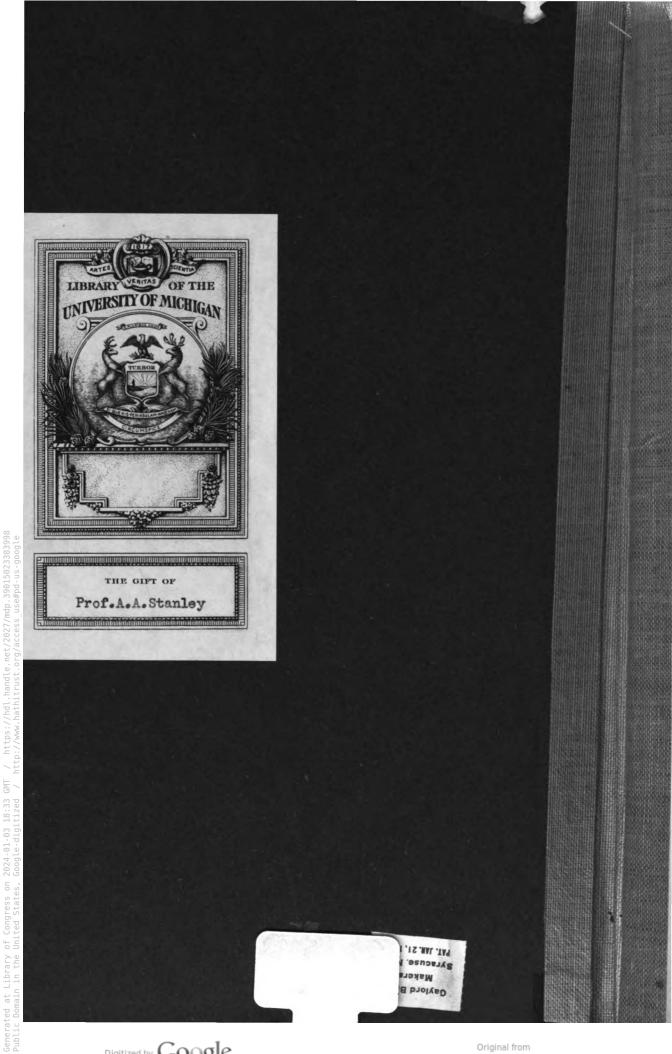
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WONDROUS WORDS OF LOVE

A

Prof. Albert Seed

Christmas Cantata

for

SOLO VOICES, CHORUS AND ORGAN.

The Vords compiled

and

the Ausic composed

by

Philo Adams Otis

PRICE 60 CTS.

Orchestra parts can be rented upon application to the publishers.

CHICAGO.

CLAYTON F. SUMMY CO. 220 Wabash Ave.

WEEKES & CO., LONDON.

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CANTATA.

"Wondrous Words of Love."

Nº 1 - RECITATIVE (BASS), "FEAR NOT, O LAND"

Fear not, O land, be glad and rejoice; for the Lord will do great things.

O House of Jacob, come ye; Behold thy King comethunto thee. He shall bring peace unto the heathen.

How great is His goodness and how great is His beauty.

(Joel II; 21. Isaiah II; 5. Zec. IX; 9. 17.)

Nº 2- CHORUS, "WONDROUS WORDS OF LOVE"

A message sweet through angels came
From joyous realms above;
'Neath brightest star of matchless flame,
Came wondrous words of love;
The angel's song so sweet and clear
Rings o'er the world from year to year.

SOLO (SOPRANO)

The Christ was born, God's gift to men,
Beneath that wondrous star,
Far down the distant ages, when
The wise men came from far
To search for Him, their newborn King,
To Him, their choicest gifts to bring.

CHORUS

Let joyous songs rise loud and clear
This merry Christmas time;
The angel's song brought love and cheer
To hearts in every clime.
Let songs on earth, in heaven above,
This day proclaim God's love;

John M. Morse.

Nº 3-chorus, "oer the distant mountains breaking"

O'er the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing and watch and pray;
Tis thy Saviour,
On His bright returning way.

O Thou long expected; weary waits
My anxious soul on Thee,
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
When Thy light I do not see;
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?



None for to 9-17-25

Nearer is my soul's salvation, Spent the night, the day at hand. Keep me in my lowly station, Watching for Thee, 'till I stand; O my Saviour, In Thy bright, Thy promised land.

With my lamp well trimmed and burning, Swift to hear and slow to roam Watching for Thy glad returning, To restore me to my home. Come, my Saviour, come my Saviour, Thou hast promised, quickly come.

