

Our Christmas

Liltingly ♩ = 84-92

Words by Jan Pinborough
Music by Michael F. Moody

mf *Obbligato for flute or violin, for verse 3 only*

1. It's time to peek in - side our box of or - na - ments to see Which
an - gel on the high - est branch still sings the joy - ful song Of
mf there be - neath the tree we'll place a pack - age wrapped in red, Re -

ones we'll choose to de - cor - ate our Christ - mas sto - ry tree. Let's
peace on earth, good will to men, of par - don for our wrongs. We'll
mind - ing of our Lord's great gifts— His love, the blood He shed. Our

hang a cane of pep - per - mint up - on the near - est bough To
set a star of sil - ver here a - mong the twink - ling lights, Like
Christ - mas tree is ev - er green; its need - les nev - er fall. Our

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Story Tree



rit.

1. 2.

tell of shep - herds watch - ing lambs, as Je - sus watch - es now.
one that shone on Beth - le - hem, that sa - cred, star - ry night.
Sav - ior dear was born to bring e - ter - nal life to

rit.

1. 2.

3.

slower

2. The all. Our Sav - ior dear was
3. And

slower

molto rit.

born to bring e - ter - nal life to all.

molto rit.