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Sound over all waters, reach out from all
lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasp of
hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars
of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was
born!

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of
peace;
East, west, north and south, let the long
quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels
began,
Sing of glory to God and of good will to
man!

"'TIS not the weight of jewels and plate
Or the fondle of silk and fur,
It's the spirit in which the gift is rich
As the gifts of the wise men were;
And we are not told whose gift was gold,
And whose was the gift of myrrh?"

