

# Mary's Gift

## (The Christmas Story)

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She knew the Hope  
The prophets spoke.  
A story told  
From long ago.  
A virgin conceives  
And bears a Son.  
Bethlehem's babe, pure and holy one

Mary's gift was her "yes".  
And God's gift was Jesus.  
"Holy night", she heard angels sing, and,  
"Gloria! Jesus! The newborn King!"

The shepherds watched,  
Upon the hill  
They kept their flocks.  
That night so still.  
And Herod he stood  
And he decreed  
And a lamb said, "Look at what I see!"

Mary's gift was her "yes".  
And God's gift was Jesus.  
"Holy night", she heard angels sing, and,  
"Gloria! Jesus! The newborn King!"

With Joseph and  
The Lord above.  
To Bethlehem go.  
Go onward little dove  
In a stable cold,  
There did they dwell  
That starry night. Holy first Noel

Mary's gift was her "yes".  
And God's gift was Jesus.  
"Holy night", she heard angels sing, and,  
"Gloria! Jesus! The newborn King!"

What wonders did  
Her eyes behold?  
A newborn babe.  
As God foretold.  
Three kings and wise men.  
And gifts of gold.  
Wonder and joy on that night so cold.

Mary's gift was her "yes".  
And God's gift was Jesus.  
"Holy night", she heard angels sing, and,  
"Gloria! Jesus! The newborn King!" and,  
"Gloria! Jesus! The newborn King!" and,  
"Gloria! Jesus! The newborn King!"