

# The King's Highway

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Holy Night



## Tidings of Joy

by

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"Tidings of great joy",

The angels sang.

Israel's glory had departed,

Dead was her hope of the promised Messiah;

Coldly broken-hearted,

Dismayed, forlorn, beneath the tyrant's rod.

But still Messiah came—the Gift of God.

"Tidings of great joy".

But not for today.

Man glories in his shame;

The lords of war stalk free; destruction bent;

Freedom is but a name;

Hate, selfishness—but wait! We still can sing;

Our Christ still reigns on high, His peace to bring.

"Tidings of great joy"!

Our Lord returns,

Hope of the dying race.

His coming draweth nigh, is at the door;

Soon we shall see His face.

The darkest hour presaged His coming then.

Lift up your voice, let carols ring again.



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## A Merry Christmas To All