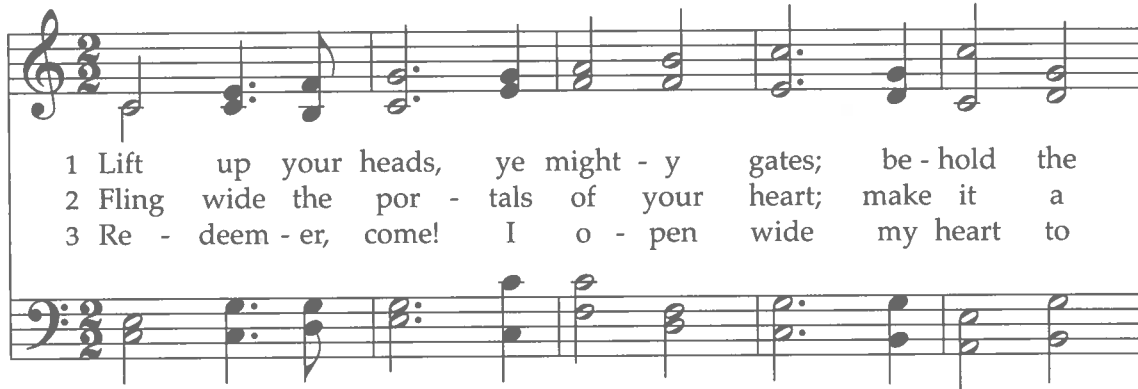
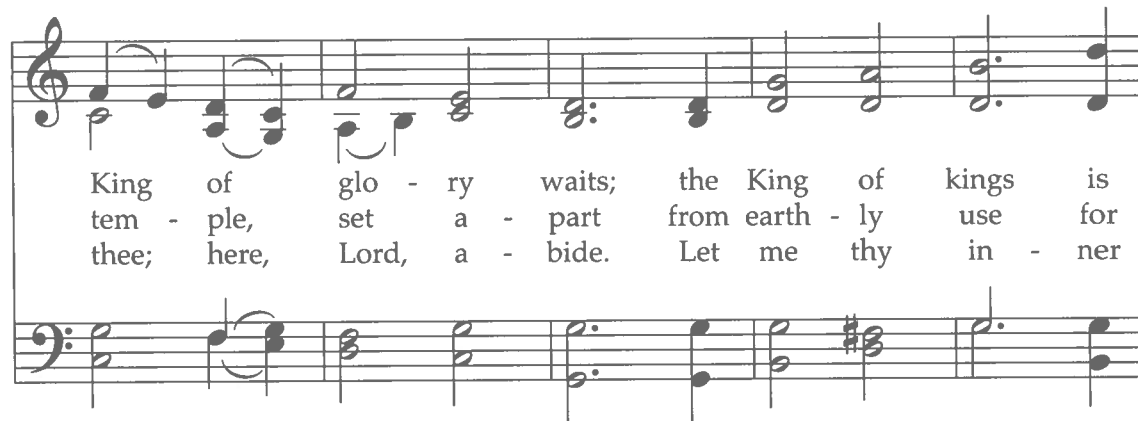


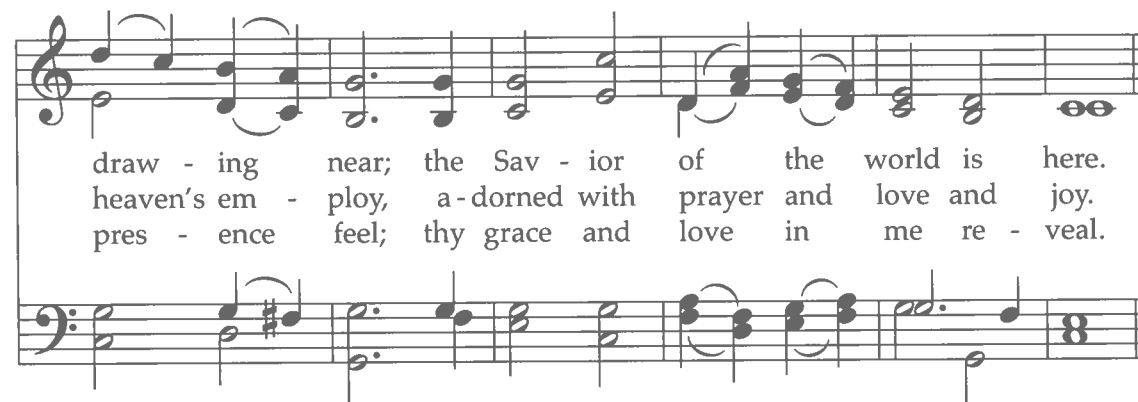
Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Mighty Gates 93



1 Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates; be - hold the
 2 Fling wide the por - tals of your heart; make it a
 3 Re - deem - er, come! I o - pen wide my heart to



King of glo - ry waits; the King of kings is
 tem - ple, set a - part from earth - ly use for
 thee; here, Lord, a - bid. Let me thy in - ner



draw - ing near; the Sav - ior of the world is here.
 heaven's em - ploy, a - dorned with prayer and love and joy.
 pres - ence feel; thy grace and love in me re - veal.

