

People, Look East UMH 202

People, look east. The time is near
of the crowning of the year.
Make your house fair as you are able,
trim the hearth and set the table.
People, look east and sing today:
Love, the Guest, is on the way.

Furrows, be glad. Though earth is bare,
one more seed is planted there.
Give up your strength the seed to nourish,
that in course the flower may flourish.
People, look east and sing today:
Love, the Guest, is on the way.

Stars, keep the watch. When night is dim,
one more light the bowl shall brim,
shining beyond the frosty weather,
bright as sun and moon together.
People, look east and sing today:
Love, the Guest, is on the way.

Angels announce with shouts of mirth
him who brings new life to earth.
Set every peak and valley humming
with the word, the Lord is coming.
People, look east and sing today:
Love, the Guest, is on the way.

Good Christian Friends, Rejoice UMH 224

Good Christian friends, rejoice
with heart and soul and voice;
give ye heed to what we say:
News, news! Jesus Christ is born today!
Ox and ass before him bow,
and he is in the manger now.
Christ is born today,
Christ is born today!

Good Christian friends, rejoice
with heart and soul and voice;
now ye hear of endless bliss:
News, news! Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath opened heaven's door,
and ye are blest forevermore.
Christ was born for this,
Christ was born for this!

Good Christian friends, rejoice
with heart and soul and voice;
now ye need not fear the grave:
News, news! Jesus Christ was born to save! Calls you one and
calls you all
to gain his everlasting hall.
Christ was born for this,
Christ was born for this!

It Came Upon a Midnight Clear

UMH 218

It came upon the midnight clear,
that glorious song of old,
from angels bending near the earth,
to touch their harps of gold:
“Peace on the earth, good will to men,
from heaven’s all gracious King.”
The world in solemn stillness lay,
to hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
with peaceful wings unfurled,
and still their heavenly music floats
o’er all the weary world;
above its sad and lowly plains,
they bend on hovering wing,
and ever o’er its Babel sounds
the blessed angels sing.

And ye, beneath life’s crushing load,
whose forms are bending low,
who toil along the climbing way
with painful steps and slow,
look now! for glad and golden hours
come swiftly on the wing.
O rest beside the weary road,
and hear the angels sing!

For lo! The days are hastening on,
by prophet seen of old,
when with the ever circling years
shall come the time foretold
when peace shall over all the earth
its ancient splendors fling,
and the whole world send back the song
which now the angels sing.

Love Shall Be Our Token