

Whence is that goodly fragrance flowing,
Stealing our senses all away?
Never the like did come a blowing
Shepherds from flow'ry fields in May.
Whence is that goodly fragrance flowing,
Stealing our senses all away?

What is that light so brilliant, breaking
Here in the night cross our eyes?
Never so bright the day-star waking.
Started to climb the morning skies!
What is that light so brilliant, breaking
Here in the night across our eyes.

Bethlehem! there in manger lying
Find you Redeemer haste away!
Run ye with eager footsteps hieing!
Worship the Saviour born today!
Bethlehem! there is the manger lying
Find your Redeemer haste away!

Praise to the Lord of all creation,
Glory to God the fount of grace;
May peace abide in ev'ry nation,
Goodwill on earth to ev'ry race.
Praise to the Lord of all creation,
Glory to God the fount of grace.