Beginning as a paraphrase of Psalm 24:7-10, this text then applies the door imagery to the singer's heart, and concludes with the individual's welcome of the approaching Savior. It is set to a very effective anonymous 18th-century English tune that has served many texts.

light of the cit - y of God. Shine in my heart, Lord Je - sus.

We Wait the Peaceful Kingdom 378

G C D Em Cmaj7 D

- 1 We wait the peace - ful king - dom, when wolf and lamb shall lie
- 2 Where is the peace - ful king - dom? When will this new day start?
- 3 When wars of des - o - la - tion and hate come to an end,
- 4 That lit - tle child shall lead us to walk the cho - sen way,

G C D C Am7 D G

in gen - tle - ness and friend - ship with - out a fear or sigh,
 We long for peace and com - fort to reign with - in each heart.
 when na - tion meets with na - tion and calls the oth - er "friend,"
 to share the peace - ful king - dom, to greet God's new - born day.

C Am D G Am Am7 D

when li - on shall be graz - ing, when snake shall nev - er strike;
 Yet not in our lives on - ly, nor sim - ply in our home:
 still peace in all its full - ness will on - ly have be - gun:
 The child born in a sta - ble is sent to break our chains,

G C D C Am7 D G

a lit - tle child shall lead us both strong and weak a - like.
 we pray that all cre - a - tion will one day find sha - lom.
 sha - lom for all cre - a - tion be - gins with jus - tice done.
 to bring through word and ta - ble the day when jus - tice reigns.

This text paraphrases Isaiah 11:6–9 in the first stanza, then reflects on that passage in widening frames of reference from self to all creation and identifies its "little child" with one born at Bethlehem. The tune is named for the composer's sister, his first piano teacher.

123 It Came Upon the Midnight Clear



1 It came up-on the mid-night clear, that glo-rious song of old,
 2 Still through the clo - ven skies they come, with peace-ful wings un - furled,
 3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife the world has suf-fered long;
 4 And you, be-neath life's crush-ing load, whose forms are bend-ing low,
 5 For lo, the days are has-tening on, by proph-ets seen of old,



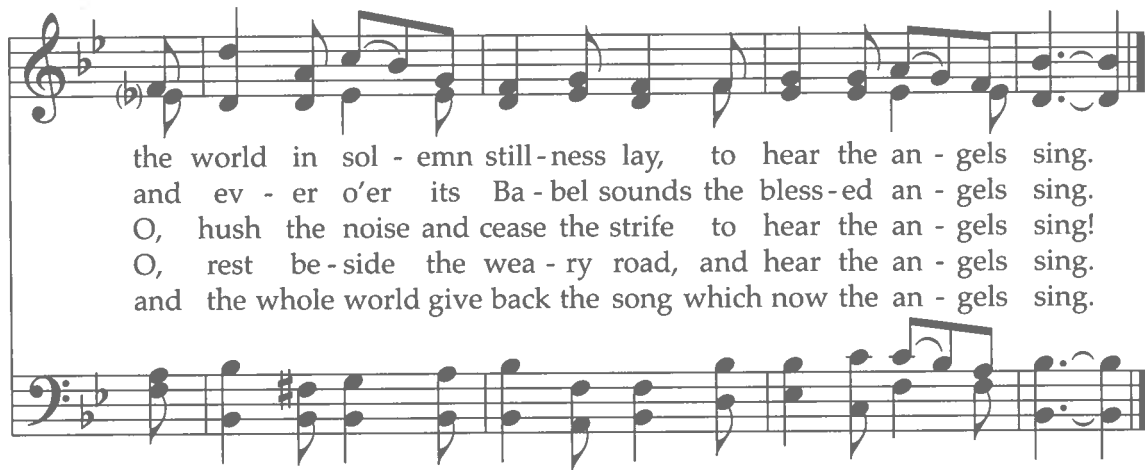
from an - gels bend - ing near the earth, to touch their harps of gold:
 and still their heaven-ly mu - sic floats o'er all the wea - ry world:
 be - neath the heaven-ly hymn have rolled two thou-sand years of wrong;
 who toil a - long the climb-ing way with pain - ful steps and slow,
 when with the ev - er - cir-cling years shall come the time fore - told,



"Peace on the earth, good will to all, from heaven's all-gra-cious King":
 a - bove its sad and low - ly plains they bend on hov-ering wing,
 and we at war on earth hear not the tid - ings that they bring;
 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,



