A Christmas Greeting

Drab is the life, and sighfully long, which never has heard an angel's song.
Dark is the night whose sky full of space is starless of fancy and its promise of grace.
So let the merry bells be rung, let the carols claim be sung: let the candles kindle dreams,
Let love's season work its schemes. Let life's hope-child be born again! Let the joy of Christmas reign!

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S/A
never has heard an angel's song.

T/B
never has heard an angel's song.

Pno.

13
mf

Dark is the night whose sky full of

T/B
mf

Dark is the night whose sky full of

Pno.
cresc.
space is star-less of fancy and its promise of grace.

So let the merry bells be rung,

So let the merry bells be rung,
let the ca-rols claim be sung; let the can-dles kin-dle dreams,

let the ca-rols claim be sung; let the can-dles kin-dle dreams,

let love's sea-son work its schemes. So let the mer-ry bells be rung.

let love's sea-son work its schemes. So let the mer-ry
let the carols claim be sung; let the candles
bells be rung, let the carols claim be sung; let the candles

kin-dle dreams, let love's sea-son work its
kin-dle dreams let love's sea-son work its
schemes; let life's hope-child be born

schemes; let life's hope-child be born again

rit.

gain! let the joy of Christmas reign

let the joy of Christmas reign

molto rit.

molto rit.