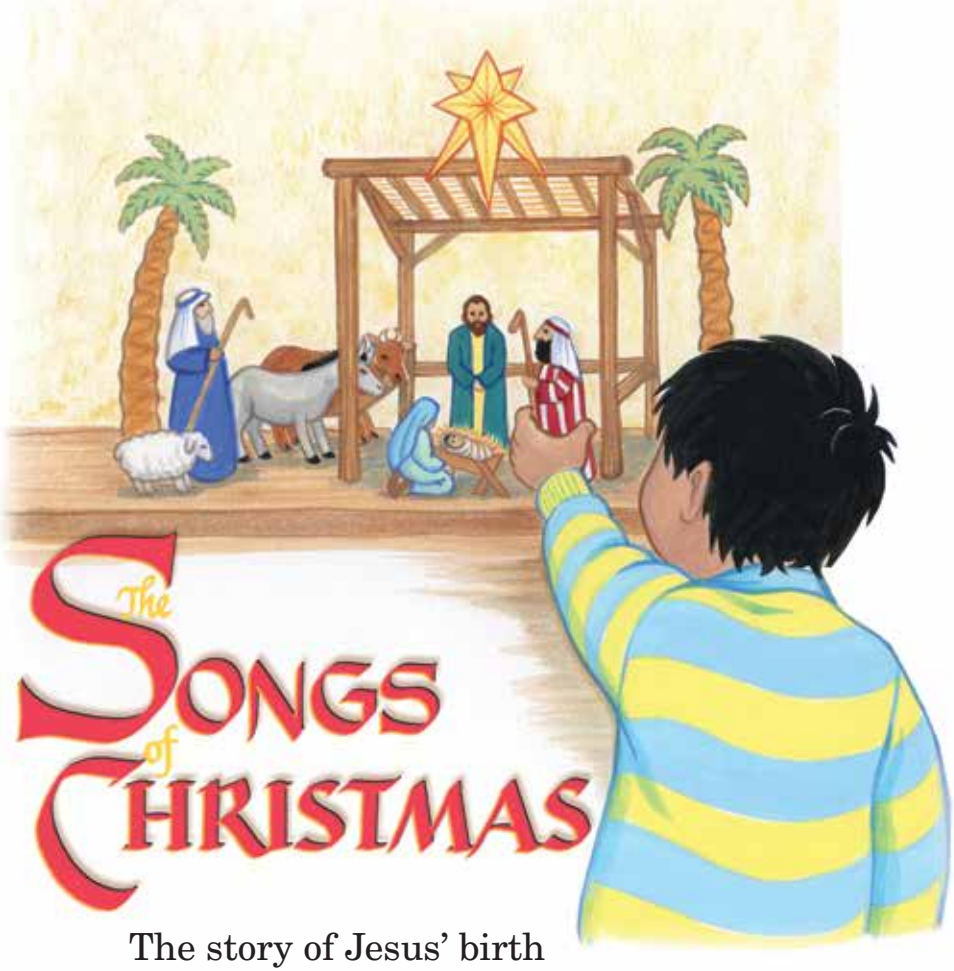


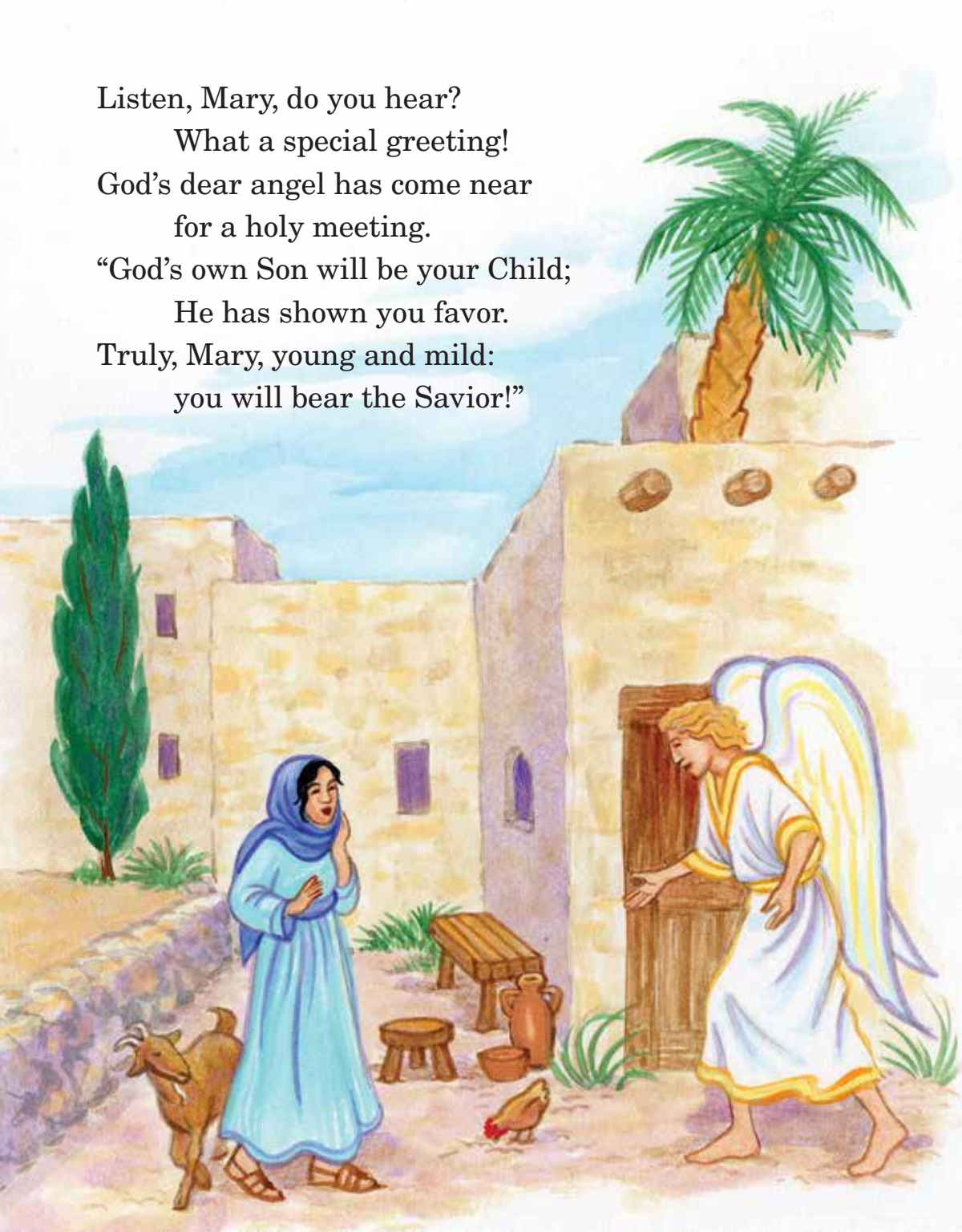
The Songs of Christmas

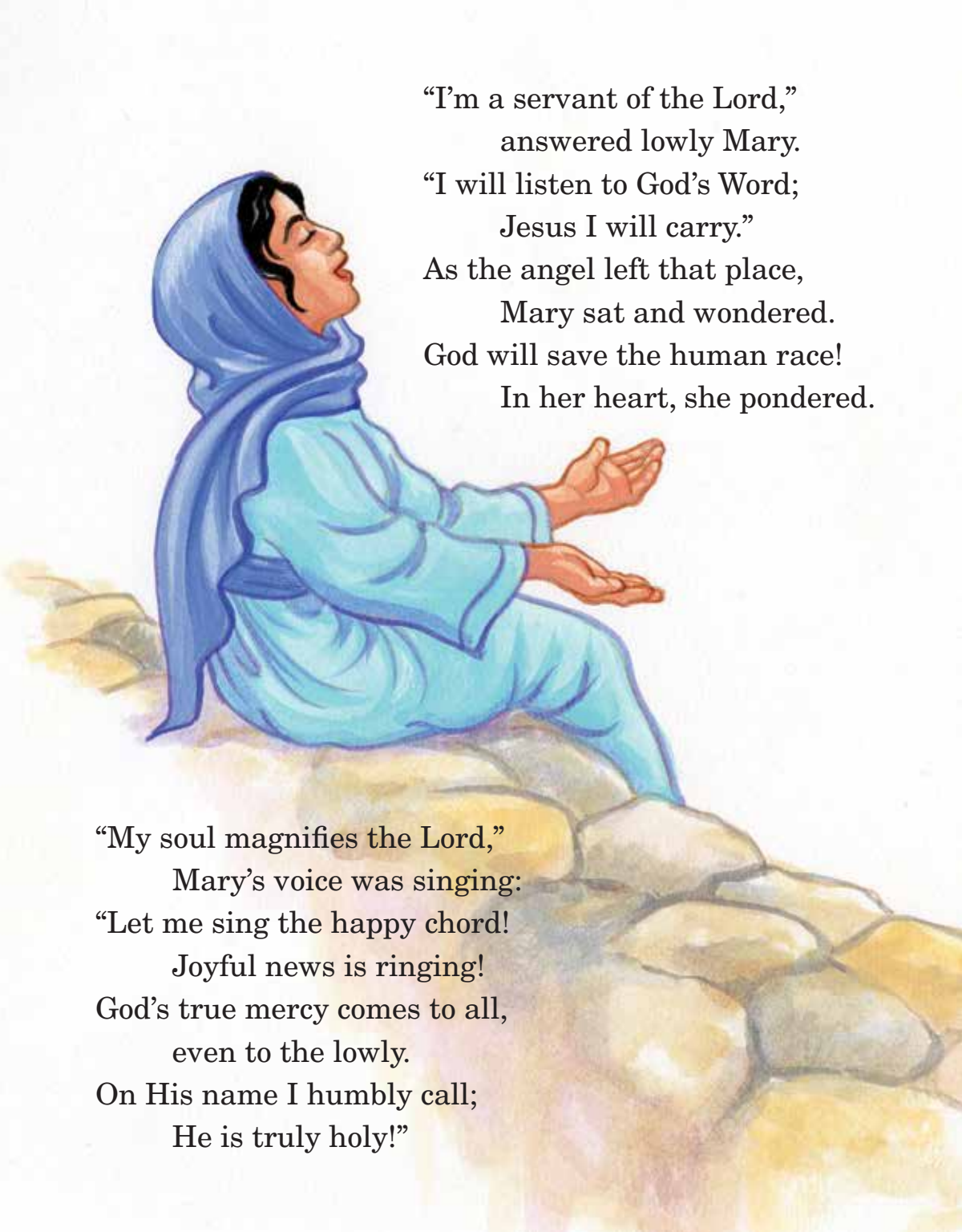