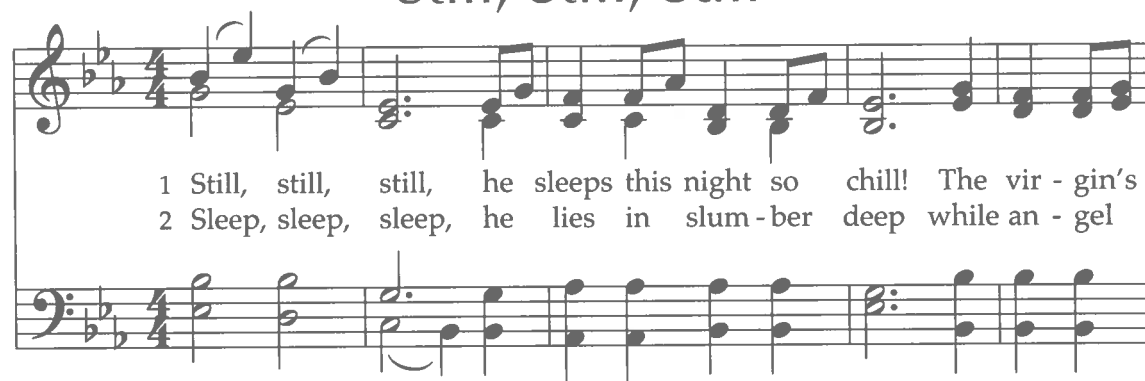
The "it" of the first line of this text by a Unitarian minister does not refer to the birth of Jesus, but to "that glorious song of old," the angelic tidings of peace on earth. The restored third stanza laments how often the noise of human strife has obscured that message.



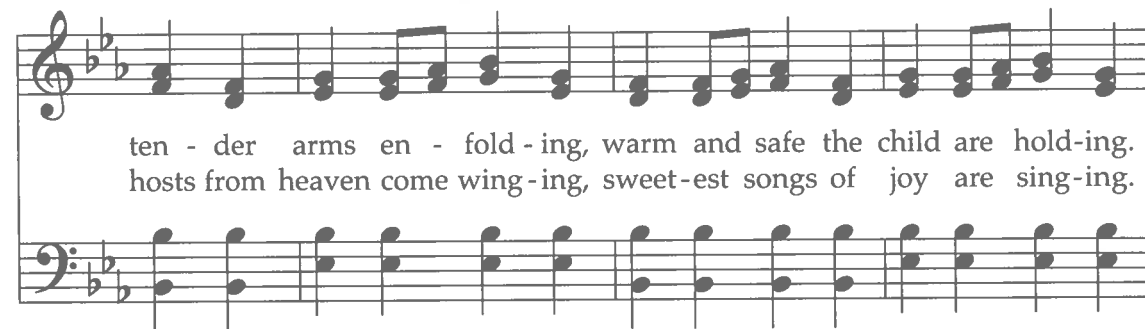
the world in sol - emn still - ness lay, to hear the an - gels sing.
and ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds the bless - ed an - gels sing.
O, hush the noise and cease the strife to hear the an - gels sing!
O, rest be - side the wea - ry road, and hear the an - gels sing.
and the whole world give back the song which now the an - gels sing.

Still, Still, Still

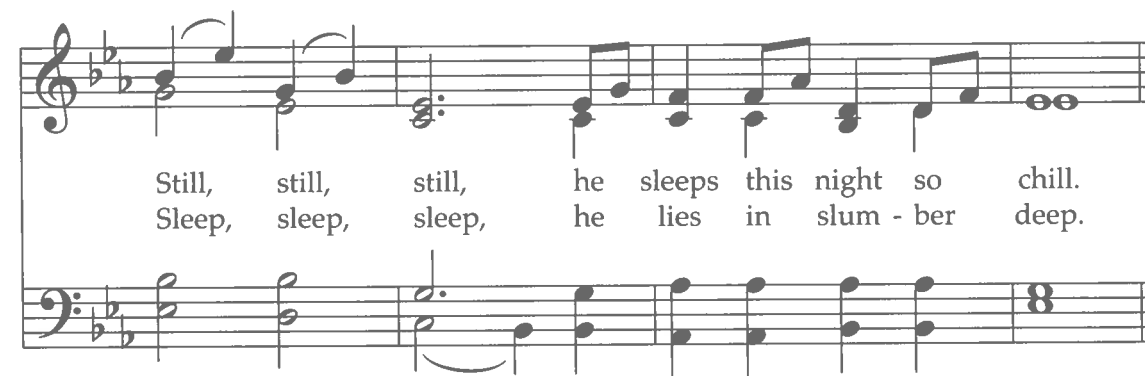
124



1 Still, still, still, he sleeps this night so chill! The vir - gin's
2 Sleep, sleep, sleep, he lies in slum - ber deep while an - gel



ten - der arms en - fold - ing, warm and safe the child are hold - ing.
hosts from heaven come wing - ing, sweet - est songs of joy are sing - ing.



Still, still, still, he sleeps this night so chill.
Sleep, sleep, sleep, he lies in slum - ber deep.

The great virtue of this Austrian carol is its sheer simplicity, which is reinforced by the re-use of the first two lines as the last two. This narrow scope makes the text into the verbal equivalent of a close-up photograph or painting, so that the sleeping child seems very near.