Rev. J.S.B. Monsell, D. D.

Nº 4 - SOLO (TENOR), "O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM"

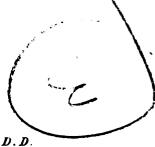
O little town of Bethlehem How still we see thee lie; Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shineth The everlasting light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary, And gathered all above, While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morning stars, together Proclaim the holy birth; And praises sing to God the King And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently, The wondrous gift is given; So God imparts to human hearts The blessings of His heaven. No ear may hear His coming, But in the world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem; Descend to us we pray; Cast out our sin and enter in; Be born in us to day. We hear the Christmas angels The great glad tidings tell; O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanual;

Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D.



Nº 5 - CHORUS, "THE MESSAGE FROM ABOVE"

This the message from above;
For all the world 'twas given;
"Tidings good of joy and love,"
To win lost souls to heaven.
This the angel brought to them;
How sweet the gracious word;
"Born this day, in Bethlehem,
A Saviour, Christ the Lord."

Not to men of lordly mien,
Was that welcome angel seen;
First to lowly men on earth,
Came the story of His birth.

John M. Morse.

Nº 6- SOLO (ALTO), "CHRIST VICTORIOUS"

Christ the spotless lamb of God,
Passed beneath the avenging rod
That he might redeem the lost,
Great the purpose, great the cost.
On the cross the Saviour died
For our sins was crucified.
Laud Him; Worship and adore,
Sing His praises evermore.

Who but Christ such love could show,
Who endure such shame and woe,
Who but Christ could victor be
Setting us poor sinners free.
Glory, glory to His name,
Far above all earthly fame.
Let us with the angels sing
Glory be to Christ our King.

John M. Morse.

Nº 7- CHORUS, "THE WISE MEN"

Lo; the starry heavens o'er us, Ever tell God's wondrous love; Worlds on worlds spread out before us Speak His message from above.

Matchless glory is impelling
As a bird on swiftest wing.
Let us haste; that star is telling
Where to find the new-born King;

Now the journey ends in glory;
Down before that Child we fall.
Oh, the wondrous, wondrous story,
Bethlehem's Babe is Lord of all;

John M. Morse.



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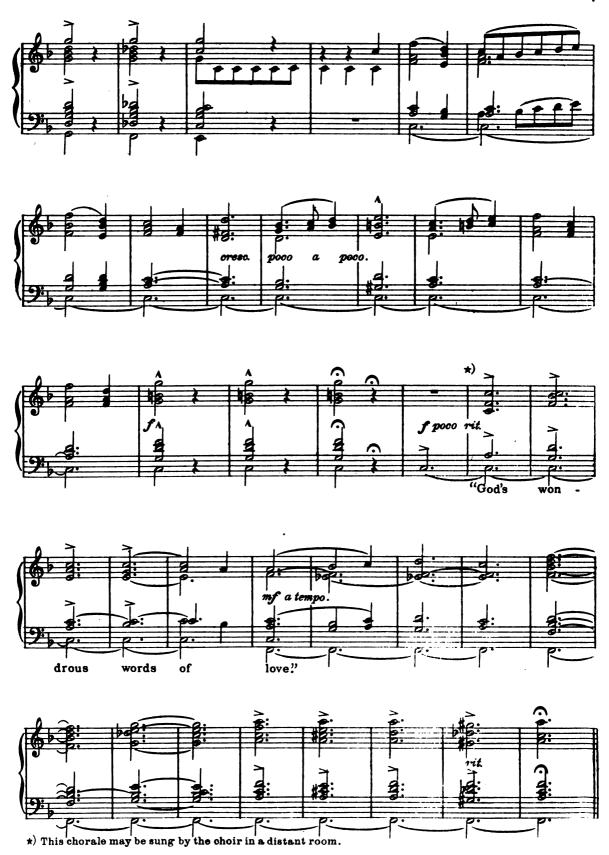
Wondrous Words Of Love. Prelude.



C.F.S.Co. 1178-8-A







Nº 1. RECITATIVE.

Fear Not, O Land.



C.F.S.Co. 1178-2-B



C.F.S.Co. 1178-2-B

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Wondrous Words of Love.



















O'er the Distant Mountains Breaking.



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O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Tenor Solo.









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The Message From Above.



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Nº 6. Christ Victorious.

Alto Solo.





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Nº 7. Chorus. The Wise Men.















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