

NEW JERSEY STATE NORMAL AND MODEL SCHOOLS.

CHRISTMAS SONGS.

Nazareth. *Charles Gounod.*

Though poor be the chamber come here,
come and adore ;
Lo ! the Lord of Heaven hath to mortals given
Life forevermore, Life forevermore, Life
forevermore.
Shepherds who folded your flocks be-
side you,
Tell what was told while bright angels
were near :
To you this night is born He who will
guide you
Thro' paths of peace to living waters clear.

Chorus.

Tho' poor be the chamber, come here,
come and adore :
Lo ! the Lord of Heaven hath to mortals
given
Life forevermore.

Kings from a far land, draw near and be-
hold Him,
Led by the beam whose rays bade ye to
come ;
Your crowns cast down—with robe royal
enfold Him ;
Your King descends to earth from brighter
home.

Wind to the cedars proclaim the joyful
story,
Wave of the sea, spread glad tidings
afar.
The night is gone ! behold, in all its
glory,
All broad and bright rises th' Eternal
Morning Star.

Silent Night. *Michael Hadyn.*

Silent Night ! Holy night !
Slumber reigns ! Naught in sight.
Save that pair who lone vigil keep,
O'er the child Who, in softest sleep,
Rests in Heavenly peace,
Rests in Heavenly peace.

Silent night ! Holy night !
Darkness flies ! All is light
Shepherds listen while angels sing,
Praise to God and good tidings bring,
" Jesus the Saviour is here !
Jesus the Saviour is here !"

Silent night ! Holy night !
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth.

EASTER SONGS.

Calvary. *Paul Rodney.*

The pilgrims throng through the city
gates
While the night is falling fast ;
They go to watch on Calvary's hill
Ere the twilight hours are past ;
Though dark be the way with eyes of
faith
They gaze on His cross above ;
And, lo ! from each heart the shadows de-
part,
As they list to His words of love,
As they list to His words of love.

Chorus.

" Rest, rest to the weary,
Peace, peace to the soul ;
Though life may be dreary,
Earth is not thy goal
O lay down thy burden,
O come unto Me.
I will not forsake thee,
I will not forsake thee,
I will not forsake thee,
Though all else should flee."

Far, far away, o'er the dream of years
They hear the Voice of the King :
" Where, O Grave, where is thy victory,
And where, O Death, is thy sting ?"
Captive He leads them forevermore,
While weary pilgrims rejoice ;
For looking on high to the Cross he bore.
The faithful shall hear His Voice,
The faithful shall hear His Voice.

The Palms. *J. Faure.*

O'er all the way green palms and blossoms
gay,
Are strewn this day in festal preparation,
Where Jesus comes to wipe our tears away,
E'en now the throng to welcome Him pre-
pare.

Chorus.

Join all and sing, his name declare ;
Let every voice resound with acclamations.
Hosanna ! Praised be the Lord !
Bless Him who cometh to bring us salva-
tion.

His word goes forth, and people by its
might
Once more regain freedom from degrada-
tion,
Humanity doth give to each his right,
While those in darkness find restored the
light.