The story of Jesus' birth
Luke 2

Written by Lisa M. Clark
Illustrated by Chris Wold Dyrud

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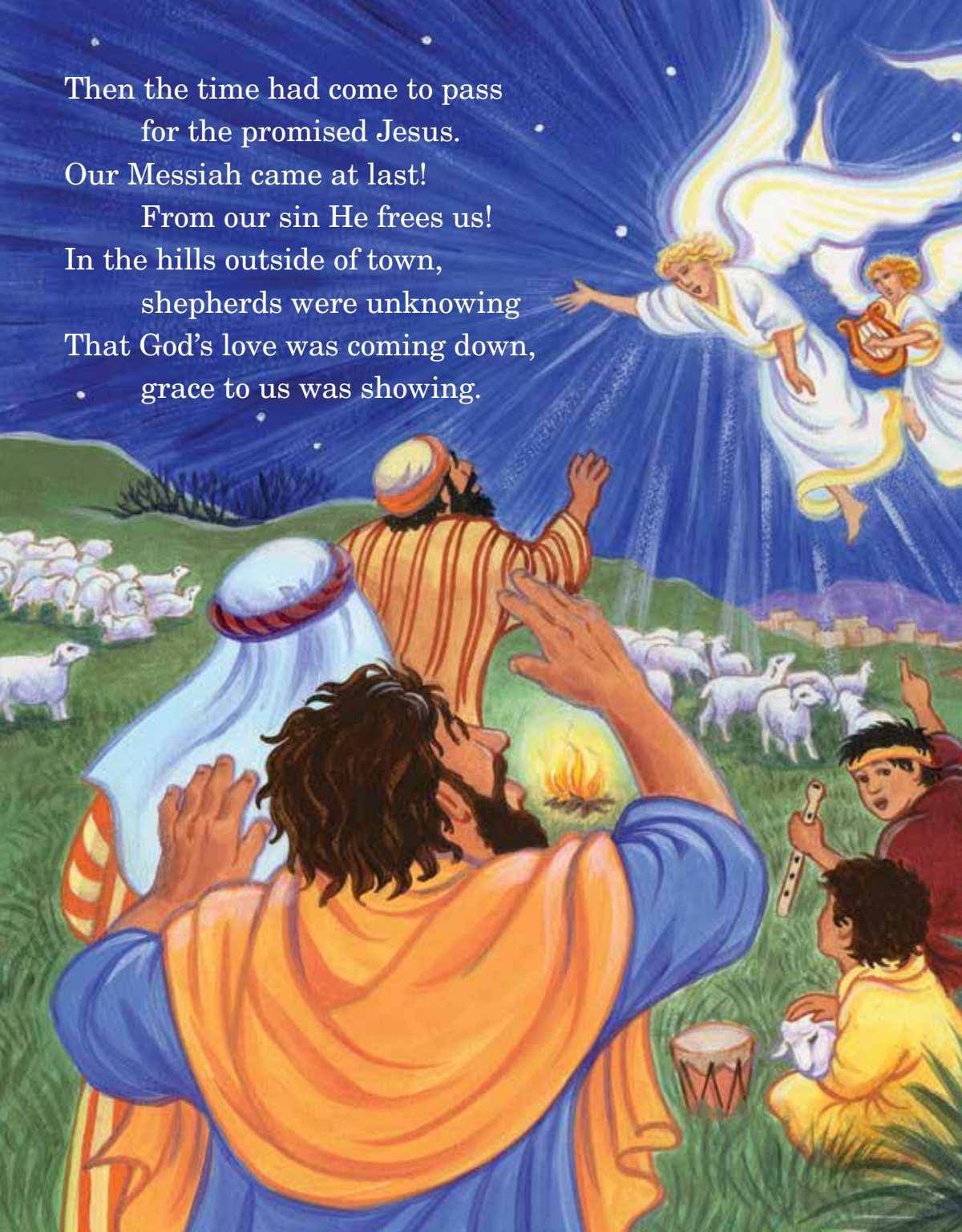
Listen, Mary, do you hear?
What a special greeting!
God's dear angel has come near
for a holy meeting.
"God's own Son will be your Child;
He has shown you favor.
Truly, Mary, young and mild:
you will bear the Savior!"



