



Micah's Noel

From ancient days, O Bethlehem,
You hold the rod and diadem:
We wait His reign when war shall cease--
Our Ruler-Shepherd, and our Peace.

Though lost and scattered in the cold:
His own He'll shepherd in one fold.
"Be not afraid!" dispels the night,
He'll bring His flock into the Light.

Shall flocks of rams or turtledoves
Be slain for sin or buy Your love?
Who is a pard'ning God like You?
Our sins You've buried out of view.

Though nations rage against the Right,
They'll yet know shame for misused might.
God's righteous Word alone shall stand,
For Zion is Immanuel's Land.

We sing His strength and majesty-
Christ: Monarch of Eternity.
O! Let His reign in us increase:
Our Ruler-Shepherd, and our Peace