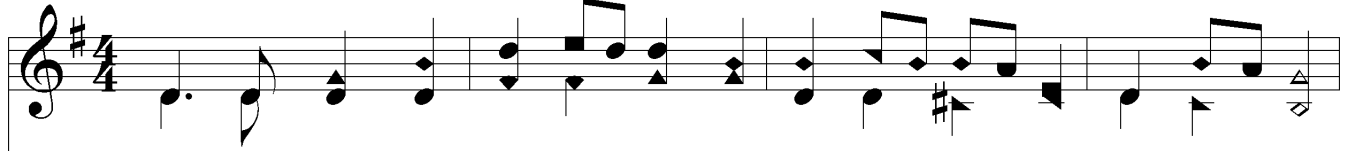
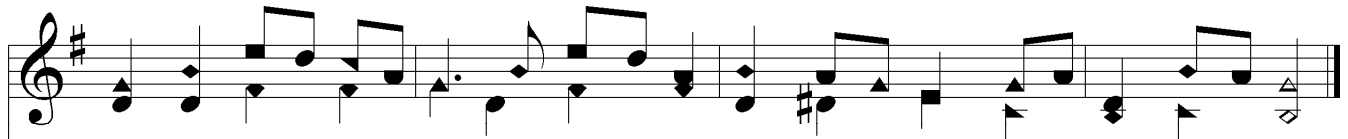
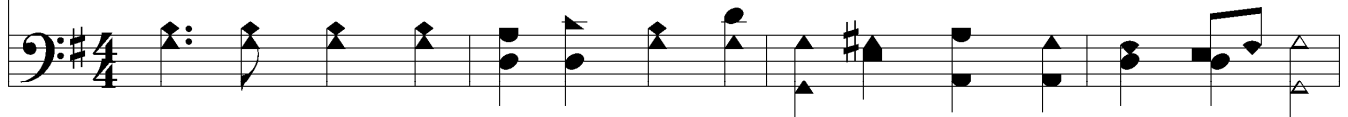


Hark, What Sounds Are Sweetly Stealing

HOLY VOICES. 8, 7, 8, 7.



1. Hark! what sounds are sweet-ly steal - ing, Soft thru Beth - le'm's mid-night air?
2. See! a light from heav'n is stream-ing Night and dark - ness quit the plain;
3. "Fear not, shep - herds! glad my sto - ry, Tid - ings of the great - est joy:
4. Thus the an - gel, then as - cend - ing, Seeks a - gain the realms of light;



Loud - er yet, and loud - er peal - ing, An - gel ac - cents sure are there.
See! an an - gel bright - ly beam - ing, Fol - lowed by a ra - diant train.
Christ is born, the Lord of glo - ry! I pro - claim a Sav - ior nigh."
Now the cho - rus faint - ly end - ing, All is si - lence, all is night.