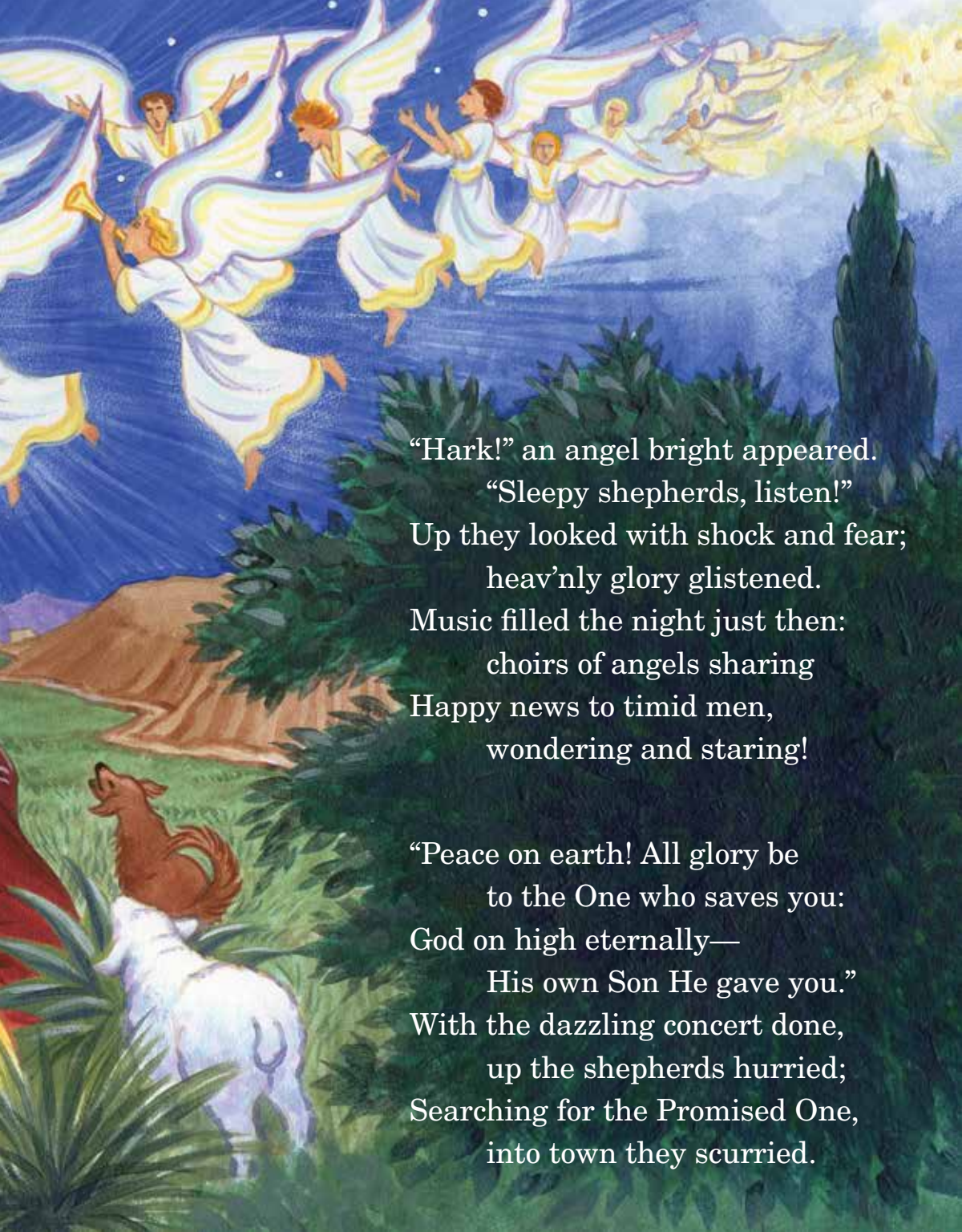


"I'm a servant of the Lord,"
answered lowly Mary.
"I will listen to God's Word;
Jesus I will carry."
As the angel left that place,
Mary sat and wondered.
God will save the human race!
In her heart, she pondered.

"My soul magnifies the Lord,"
Mary's voice was singing:
"Let me sing the happy chord!
Joyful news is ringing!
God's true mercy comes to all,
even to the lowly.
On His name I humbly call;
He is truly holy!"

