

LYRICS

HIS HIGH MORN

Composer: Jesus Fuentes

Pianist: Jesus Fuentes

Vocals: Joshua Reynolds

Lyrics: Lynn Jackson

His high morn in Bethlehem is dawning
Soft rays of light brighten flowing fields.
Clear streams sing while birds lift their wings,
Tender lambs bleat as the babe's birth is revealed.

Prophets caught glorious glimpses of his coming.
Isaiah foretells of a son and child given;
Angels watch over as prophecy's fulfilled,
Through this babe we all now are Christened.

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Soft rays of light brighten flowing fields.
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Tender lambs bleat as the babe's birth is revealed.

O, may we feel the love of Christ's dear presence,
The tender touch, grace and power of our Lord
Lead me to my pastoral Savior,
Embrace me in my needed hour.

What can rehearse the glorious worth of his morn?
What can signalize the birth of him ne'er born?

Christ, always present, has never left us,
Dwelling in the bosom of our God.

Without beginning or end of days,
This Christmas shows forth the stem of Jesse's rod.

This high morn in Bethlehem is dawning
Soft rays of light brighten darkened days.
Clear streams of pure thoughts awaken me
To the healing presence of Christ, here always.

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Soft rays of light brighten darkened days.
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