

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

RICHARD WILBUR
(ref: Luke 19:39-40)

MICHAEL F. MOODY
(los angeles, december 1970)

slowly (♩ = 60)

mp 1. A

sta-ble lamp is light-ed Whose glow shall wake the sky; The stars shall bend their
now, as at the end-ing, The low is lift-ed high; The stars shall bend their

voic-es and ev-ery stone shall cry. And ev-ery stone shall cry, And
voic-es and ev-ery stone shall cry And ev-ery stone shall cry In

straw like gold shall shine; A barn shall har-bor heav-en, A stall be-
prais-es of the child By whose de-cent a-mong us The worlds are

come a shrine!
re - con - ciled. rit... 4. But

2. This child through David's city
Shall ride in triumph by;
The palm shall strew its branches
And every stone shall cry.
And every stone shall cry,
Though heavy, dull, and dumb,
And lie within the roadway
To pave his kingdom come.

3. Yet he shall be forsaken,
And yielded up to die,
The sky shall groan and darken,
And every stone shall cry.
And every stone shall cry
For stony hearts of men:
God's blood upon the spearhead,
God's love refused again.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM

ANONYMOUS, adapted

MICHAEL F. MOODY

Los Angeles/December 1971

with dignity (♩ = 66)

1. A Babe is born in Beth-le-hem, In hum-ble man-ger low; The
2. A Sav-ior! mor-tals all a-round, Sing, shout the won-drous word; Let

Son of God in flesh is come sal-va-tion to be-stow. *ff* NO-
ev-'ry bo-som hail the sound, A Sav-ior Christ the Lord.

ËL, NO-ËL NOW SING THE SAV - IOR GIV'N, ALL

HAIL HIS COM-ING DOWN TO EARTH WHO RAIS-ES US TO HEAV'N

3. For not to sit on Da-vid's throne
With lof-ty pomp and pride.
He came for sin-ners to a-tone
To ex-al-ta-tion guide.

4. Well may we sing a Sav-ior's birth
Who need the grace so giv'n,
And hail His com-ing down to earth,
Who rais-es us to Heav'n.

AWAY IN A MANGER

Anonymous

Michael F. Moody

With simplicity

1. A WAY IN A MANGER NO CRIB FOR A BED THE LITTLE LORD JE-SUS LAID DOWN HIS SWEET HEAD THE
2. THE CATTLE ARE LOWING, THE BABY A-WAKES, BUT LITTLE LORD JE-SUS, NO CRYING HE MAKES. I
3. BE NEAR ME, LORD JE-SUS, I ASK THEE TO STAY CLOSE BY ME FOR EVER, AND LOVE ME. I PRAY. BUSS

STARS IN THE SKY LOOKED DOWN WHERE HE LAY, THE LITTLE LORD JE-SUS A- SLEEP ON THE HAY. #*
LOVE THEE, LORD JE-SUS, LOOK DOWN FROM THE SKY, AND STAY BY MY CRADLE TILL MORN-ING IS NIGH.
ALL THE DEAR CHILD-REN IN THY TEN-DER CARE, AND FIT US FOR HEAVEN TO LIVE WITH THEE THERE.

*Play the "A" on verses 1 and 2; the "F#" on verse 3.

