

The Light of Hope Returning Complete Text

How Have You Come This Night?
words and music by Shawn Kirchner,
© SKPublishing

How have you come this night?
Robed in shadow? Or robed in
light? Welcome here, how e'er
you be, Won't you sit a while
with me?
How have you come this night?
Peace in your valley? Wind on
your hill? Or a storm upon your
sea?

Welcome here, how e'er
you be. Won't you sit a
while with me?

**The Light of Hope
Returning** *words* © Susan
Cooper, *music by Shawn
Kirchner,* © SKPublishing

A joyous welcome bring we here
For Christmas and a brave New
Year. Come join our feasting and
delight, Come revel in this happy
night.
Here to our house we welcome
you in, To share our gladness as
we sing.
*For here is the bright fire
burning, And here the old
year turning,*
*So shall we stay to greet
the day And the light of
hope returning.*

From spruce and pine and fir-tree tall
Green branches now shall deck our
hall; The holly and the mistletoe
Gleam red as blood and white as
snow; To celebrate this Yule-tide
day
Their light shall drive the dark away.

To all within this house be
peace; May all our perturbation
cease
And all the bells on earth shall
chime To celebrate so glad a
time.
This joyous welcome bring we
here For Christmas and a brave
New Year.

Reading: Morning (excerpts)
© Judith Cordary,

*adapted and used with
permission*

Bright Morning Stars
*traditional Appalachian, arranged
by Shawn Kirchner, © used by
permission of Santa Barbara
Music Publishing Inc., License
#289*

Bright morning stars are
rising, Bright morning
stars are rising, Bright
morning stars are rising;
Day is a-breaking in my
soul.

Brightest and Best
text by Reginald Heber, music from **Southern
Harmony**, *arranged by Shawn Kirchner,*
*published by Boosey & Hawkes, Inc, courtesy of
Concord Music Publishing*

Hail the bless'd morn, see the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descend!
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo, for his guard the bright angels attend.
*Brightest and best of the stars of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid.
Star in the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.*

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts in the stall,
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining, Maker
and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Shall we not yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountains and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Remember
words © Susan Cooper, *music by
Shawn Kirchner,* © SKPublishing

There was snow—do you remember? It
was many years ago
And we were young,
and a star moved through the sky...
The air was cold, and over the hill
Came voices, faint and high;
And we sang too, there warm by the fire— I
can hear the laughter still—
All together, giving, glad
And never forgetting why.
That was a time, when we were young
And the world's bright star came by... Tell
me, do you remember?
It was many years ago
But you still may hear the singing, if you try.

Behold That Star
words and music by Thomas Talley,
arranged by Shawn Kirchner,
© SKPublishing

Behold that star!
Behold that star up yonder,
Behold that star!
It is the star of Bethlehem.

There was no room found in the inn (It
is the star of Bethlehem)
For him who was born free from sin. (It
is the star of Bethlehem)
The wise men traveled from the East... To
worship him, the Prince of Peace... A
song broke forth upon the night...
From angel hosts all robed in light...

Angels We Have Heard on High *traditional French
carol, arranged by Shawn Kirchner, © SKPublishing*

Angels we have heard on high, Singing sweetly
through the night, And the mountains in reply,
Echoing their brave delight.
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why these songs of happy cheer? What great
brightness did you see? What glad tidings did
you hear?
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

See him in a manger laid, Whom the angels
praise above. Mother, Father, lend your aid,
While we raise our hearts in love.
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Reading: The Shepherd
© Susan Cooper, *adapted and used with
permission*

Rocking Carol
*traditional Czech carol, arranged by Shawn
Kirchner,* © SKPublishing

Little baby, softly sleep, do not stir, We will lend
a coat of fur.
We will rock you, rock you, rock you. Cradled in
our loving arms,
We will keep you from all harm.

Little baby, tender one, precious son, Sleep now, for
the day is done.
We will rock you, rock you, rock you. Cradled in
our loving arms,
We will keep you from all harm.

