

O The Beautiful Old Story

G. C. E. Ryley



O the beau - ti - ful old sto-ry! Of the lit-tle child that lay



In a man-ger on that morn-ing, When the stars sang in the day;



When the hap-py shep-herds kneel-ing, As be-fore a ho-ly shrine,



Bless'd God and the ten-der mo-ther For a life that was di-vine.