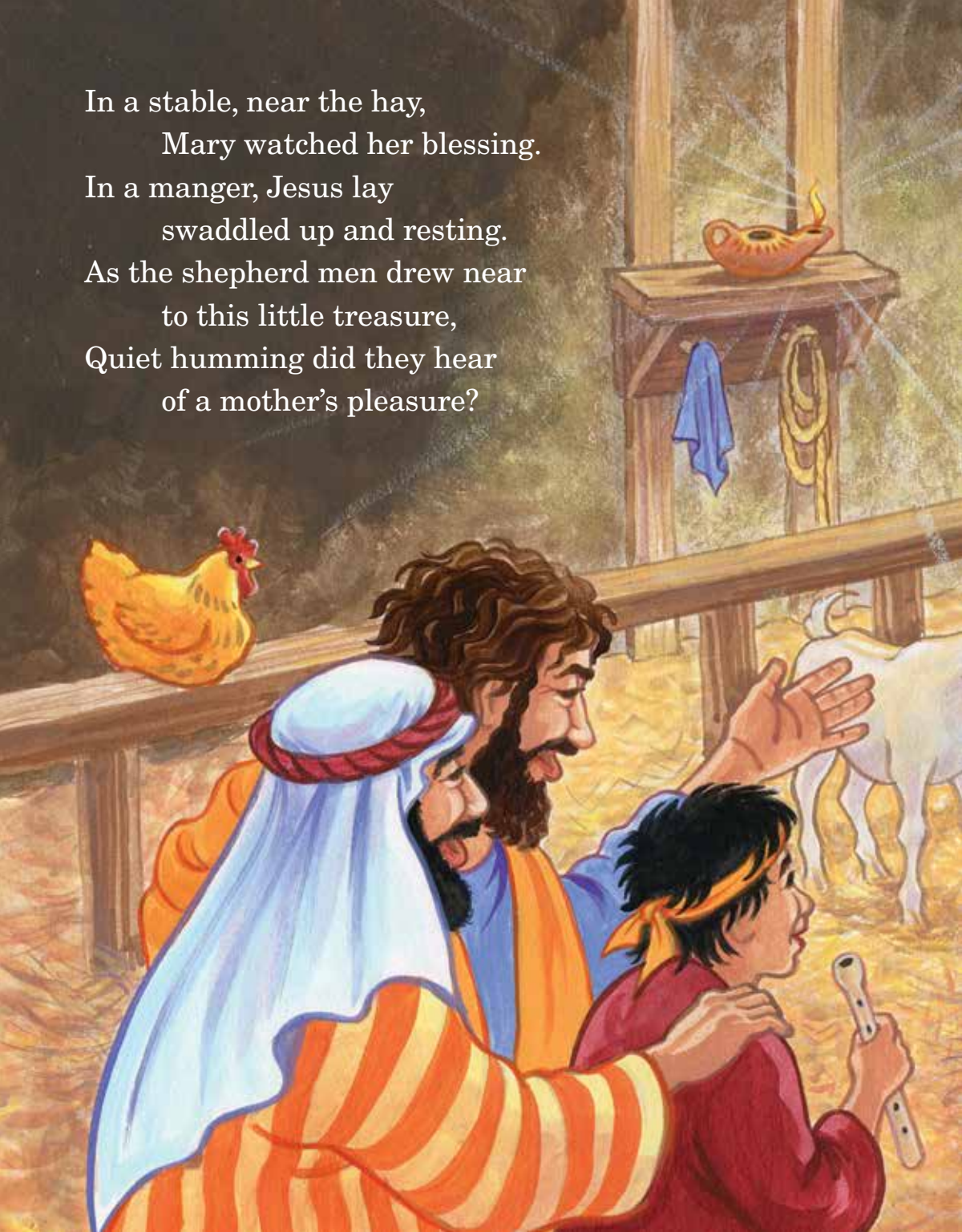


Then the time had come to pass
for the promised Jesus.
Our Messiah came at last!
From our sin He frees us!
In the hills outside of town,
shepherds were unknowing
That God's love was coming down,
grace to us was showing.



"Hark!" an angel bright appeared.
"Sleepy shepherds, listen!"
Up they looked with shock and fear;
heav'nly glory glistened.
Music filled the night just then:
choirs of angels sharing
Happy news to timid men,
wondering and staring!

"Peace on earth! All glory be
to the One who saves you:
God on high eternally—
His own Son He gave you."
With the dazzling concert done,
up the shepherds hurried;
Searching for the Promised One,
into town they scurried.



In a stable, near the hay,
Mary watched her blessing.
In a manger, Jesus lay
swaddled up and resting.
As the shepherd men drew near
to this little treasure,
Quiet humming did they hear
of a mother's pleasure?

