

NEW WORDS FOR AN OLD CAROL

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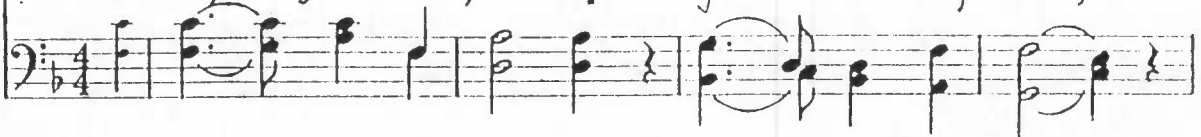
Words by Robert Brown, 1992

Music by Gustav Holst
 CRANHAM

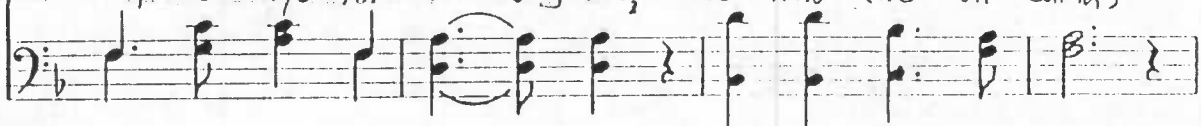
The old carol: "In the bleak midwinter"



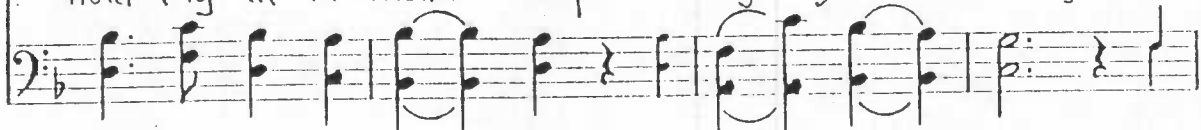
1. Here we come, Lord Je-sus. Shep-herds from the night,
2. Here we stand, young Je-sus Kings from east-ern lands,
3. Here we kneel, our Je-sus, Chil-dren from the inn,
4. Yea, we greet thee, Je-sus, Joy-ous that thy birth,



Here to bid thee wel— comes, Drawn here by thy light;
 Pla-cing these small treas-ures, Down with trem-bling hands;
 Why sleep thou on sta-ble straw? Why not warm with-in?
 O-pens ways for love to guide, We who live on earth;



Years from now on snow-swept plains, Snow-swept hills a-bove,
 For we sense the pro-mise fresh, A wait-ing world would hear,
 Yet we feel a gent-ler warmth, Shaped by love you bring,
 Hold-ing all in friend-ship Wag-ing war no more,



Share our watch, dear Sav-ior, Share with us your love,
 Brought by him we hon-or, Him we now hold dear.
 Je-sus, new-born Sav-ior, Qui-et, gen-tle king.
 Hon-or-ing the Christ-child That young Mar-y bore.

