

Christmas Carol (Turner)

Fronie Bell Turner, 1879

John M. Chadwick

♩=90



1. O, sweet is the sto - ry of old; That won - der - ful tale of the past; Tho'
2. O, tell the glad tid - ings to all; That won - der - ful sto - ry of old; Re -
3. O, pluck the fresh green of the wood; The box and the myr - tle en - twine; A -



cen - tu - ries on - ward have rolled, That tale shall all ag - es out - last; For
- deemed from the curse and the fall; Re - stored to the shel - ter - ing fold; Our
- dorn the fair place of the Lord; With leaves of the ev - er - green vine. O,



Christ was the babe that was born; The Son of the Lord came to earth; The
Sav - ior came down from a - bove; He bore all our sor - row and sin; That
loud let the an - tehms a - rise, To greet Him, our Sav - ior, our king; While



dawn of the first Christ - mas morn, Be - held our Im - man - u - el's birth.
we by His in - fin - ite love A rest and a ref - uge might win. Me -
Heav - en's great chor - us re - plies; Let joy - ful ho - san - nas now ring.



- si - ah is king, With rap - ture we sing, All glo - ry, all glo - ry to Thee!

