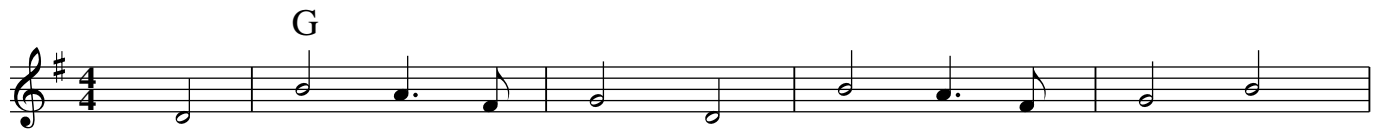


The Worcestershire Carol

W.H. Havergal 1793-1870



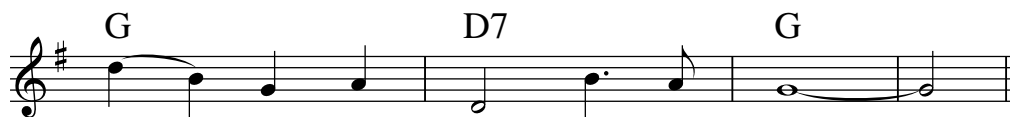
1. How grand and how bright That won - der - ful night, When  
 2. The shep - herds were mazed, The pret - ty lambs gazed The  
 3. "I bring you," said he, "From the glo - rious Three, Good  
 4. "All glo - ry to God," Who laid by His rod, The  
 5. "And good will to all," Whose life is but small, And your



an - - gels to Beth - - le - hem came! \_\_\_\_\_ They  
 hills and the dales all a - - woke: \_\_\_\_\_ No  
 tid - - ings to all of your kind; \_\_\_\_\_ The  
 an - - gels sang loud - - ly and long; \_\_\_\_\_ "And  
 ways are soon lost in the throng; \_\_\_\_\_ Then



burst forth like fires, They struck their gold lyres, \_\_\_ And \_\_\_  
 voice was there heard No beast nor \_\_\_\_\_ bird, \_\_\_ They \_\_\_  
 Sav - - ior is born, But he lies all for - - lorn \_\_\_ In a  
 peace be on earth," for this won - der - - ful birth \_\_\_ They \_\_\_  
 hope as ye may; But let Christ - mas Day \_\_\_ Have your



min - - gled their song with the flame. \_\_\_\_\_  
 list - - ened while Ga - - bri - el spoke: \_\_\_\_\_  
 man - - ger, as soon you will find." \_\_\_\_\_  
 left \_\_\_ us the words of their song. \_\_\_\_\_  
 sweet - - est and love - li - est song. \_\_\_\_\_