

# This Happy Morn A King Is Born

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This hap-py morn a King is born, To be our heart's best trea-sure; When



peace and grace our lives em-brace, Whose love is past man's mea-sure.



Joy! joy! His birth-day bright, Pours thro' our lives its floods of light! Joy! joy! He



giv-eth peace: O praise our blest Re-deem-er!