Little baby, softly sleep, do not stir, We will lend
a coat of fur.
We will rock you, rock you, rock you. Softly sleep
now, safe and warm, Nestled in our loving arms.

In the Bleak Midwinter
*words by Christina Rossetti, music by Shawn
Kirchner,* © SKPublishing

In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind
made moan, Earth stood hard as iron,
water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on
snow,
In the bleak midwinter, long ago.

Angels and archangels may have
gathered there, Cherubim and
seraphim thronged the air;
But only His mother, in her
maiden bliss,
Worshiped the Beloved with a kiss.

What can I give Him, poor as I
am?
If I were a shepherd, I would give
a lamb; If I were a Wise One, I
would do my part;
Yet what I can I give Him; give my
heart.

Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming *traditional
German carol, arranged by Shawn Kirchner, ©
SKPublishing*

Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming From tender
stem hath sprung. Of Jesse's lineage
coming
As saints of old have sung. It came, a
flow'ret bright, Amid the cold of winter,
When half-spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it, This Rose I
have in mind. With Mary we behold it,
The Virgin Mother kind.
To show God's love aright, She bore to us a
Saviour, When half-spent was the night.

This flow'r, whose fragrance tender With
sweetness fills the air, Dispels in glorious
splendor
The darkness ev'rywhere. True man,
yet very God,
From grief and death he saves us And
lightens every load.

What Shall Befall You?
*music by Shawn Kirchner,
© SKPublishing*

What shall befall you here below?
If you should see it, you would not go. Better be
blind and little know
Of the turns that wait on the morrow.

Now he is born, the holy child. Softly he lies with
his mother mild, But soon they will flee into the
wild, In the turns that wait on the morrow.

What shall befall you here below? There is a
wonder for ev'ry woe, And joy to reap when tears
you sow; O! the turns that wait on the morrow.

Green Grows the Holly

based on a fragment by Henry VIII, words and music by
Shawn Kirchner,
© SKPublishing

*Green grows the holly, so does the ivy, Though never colder the blast of
winter blows. What it be folly, ever be ye jolly;
Green grows the holly, green the ivy grows!*
Cruel winter! Ice and cold, Cruel winter! Wind so
bold,
Chill the bone and freeze the ground And strip the branches
bare.
Deep into the roots the sap of life must go, Till spring can come
again.

Longest night and shortest day, Darkness, drive the light
away, Dim the eye and cloud the heart Till hope is almost
gone.
Close into the kindling fire we now must lean, To keep the flame alive.

Godless tyrant, rant and roar, Godless tyrant, rush to
war, Strike the just, betray all trust, And prey upon the
poor.
Far away out of his hand we now must fly, To save the child from
harm.

Little Rose

words and music by Shawn Kirchner,
© SKPublishing

Hush-a-hush, the wind's a-blowing, But it's quiet in the
garden.
Grow in peace, little rose, for a while. Hush-a-hush, the snow
is falling,
But it's warm beneath the bower, Rest your head, little rose, for
a while.

Little rose, little rose,
Little breath of Love Divine, None like you will ever be:
The newest flow'r on the Oldest Tree. Little rose, little rose,
Born to heal the wounds of Time, None like you ever was,
little rose.

Hush-a-hush, the storm is raging, Hide you here, in the
garden,
Bide in peace, little rose, yet a while. Soon enough you will be
going, Look for friends to gather round you;
Thorns will do, when you find none at all.

Reading: Anna

© Shawn Kirchner

Coventry Carol 1591 (instrumental) *traditional English carol
tune, arranged by Shawn Kirchner,*
© SKPublishing

A Coventry Carol

text by Robert Croo, music by Shawn Kirchner,
© SKPublishing

Lullay, thou little tiny child, By by, lully, by by, lullay.
Lullay, thou little tiny child, By by, lully, lullay.

O sisters, too, how may we do For to preserve upon this
day;
This poor youngling for whom we sing? By by, lully, lullay.

