

Tidings of Great Joy

Comrades ! Arise ! What cause for fear ?
Exalt ! Rejoice ! Be of good cheer !
What though the World be in sad plight !
Out of the starry Christmas night,
Out of the winter's cold again
Is born a Saviour to all men !

There in a straw-strewn stable stall
Lies a wee Babe who loves us all.
What reason, then, for the future to fear ?
That little Babe who loves us dear,
That Babe has power and will to do
Whate'er is best for me and you.

On a winter's night, many years ago,
Into a World that was writhing with woe
Came the same Babe that comes here tonight,
Came with the gleaming, heavenly Light
That routed the darkness all around,
And made the World with Joy abound.

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What He did for the men of antiquity
Will He not do for you and me ?

—J. M., '34.