

Go Tell It (Not traditional)

Music by Tonya Hudson

Words adapted by John W. Work

Go tell it on the mountain,
over the hills and everywhere;
Go tell it on the mountain
that Jesus Christ is born.

While shepherds kept their watching
o'er the silent flocks by night,
Behold throughout the heavens
there shone a Holy Light.

The shepherds feared and trembled
when lo! Above the earth,
Rang out the angel chorus
that hailed our Saviour's birth.

Down in a lowly manger
the humble Christ was born
And brought us God's salvation
that blessed Christmas morn!

Go tell it on the mountain, and everywhere;
Go tell it on the mountain that Jesus is born.
Go tell it on the mountain, and over the hills;
Go tell it on the mountain
that Jesus Christ is born.

Away In A Manger

Martin Luther, John Thomas McFarland,
and James Ramsey Murray

Away in a manger, No crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus, Lay down his sweet head.
The stars in the sky, Looked down where he lay
The little Lord Jesus, Asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, The baby awakes;
But little Lord Jesus, No crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus, Look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle, 'Til morning is Nigh.

Be near me Lord Jesus, I ask thee to stay,
Close by me for ever, And love me I pray.
Bless all the dear children, In thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, To live with thee there.

Jonah Song

Caroline Owen

I cried "amen!" and you hurled me into
Deep, engulfing waters.
My storm within you answered
When I crashed among your breakers.

Dispersed, dissolved, unglued;
Who could ever run from you?

Everything I find is yours,
And what I find are only nightmares.
This chaos if your ordered plan, and
You hurl me to the waters.

I was lost, enveloped, sinking
To the birthplace of the mountains.
Come and rain into my heart,
For you alone can cross the fathoms.

Dispersed, dissolved, unglued;
Who could ever run from you?

Those who cling to worthless idols
Forfeit grace that could be theirs,
But I, with thanksgiving,
Will sacrifice to you, my God.

Hades threatened to submerge me,
Seaweed wrapped around my face.
But, my Savior, you heard me;
I am carried in your grace,
I am carried in your grace,
Yes, I am carried in your grace.

And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing;
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

For lo! the days are hast'ning on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold
When peace shall over all the earth
It's ancient splendors fling
and the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

What Child Is This

William Chatterton Dix

What Child is this, who laid to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping?
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet
While shepherds watch are keeping?

This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing
Haste, haste to bring Him laud,
The babe, the son of Mary.

Why lies He in such mean estate
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading.

Nails, spear shall pierce Him through
The cross be borne for me, for you.
Hail, hail the Word made flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh
Come peasant, king to own Him;
The King of kings salvation brings
Let loving hearts enthrone Him.

Raise, raise a song on high,
The virgin sings her lullaby.
Joy, joy for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

Angels We Have Heard On High

Edward Shippen Barnes, James Chadwick

Angels we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er the plains
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their joyous strains

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your joyous strains prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be
Which inspire your heavenly song?

Come to Bethlehem and see
Him whose birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee
Christ, the Lord, the new-born King.

See him in a manger laid
Whom the choirs of angels praise;
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
While our hearts in love we raise.

Gloria, in excelsis Deo.
Gloria, in excelsis Deo.

It Came Upon A Midnight Clear

Larz Katz Gaarde, Aaron Sprinkle,
and Jon Micah Sumrall

It came upon a midnight clear
That glorious song of old
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold
Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing

Still thru the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,