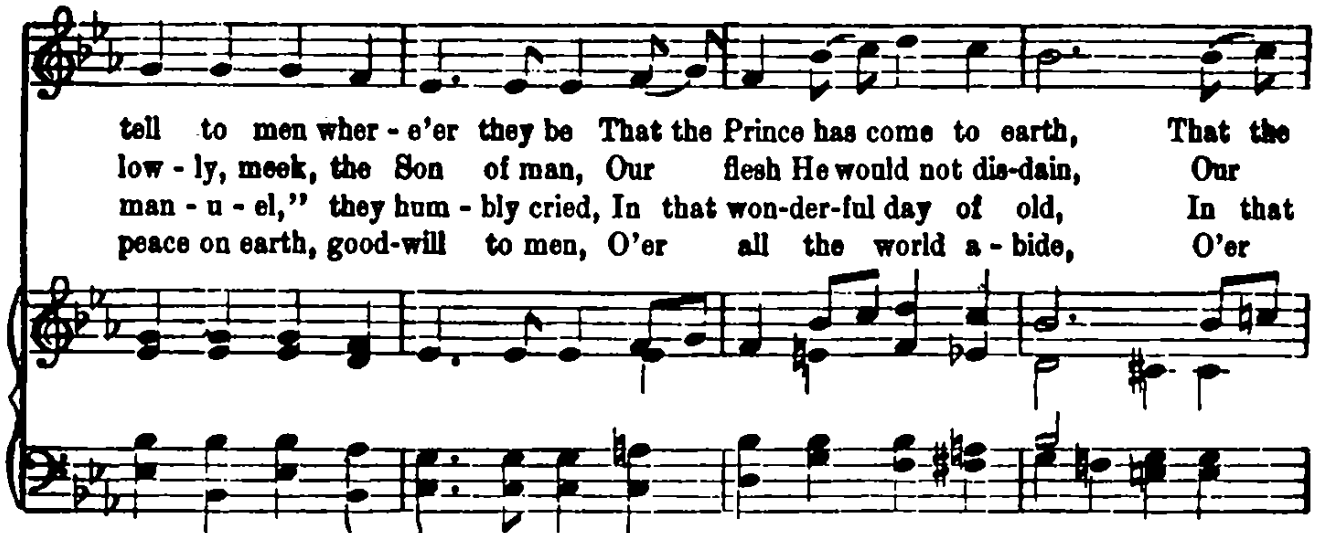
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Rev. James E. Freeman.

Stanley R. Avery.

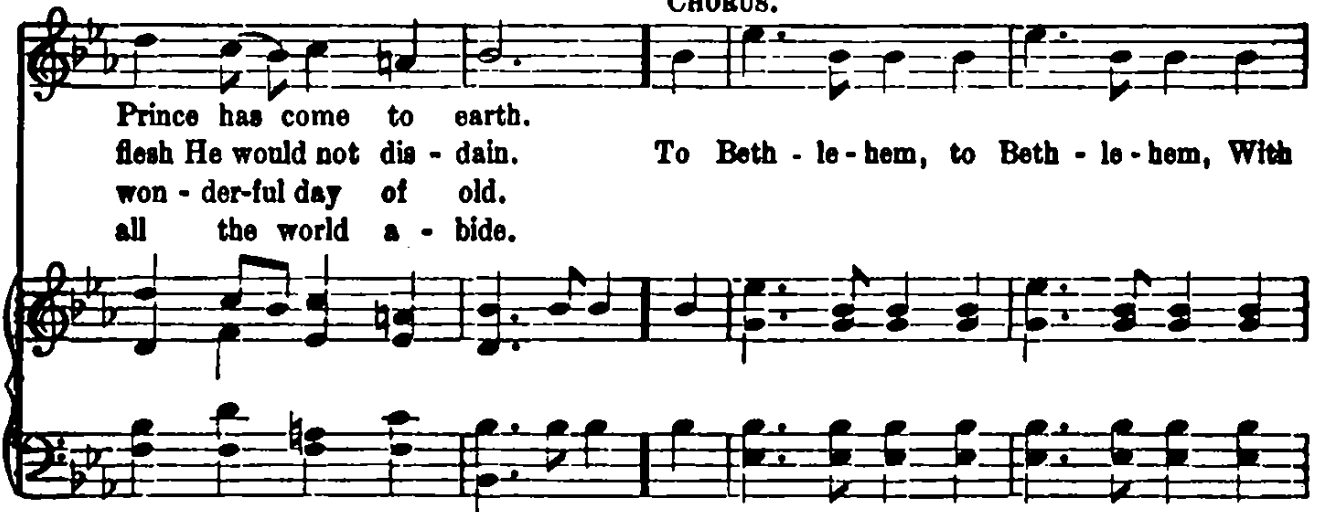


1. The hap-piest day of all the year Is the day of the Sav-iour's birth, To
 2. He came to earth with peace and love, With a Ser - a-phim band His train, As
 3. The shep-herds saw: the Ma - gi came To pre-sent their gifts of gold, "Em-
 4. To us the roy - al Son of God. Was the Gift of Christ-mas-tide, All



tell to men wher - e'er they be That the Prince has come to earth, That the
 low - ly, meek, the Son of man, Our flesh He would not dis-dain, Our
 man - u - el," they hum - bly cried, In that won-der-ful day of old, In that
 peace on earth, good-will to men, O'er all the world a - bide, O'er

CHORUS.



Prince has come to earth.
 flesh He would not dis - dain. To Beth - le - hem, to Beth - le - hem, With
 won - der-ful day of old.
 all the world a - bide.

Should you be in Minneapolis, Minnesota, just before Christmas, you will want to hear the Choir Boys of St. Marks Church sing this beautiful carol.

The Happiest Day of All the Year.

hur-rying feet we go, Our song is the song of the an-gel band, We
 hast-en a-long to its mu-sic grand, And we fly..... o'er the sil-v'ry snow.

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Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams

BETHANY. 6s, 4s.

Dr. Lowell Mason

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me,
 3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that thou send-est me,
 4. Then, with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs
 5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to thee,

FINE

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to thee,
 In mer-cy given; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to thee,
 Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to thee,
 Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to thee,

Near-er to thee!

D. S.

Christianity wants nothing so much in the world as sunny people.—Henry Drummond.