To Jesus Who Is King

Melva Rorem

REFRAIN

To Jesus who is king,
Wise Men of old

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1 The frank-incense I bring this Christmas night, while candles burn and festive music rings, is worship, adoration, love, and praise that swells within my heart and soars and sings.

2 The gold I bring to him is golden life en twined with song and laughter shining bright. It is brave hope that burns like gold - be to him at last the better part. And so all quietly I kneel and en fire, and wondrous joy, a shaft of flaming light. this night and give to him my trembling, restless heart.
As Lately We Watched

Anonymous

1

Larghetto

As lately we watched o'er our fields through the night, A

star there was seen of such glorious light; All through the night

angels did sing In carols so sweet of the birth of a King.

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What News This Bitter Night

Henry L. Lettermann

Richard Hillert

1. What news, what news this bitter night When all is shuttered in the gloom? No news except a Baby born, Who finds within an ox's stall His narrow room!

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What News This Bitter Night

HENRY L. LETTERMANN

Slowly flowing

1 What news, what news this bitter night When
2 What men are these who hurry past? What
3 What Child is this, who sleeping makes The
4 What shall I bring to honor Him, What

Slowly flowing

all is shut-tered in the gloom? No news ex-cept a
won-der do they run to see? Shep-herds who heard the
man-gers-throne His rest-ing place? None but the King of
hom-age pay, what poor gift give? Naught but your heart which,

Bab- by born, Who finds with-in an ox's stall His nar-row room!
her-ald song, Who haste in stable to a-dore The mys-ter-y!
heav-en high, Born in-to dy-ing to re-deem Our fall-en race!
dead in sin, Finds in this Child for-giv-ing love And strength to live!

97-3340
The Black of Night in Bethlehem

HENRY L. LETTERMANN

Not too fast

1 The black of night in Bethlehem is lighted by a
2 The dawn glows red in Bethlehem upon a northern
3 The innocents of Bethlehem are mercilessly
4 In Egypt green the growing Child, In full obedience

star.
In secret, silent stillness comes The
hill.
With in his palace Herod stirs, A
slain.
And weeping fills the valley where The
ence.
Prepares to change the blackened earth To

Son of God from far To where His parents are!
gainst the morning chill, To work his wily will!
cold white snow has lain Up on the guiltless plain!
red of penance And white of innocence!
The Black of Night in Bethlehem

Henry L. Lettermann

1. The black of night in Bethlehem Is lighted by a star. In secret, silent stillness comes The Son of God from far To where His parents are!

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From Shepherding of Stars

F. Samuel Janzow

Richard Hillert

1 From shep-herd-ing of stars that gaze Toward heav'n-ly fields of
light

I come with tid-ings to a-maze You

watch-ers in the night, You watch-ers in the night.

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A White Lily Blows

Henry L. Lettermann

1 When Christ comes to die on Calvary,
   Their eyes all hold their breath; They hide their face in the
   lieves her Lord among the dead, She weeps her shudder ing
   quieting my solitude, My Christ who rose from the

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dark - ened sky, And noth - ing moves on that hill - side ex - cept A
grief a - gainst The stub-born stone in the gar - den and there A
dead pro - claims The emp - ty grave in the gar - den, and then A

white lil - y blows, blows, A white lil - y blows in the dark heart of spring!
white lil - y blows, blows, A white lil - y blows in the dark heart of spring!
white lil - y blows, blows, A white lil - y blows in the dark heart of spring!