The Christmas Carols of Keith D Rowley - Part 2

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And Every Stone Shall Cry

And some of the Pharisees from among the multitude said unto him, Master, rebuke thy disciples. And he answered and said unto them, I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out. - Luke 19:39-40

Richard Wilbur

Keith D Rowley

A stable-lamp is lighted Whose glow shall wake the sky; The
This child thru David's city Shall ride in triumph by; The
Yet he shall be forsaken, And yielded up to die; The
But now, as at the ending, The low is lifted high; The

stars shall bend their voices, And every stone shall cry. And
palm shall strew its branches, And every stone shall cry. And
sky shall groan and darken, And every stone shall cry. And
stars shall bend their voices, And every stone shall cry. And

ev'ry stone shall cry, And straw like gold shall shine; A
ev'ry stone shall cry, Though heavy, dull, and dumb, And
ev'ry stone shall cry For sony hearts of men; God's
ev'ry stone shall cry In praises of the child By

barn shall harbor heaven, A stall become a shrine.
lie within the roadway To pave his kingdom come.
blood upon the spearead God's love re-fused again.
whose descent among us The worlds are re-conciled.
A Christmas Carol

G. K. Chesterton

Christ-child lay on Mary's lap, His hair was like a
Christ-child lay on Mary's breast, His hair was like a
Christ-child lay on Mary's heart, His hair was like a
Christ-child stood at Mary's knee, His hair was like a

light. (O weary, weary were the world, But
star. (O stern and cunning are the Kings, But
fire. (O weary, weary is the world, But
crown, And all the flowers looked up at him And

here is all a-right.)
here the true hearts are.
here the world's desire.
all the stars looked down.

1. The

2. The

3. The

4. The
Good News

Grace Richie

Keith D Rowley

The Christ-child in a manger lay cradled warm in fresh, new hay.
In the heavens shone a star guiding

Wise Men from afar, And shepherds on a hillside

near knelt down in wonder, awe, and fear As

angels sang of God's own Son being born in David's town.
Sing a Song

Solveig Paulson Russell

Sing a song of Christmas! There's nothing new to just the same sweet story Of the star that led the

way, And shone with golden radiance Where the

joyous bells that ring, Of holy hung, and Baby Jesus lay.

mistletoe, And Christmas trees to trim. And melody from Christ mas, of redeem ing love and joy. Of the glory of the

carols And a well-loved Christmas hymn. There's birthday Of the Holy Baby Boy!
Do you hear the sounds of Christmas In a candle's flickering light, In the murmuring and cracking

Of a fireplace burning bright, In the whisper of a snowflake Drifting downward in moon-light? They're sounds of

quiet, sounds of peace - Echoes of that holy night.
There's a Song in the Air!

Josiah Gilbert Holland

There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky! There's a mother's deep tumult of joy O'er the wonderful birth, For the Virgin's sweet joyce in the light, And we echo the song That comes down thru the prayer And a baby's low cry! And the star rains its fire While the Boy Is the Lord of the earth. Ay! the star rains its fire While the night From the heavenly throng. Ay! we shout to the lovely e-

beautiful sing, For the manager of Bethlehem cradles a King!
beautiful sing, For the manager of Bethlehem cradles a King!

van-gel they bring, And we greet in his cradle our Savior and King!
The Voice of the Christ Child

Phillips Brooks

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That  

Christmas it always is young.
The voice of the Christ child shall fall;
And to  

heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its every blind wanderer opens the door Of a  

soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the hope which he dared not to dream of before, With a  

song of the angels is sung.
It is sunshine of welcome for all.
The
coming, old earth, it is coming to night; On the feet of the humblest may walk in the field. Where the snowflakes which cover thy sod, The feet of the Christ child fall feet of the holiest have trod; This, this is the marvel to gently and white, And the voice of the Christ child tells mortals revealed, When the silver trumpets of out with delight That mankind are the children of God. Christmas have pealed, That mankind are the children of God.
A Nativity Song

Frances Chesterton

1. How far is it to Bethlehem? Not very far.
2. May we stroke the creatures there, Ox, ass, or sheep?
3. Great kings have precious gifts And we have naught,

Shall we find the stable room Lit by a star?
May we peep like them and see Jesus asleep?
Lit - tle smiles and lit - tle tears Are all we brought.

Can we see the little Child, Is he within?
If we touch His tiny hand Will He awake?
For all weary children Mary must weep,

If we lift the sleep? If we touch His tiny hand Will He awake?
Will He know we've brought. For all weary children Mary must weep,

wood - en latch May we go in?
come so far Just for His sake?
bed of straw, Sleep, children sleep.
God in His Mother's arms, Babes in the byre,

Sleep, as they sleep who find Their heart's desire.
Christmas Child

Christine D. Hamilton

1. Tiny babe, all wrapped in white, with such a peace and lustrous light
   En-circling round your fragile form, Who is this sacred baby born?

2. The lowly beasts are radiant too, As if in heav’n for the chosen few
   Who followed long the shining star, And tra-veled miles from near and far.

3. A tear would drop, or may be two, You gently whisper "I love you, And will forever on and on...
   Wake! you find the dream has gone. But in the music rich-es bring

It’s just as if this child were King! And, all the shep-herds have been there
   Behold the Christ child, touch his hair. Born to this earth to of your mind Re-mem-ber Christmas, when you find those pre-sents laid be-

hum-ble stand, They too here are gathered in this land.
   Bear our sin. To kneel in love and worship him.
   Neath the tree. Ce-le-brate Christ’s birth for you and me.
Here Lies the Precious Babe

(Paradox)

Angelus Silesius

Keith D Rowley

lies the precious Babe, first fruit of virgin's womb, An-

things are now reversed: the castle's in the cave, The

gels' delight and joy, men's highest price and boon, Should

crib becomes the throne, the night brings forth the day, The

your Savior be and lift you into God, Then,
virgin bears a child; O man! reflect and say That

man, stay near the crib and make it your abode. heart and mind must be reversed in every
2. Final ending

way, reversed in every way.

2. How simple we must grow!

How simple they, who came!

The shepherds looked at God

Long before any man.

He sees God never more

Not there, nor here on earth

Who

D.S. al Fine

does not long within

To be a shepherd first.

3. All