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Joyous Christmas

THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM

Come take the road to Bethlehem!
For on a Christmas night,
Illumed by a host of stars,
It's holy way is bright—

As bright as when an amber star
Hung poised above His bed,
And Mary bent in joyous awe,
Beside a drowsy head.

The very One, the Magi knew,
And knelt before as King,
Will take with joy a questing heart,
As richest offering—

The poorest man may lay the gold
Of worship at His feet;
And love is frankincense; and myrrh,
Of sacrifice is sweet.

Here by the Baby of Bethlehem,
Is comfort for the sad;
World-weary hearts, made old by sin,
Grow young once more, and glad;

And all, both rich and poor, may come
And find a sure release,
From cares that fret, and doubts that prey,
Through Him, the Prince of Peace.

O Wondrous Child of Bethlehem!
O Man of Majesty!
Who lifted high above the star,
The Cross of Calvary!

Christ of the lowly manger,
Christ of Gethsemane,
Bless any heart this Christmas night,
That takes the road to Thee!



To One and All