

# In The Hallowed Manger

Thomas Adams



In the hal-losed man-ger Sleeps the Ho-ly Child, Love and light shine



from Him, Though the win-ter's wild: Earth-storms yet may ga-ther,



Loom-ing large and loud, Time has touch'd the E-ter-nal, Light is in the



cloud. Glo-ry to God, hark! how the wel-kin rings, And night is woo'd to



mirth: High min - strels ho - ver on a - dor - ing wings, And



breath God's peace, God's peace, on earth.