

Love Has Come! 256

God so loved the world that He gave His one and only Son. John 3:16

1. Love has come— a light in the dark-ness! Love ex - plodes in the
 2. Love is born! Come share in the won - der; Love is God now a -
 3. Love has come— He nev - er will leave us! Love is life ev - er -

Beth - le - hem skies. See, all heav - en has come to pro - claim it;
 sleep in the hay. See the glow in the eyes of His moth - er;
 last - ing and free. Love is Je - sus with - in and a - mong us;

Hear how their song of joy a - ris - es: Love! Love! Born un - to
 What is the name her heart is say - ing? Love! Love! Love is the
 Love is the peace our hearts are seek - ing. Love! Love! Love is the

you, a Sav - ior! Love! Love! Glo - ry to God on high.
 name she whis - pers; Love! Love! Je - sus, Im - man - u - el.
 gift of Christ - mas; Love! Love! Praise to You, God on high!

TEXT: Ken Bible

MUSIC: French carol melody; attributed to Saboly, 17th c.; arranged by Tom Fettke

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BRING A TORCH
 Irregular meter

Infant Holy, Infant Lowly 279

He has this name written: KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS. Revelation 19:16

1. In - fant ho - ly, In - fant low - ly, For His bed - a cat - tle stall;
2. Flocks were sleep - ing; shep - herds keep - ing Vig - il till the morn - ing new

Ox - en low - ing, lit - tle know - ing Christ, the Babe, is Lord of all.
Saw the glo - ry, heard the sto - ry - Tid - ings of a gos - pel true.

Swift are wing - ing an - gels sing - ing, No - els ring - ing, tid - ings bring - ing:
Thus re - joic - ing, free from sor - row, Prais - es voic - ing greet the mor - row:

Christ, the Babe, is Lord of all! Christ, the Babe, is Lord of all!
Christ, the Babe, was born for you! Christ, the Babe, was born for you!

TEXT: Polish carol; paraphrase by Edith E. M. Reed
MUSIC: Traditional Polish melody

W ZLOBIE LEZY
8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

It Came upon the Midnight Clear 251

An angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them. Luke 2:9

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
 2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come With peace - ful wings un - furled,
 3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
 4. For lo, the days are has - t'ning on, By proph - ets seen of old,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
 And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
 Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,
 When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Shall come the time fore - told,

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all - gra - cious King!"
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,
 Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing:
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dors fling,

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
 O rest be - side the wea - ry road And hear the an - gels sing.
 And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.