Come all ye shepherds and be not dismayed.
Seek where the lowly sweet baby is laid.

Here in the manger, Far from all danger, sleeping, behold Him, warm arms enfold Him,

In Christmas Joy. As we were watching our flocks as they
lay.
Shone a great glory as bright as the

day.
Glad bells were ringing, Sweet voices singing Thro' heav'n's blue portals,

"Good will to mortals," Christmas is come.
Stars Were Gleaming

Words: Nancy Byrd Turner  Music: Polish carol

Stars were gleaming, Shepherds dreaming, Winter night was dark and chill;

Angels’ story Rang with Glory, Shepherds heard it on the hill. Ah, that singing Hear it

ringing, Earthward winging, Christmas bringing! Harken, we can hear it still!
Christ mass is come. See the clear ness and the near ness Of the bless ed Christmas

star, Leading guid ing wise men rid ing Through the des ert dark and far. Love ly show ing, shin ing, grow ing, On ward go ing gleam ing.
glowing, leading still, our Christmas star! Christmas is come!

Christmas is come!