2. Never fell melodies half so sweet as those which are filling the skies; And
3. Now a new pow'r has come on the earth, a match for the armies of hell; A

ne- ver a_ pa_ lace shone, half so_ fair as the ma_ nger bed where our Sa_ viour lies; No
child is_ born_ who shall con- quer the foe, and the spi- rits of wi- cke- dness will quell; For

night in the year_ is half so dear as this which has ended our sighs.
Ma- ry's_ Son is the mi- ghty one whom the pro- phets of God fore- tell.