

Christmas Hymn

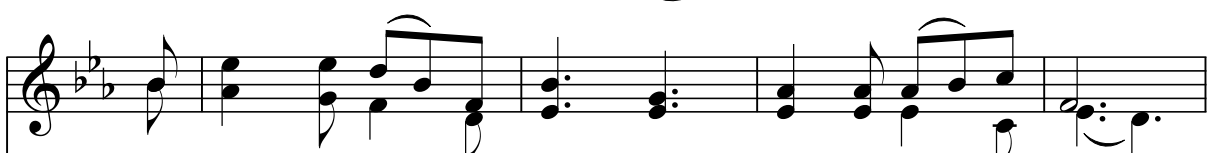
Sweetly ♩ = 120-132



1. He could have come like light - ning, Jus - tice bright with ire,
2. His gen - tle mo - ther bore him, Nursed him when he cried,
3. He o - pened up the pri - son, Broke the gates of hell.



Won - der - ful and fright'n-ing: All would see him and ad - mire.
Ev - er watched out for him, Was his com - fort and his guide.
Je - sus had a - ri - sen! All cre - a - tion had to tell!



In - stead he chose a sta - ble. Star - light was his fire.
That seemed to be his stor - y: Nei - ther wealth nor pride.
Now set a - side your mourn - ing: Sing your glad no - el!



Cat - tle shared his ta - ble. On - ly shep - herds heard the choir.
Who be - held his glo - ry As the Son was sanc - ti - fied?
This is Christ - mas morn - ing! Rise and ring the Christ - mas bell!



Text: Orson Scott Card
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