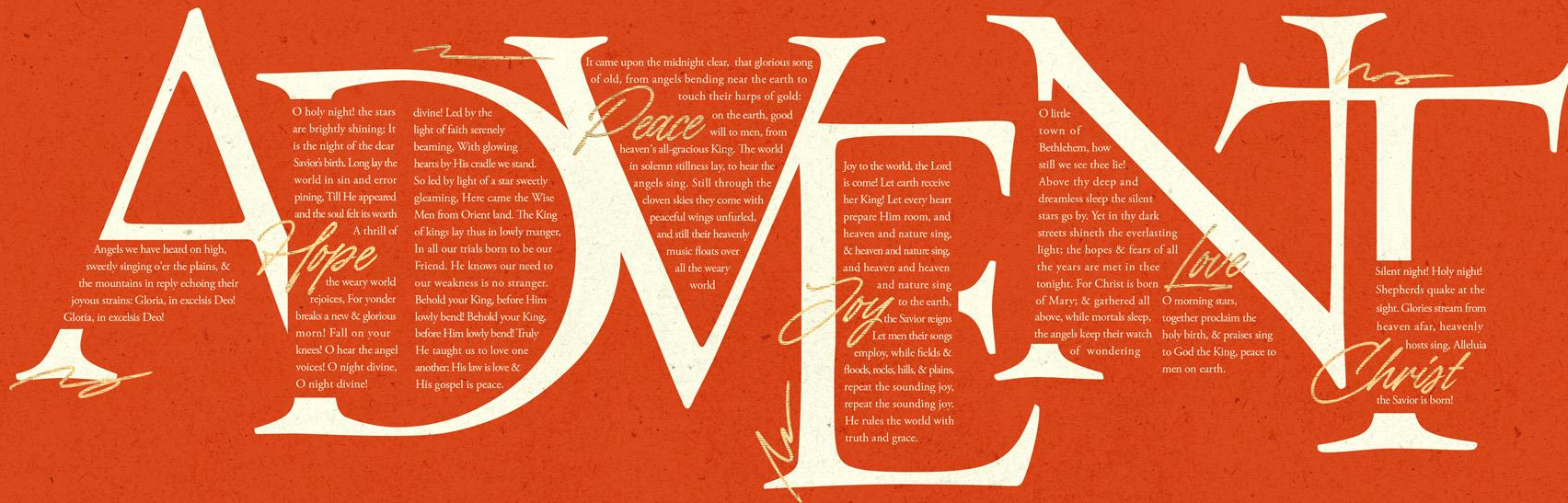


# Ruth 4



Angels we have heard on high,  
sweetly singing o'er the plains, &  
the mountains in reply echoing their  
joyous strains: Gloria, in excelsis Deo!

O holy night! the stars  
are brightly shining; It  
is the night of the dear  
Savior's birth. Long by the  
world in sin and error  
pining, Till He appeared  
and the soul felt its worth

A thrill of  
the weary world  
rejoices, For yonder  
breaks a new & glorious  
morn! Fall on your  
knees! O hear the angel  
voices! O night divine,  
O night divine!

divine! 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 came the Wise  
Men from Orient land. The King  
of kings lay thus in lowly manger.  
In all our trials born to be our  
Friend. He knows our need to  
our weakness is no stranger.  
Behold your King, before Him  
lowly bend! Behold your King,  
before Him lowly bend! Truly  
He taught us to love one  
another: His law is love &  
His gospel is peace.

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  
dovense skies they come with  
peaceful wings unfurled,  
and still their heavenly  
music floats over  
all the weary  
world

Joy to the world, the Lord  
is come! Let earth receive  
her King! Let every heart  
prepare Him room, and  
heaven and nature sing,  
& heaven and nature sing,  
and heaven and heaven  
and nature sing  
to the earth,  
the Savior reigns  
Let men their songs  
employ, while fields &  
floods, rocks, hills, & plains,  
repeat the sounding joy,  
repeat the sounding joy.  
He rules the world with  
truth and grace.

O little  
town of  
Bethlehem, how  
still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and  
dreamless sleep the silent  
stars go by. Yet in thy dark  
streets shineth the everlasting  
light: the hopes & fears of all  
the years are met in thee  
tonight. For Christ is born  
of Mary: & gathered all  
above, while mortals sleep,  
the angels keep their watch  
of wondering

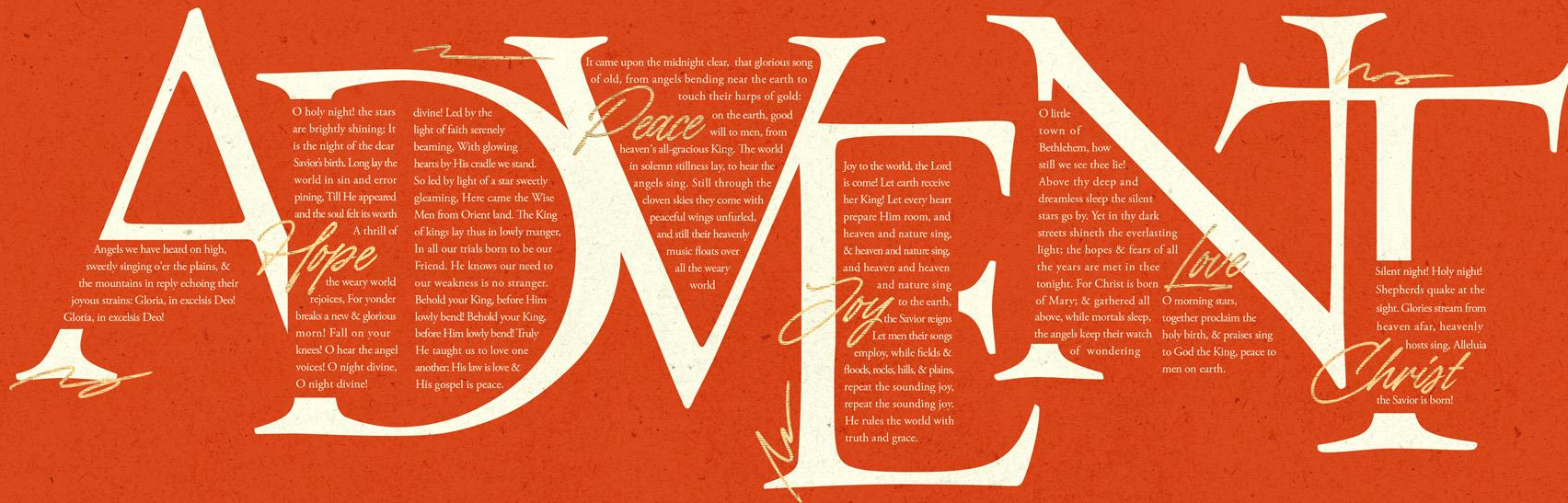
Love  
O morning stars,  
together proclaim the  
holy birth, & praises sing  
to God the King, peace to  
men on earth.

Silent night! Holy night!  
Shepherds quake at the  
sight. Glories stream from  
heaven afar, heavenly  
hosts sing. Alleluia  
the Savior is born!

*Are you trusting in Jesus as your only  
hope in life and in death within every  
detail of your life?*



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