Now the Tyrant King, in his raging, Charged he hath upon this
day; His men of might in his own sight All children young to
slay.

Then woe is me, poor child, for Thee, And ever mourn and ever
may,
For thy parting neither say nor sing, By by, lully, lullay.

The Tyrant's Rage

music by Shawn Kirchner,
© Shawn Kirchner Publishing

Reading: Revelations of Divine Love (excerpt)

Julian of Norwich

Holy World

words and music by Shawn Kirchner,
© SKPublishing

Oh, I have seen the beauty of a child born into this weary world,
pure and new, placed into the old and careworn hands.
*Holy world, holy world,
where sorrows are turning with joy.*

And I have seen how hope slips away, slips away like shifting
sand,
only to reveal the rock and a place to stand.

Surely, surely the rainbow promise of old still remains.
And surely there is a voice to which all souls resound.

Surely, surely the road is still there that leads the way back
home.
And surely, surely a mother waits for her lost to be found.
Holy world, holy world,
where sorrows are turning with joy.

Bright Morning Stars (reprise)

Fare Ye Well, Come What May

words and music by Shawn Kirchner,
© SKPublishing

F
a
r
e
y
e
w
e
l
l
,
c
o
m
e
w
h
a
t
m
a
y
A
n
d
m
e
e
t
m
e
i
n
t
h
e
m
o
r
n
i
n
g
.
F
a
r
e
y
e
w
e
l
l
,
a
n
d
m
e
e
t

*m
e
h
e
r
e
A
t
t
h
e
t
u
r
n
i
n
g
o
f
t
h
e
y
e
a
r
.*

*W
i
l
l
y
o
u
r
w
a
y
b
e
l
o
w
o
r
s
t
e
p
?
J
o
u
r
n
e
y
s
h
a
l
l
o*

*w
?
J
o
u
r
n
e
y
d
e
e
p
?
F
a
r
e
y
e
w
e
l
l
,
a
n
d
m
e
e
t
m
e
h
e
r
e
A
t
t
h
e
t
u
r
n
i
n
g
o
f
t
h
e
y
e
a
r
.*

*W
i
l
l
y*

*o
u
r
y
e
a
r
b
r
i
n
g
l
o
s
s
o
r
g
a
i
n
?
P
l
e
n
t
y
p
l
e
a
s
u
r
e
?
P
l
e
n
t
y
p
a
i
n
?
F
a
r
e
y
e
w
e
l
l
,
a
n
d
m
e*

t
m
e
h
e
r
e
A
t
t
h
e
t
u
r
n
i
n
g
o
f
t
h
e
y
e
a
r
.

Tyrants rise, tyrants fall

B
u
t
n
e
v
e
r
s
o
o
n
e
n
o
u
g
h
f
o
r
t
h
e
g
o
o
d
o
f
a
ll
.
Y
e

t
h
e
r
e
i
s
j
o
y
;
t
h
e
r
e
i
s
j
o
y

That no pow'r on earth can e'er destroy.

The Light of Hope Returning (reprise)

words © Susan Cooper, music

by Shawn Kirchner, © SKPublishing

F
o
r
h
e
r
e
i
s
t
h
e
b
r
i
g
h
t
f
i
r
e
b
u
r
n
i
n
g
,
A
n
d
h
e
r
e
t

h
e
o
l
d
y
e
a
r
t
u
r
n
i
n
g
,
S
o
s
h
a
l
l
w
e
s
t
a
y
t
o
g
r
e
e
t
t
h
e
d
a
y
A
n
d
t
h
e
l
i
g
h
t
o
f
h
o
p
e
r
e
t
u
r
n

*i
n
g!*

**A
d
d
i
t
i
o
n
a
l
i
n
s
t
r
u
m
e
n
t
a
l
i
n
t
e
r
l
u
d
e
s
b
y
S
h
a
w
n
K
i
r
c
h
n
e
r,
©
S
K
P
u
b
l
i
s
h
i
n
g**