

Away in a Manger

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
the little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where he lay,
the little Lord Jesus a-sleep in the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby a-wakes,
but little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love you, Lord Jesus; look down from the sky,
and stay by my side until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask you to stay
close by me forever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in your tender care,
and fit us for heaven, to live with you there.

Great is Thy Faithfulness

Great is thy faithfulness," God our Creator,
there is no shadow of turning with thee;
thou changest not, thy compassions, they fail not;
as thou hast been thou forever wilt be.

Great is Thy faithfulness! Great is Thy faithfulness!
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
all I have needed thy hand hath provided
Great is thy faithfulness, ever to me!

Summer and winter, and springtime and harvest,
sun, moon and stars in their courses above
join with all nature in manifold witness
to thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

Refrain

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,
thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide;
strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,
blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside! **Refrain**

O Come, All Ye Faithful

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem:
come and behold him, born the King of angels;
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

God of God, light of light,
lo, he abhors not the virgin's womb;
very God, begotten, not created:

Refrain

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
glory to God in the highest:

Refrain

See how the shepherds summoned to his cradle,
leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;
we too will thither bend our joyful footsteps;

Refrain

O Holy Night

O holy night, the stars are brightly shining,
It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth;
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,
'Till he appeared and the soul felt its worth.
A thrill of hope the weary world rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn;

Fall on your knees, Oh hear the angel voices!
O night divine! O night when Christ was born.
O night, O holy night, O night divine.

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Led by the light of Faith serenely beaming;
With glowing hearts by his cradle we stand:
So, led by light of a star sweetly gleaming,
Here come the wise men from Orient land,
The King of Kings lay thus in lowly manger,
In all our trials born to be our friend;

Refrain

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

While shepherds watched their flocks by night
all seated on the ground,
the angel of the Lord came down,
and glory shone around.

“To you in David’s town this day
is born of David’s line
a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
and this shall be a sign:

“The heavenly babe you there shall find
to human view displayed,
all meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
and in a manger laid.”

“All glory be to God on high,
and to earth be peace;
good will to all from highest heaven
begin, and never cease.”

This was their third Christmas tree, and it was almost done.

“If we could go back home right now to live, would we?”
Shamimu asked, as she handed her dad the white angel with silver wings. Drossan looked around the room at his wife and children. He nodded to Colette.

“Robert, Lynn, that church, they made this warm for us,” she said
“I am so thankful for them. Otherwise we go somewhere else.”

“They never let us down,” agreed Drossan, “not once.”

Colette shook her head, “No, this is our home now. Canadian people are very peaceful, very kind to us.”

Drossan turned and carefully placed the angel on top of the tree.
“Every day, I thank God we are here,” he said quietly.

A knock at the door.

“Here they are!” the girls yelled as they jumped up and ran through the kitchen to the side door, David trailing them.

Drossan looked out the window. Biosubula and Kashindi waved as they walked up the sidewalk. Large flakes of snow were falling.

Like salt. Like manna from heaven. Drossan smiled. *They are beautiful,* he thought, *very beautiful.*

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Rick Book

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