Ding, dong, ding, dong.

Why do the bells of Christmas ring? Why do the little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star, Seen by wise men from afar

Gently moved until its light Made a manger's cradle bright.
There a darling baby lay,
Pillow soft upon the hay;

And his mother sung and smiled:
"This is Christ, the holy Child!"

Therefore the bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore the little children sing.

Therefore the children sing.
Christ Is Christmas

Christine D. Hamilton

Keith D Rowley

untostatus was born that
day, A
shepherd first, then
demancameTo

Savior sweet to show
the way. I
seek the babe, Jesus
His name. For

know that He was
own child, In a
they had seen His
brilliant star, And had

stable born so meek
and mild. As
come to worship from
far. Now
faster

ancient prophets had foretold, The
mine eyes also seek the Son, Most

angels cried "the King, behold." While
holy, pure and sacred one. And

multitudes sang at His birth,
search anew the star that tolls

Joy and gladness reigned on earth.
Christ is Christmas to our souls.
O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks

1. O little town of Bethlehem, How
still we see thee lie.

2. For Christ is born of Mary, And,
gathered all above
A bove thy deep and

3. How silently, how silently
wondrous gift is given!
While mortals sleep the

dreamless sleep The silent stars go by; Yet in the dark streets

angels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn ing stars to-

human hearts The blessings of his heav'n, No ear may hear his

shineth The everlasting light. The

gatherer Proclaim the holy birth, And

coming; But in this world of sin, Where
hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
meek souls will receive him, still the dear Christ enters in.
In the Bleak Midwinter

Christina Rossetti, alt.  

Keith D Rowley

In the bleak mid-
What can I

winter A stab-
stable place suf-
ficed

give him, Poor as I am?
If I were a

might y, Je-
sus Christ.
Angels ga-
thered round there

shep-
herd I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man

Sing ing loud and low, In the bleak mid-
winter Long

I would do my part. What can I give him? Give

a go.

my heart,

my heart.
There Was Starlight on the Hillside

Mabel Jones Gabbott

There was starlight on the
hillside, And one star bent very low
Till it passed above a stable On that

piu mosso

night so long ago. There were shepherds on the hillside On that

night in Bethlehem. Heav'nly hosts appeared proclaiming Joyous

rit. a tempo

tidings unto them. There was Jesus in the manger Born that night in Bethlehem.

And the shepherds left the hillside And they came to worship him.
Amid the Silence

Angela Morgan

Amid the silence Of the solemn night, Sound the glad summons,
Gladly the herdsmen Sought the Holy Son, "Lo, the King of Light!"
Lord, we have hailed Thee Many thousand years. Found in a

Gladly the herdsmen Sought the Holy Son, Found in a

summons, "Lo, the King of Light!

Rouse, O shepherds, haste with singing, Christ has come, salvation

Worshipped Him with exultation, "God has brought us full salvation

Kings and prophets long have named Thee, Priests and martyrs all pro-

Born at Bethlehem, Born at Bethlehem"

Him we shall adore, Him we shall adore!

Savior of mankind, Savior of mankind.
Joseph

Gerald Platt

Inn-keeper pity took on us,
Thus in a stable we found rest.
'Twas there the little Child was born.
Mary nursed Him on her breast.
Gently she laid Him in my arms.
I looked with awe upon His face,
And held Him in a father's love,
In a father's warm embrace.
As I sang a lullaby
Angels too sang of their
love. And I burned with heaven's fire Like the new-born star above.

Shepherds arrived to worship Him And brought Him gifts of precious love. They also burned with heaven's fire, Holy Spirit from above.

Later the Child and Mary slept As I a watchful vigil kept, While

in my heart I pondered still, And prayed to know my Father's will.
Do You Recall?

Pam and Ed Fairchild

Keith D Rowley

\( \text{\footnotesize \( J = 58 \)} \)

Do you recall that long past Christmas night, When Jesus
Recall your vantage-point in pre-earth life Where once you
But you may feel your Savior's love again And cele-

Christ was born in Bethlehem? Then, like a child awaiting wondrous
lived, a spirit child of God? You looked upon his face; and over-
brate his wondrous birth anew. Experience again the self-same

things, You must have clapped your hands and given shouts Of joy, and
joyed, You must have felt the Savior's bounteous love, As He did
joy With songs to gladden up your troubled heart, With gra-

sang with other angels there; And wept with all those joyful hosts of
make your resurrection sure, Salvation, exaltation possible
stude to raise your spirit high, With peace of Christ to purify your
heaven, While watch-ing close His birth, His life, His death, His re-sur-
ble. These past im-por-tant things are now for-got, Un-known, as
home, And with the prompt-ing of the Ho-ly Ghost To guide your

rec-tion once by pro-phants told. Do you re-call that long past Christ-mas
now your life on earth un-folds. Re-call your van-tage-point in pre-earth
jour-ney home to God once more. But you may feel your Sav-ior's love a-

night, When Je-sus Christ was born in Beth-le-hem?
life Where once you lived, a spir-it child of God?
gain And ce-le-brate his won-drous birth a-new.
Where the Wind Sings

Louise Weibert Sutton

Adagio \( \textit{j} = 60 \)

Sing-ing winds that swirl the snow
Soft-ly tell how long a-go,
Lis-ten as the winds re-call
Love that shared the cat-tle's stall.

On one hushed, blue an-gel-night,
"Peace on earth to all be-low,"
S ing the winds a-cross the snow.

And the age-old winds re-tell
O-ther well-known things as well:
Hear the winds as they re-peat
Ancient pro-phe-cies which meet

How some wise men from a-far
F ound a King be-neath a star!
The ir ful-fill-ment from a-bove
In that mo-ment of God's love!
On Bethlehem's Hills

Words & Music by
Keith D Rowley

Stars in the night, shining so bright, giving such light on Bethlehem's hills.

Shepherds can't sleep watching their sheep; a silence so deep on Bethlehem's hills.

Suddenly near angels appear. Shepherds then hear good tidings of joy.

"Prophecies old this night foretold. You can behold the newly born boy. You will find him in a stable, in a lowly cattle's stall. With a
manger for his cradle sleeps the Savior of us all. Shepherds away.

Run, don't delay. It's almost day on Bethlehem's hills. This is the tale

we know so well of the first Noel on Bethlehem's hills.