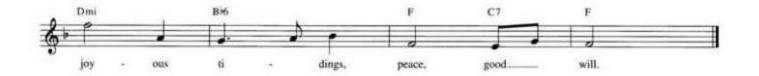
THE HAPPY CHRISTMAS COMES ONCE MORE

Words by Nicolal F.S. Grundtvig Music by C. Balle









- To David's city let us fly.
 Where angels sing beneath the sky,
 Through plain and village pressing near,
 And news from God with shepherds hear.
- O, let us go with quiet mind, The gentle Babe with shepberds find, To gaze on Him who gladdens them, The loveliest flow'r on Jesse's stem.
- Come, Jesus glorious heav'nly guest, Keep Thine own Christmas in our breast; Then David's harp-string, hushed so long Shall swell our jubilee of song.

Erwin Music Studio