



Christmas Firsts The Hirst Christmas Song Luke 2:13-14









"Every shell from the cannon's mouth bursts not only on the battlefield, but in far-away homes, North or South, carrying dismay and death. What an infernal thing war is!"





Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 27 Feb 1807 – 24 Mar 1882

"How inexpressibly sad are all holidays! But the dear little girls had their Christmas-tree last night; and an unseen presence blessed the scene."





Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 27 Feb 1807 – 24 Mar 1882



I heard the bells on Christmas day. Their old familiar carols play; In music sweet the tones repeat, "There's peace on earth, good will to men."



And in despair I bowed my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said, "For hate is strong, and mocks the song of peace on earth, good will to men."



Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor does He sleep, For Christ is here; His Spirit near brings peace on earth, good will to men."



The Prince of Peace then enters in,

And grace imparts within their hearts His peace on earth, good will to men.



Then happy, singing on your way, your world will change from night to day; Your heart will feel the message real, of peace on earth, good will to men



Key Point:

Jesus came to earth to glorify the Father and to offer

salvation to mankind.









I. Who Is Singing? (vs. 13)







Hark! The herald angels sing. Glory to the newborn King! Peace on earth, and mercy mild God and sinners reconciled

"Hark! The Herald Angels Sing"



Angels from the realms of glory, wing your flight o'er all the earth; ye who sang creation's story now proclaim Messiah's birth:



Shepherds, in the field abiding, watching o'er your flocks by night, God with us is now residing; yonder shines the infant light:





Sages, leave your contemplations, brighter visions beam afar; seek the great Desire of nations, ye have seen his natal star:





Refrain:

Come and worship, come and worship, worship Christ, the newborn king.





Angels we have heard on high, sweetly singing o'er the plains And the mountains in reply echoing their joyous strains

"Angels We Have Heard On High"



Shepherds, why this jubilee? Why your joyous strains prolong? Say what may the tidings be, which inspire your heavenly song

"Angels We Have Heard On High"



Come to Bethlehem and see Him Whose birth the angels sing Come, adore on bended knee Christ the Lord, the newborn King. Gloria in excelsis Deo!

"Angels We Have Heard On High"



I. Who Is Singing? (vs. 13)

II. <u>What Is Their Song</u>? (vs. l4)



"If you wonder what a humble, pure, obedient, and happy heart in God is like, then think of the angels praising God. This is their first priority as they live in God's presence."



Martin Luther 10 Nov 1483 – 18 Feb 1546

³⁴ Let heaven and earth praise him, the seas and everything that moves in them.

Psalm 69:34



¹The heavens declare the glory of God, and the sky above proclaims his handiwork.

Psalm 19:1



^{II} Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice; let the sea roar, and all that fills it; ¹² let the field exult, and everything in it! Then shall all the trees of the forest sing for joy

Psalm 96:11-12

²³ Kings shall be your foster fathers, and their queens your nursing mothers. With their faces to the ground they shall bow down to you, and lick the dust of your feet. Then you will know that I am the Lord; those who wait for me shall not be put to shame."

Isaiah 49:23



Jesus, The Prince of Peace

a. He brings Peace to man and God (Rom 5:1, 10) b. The Gospel is a message of Peace (Acts 10:36)



O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie! Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars go by.



Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting Light; The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight.



For Christ is born of Mary, and gathered all above, While mortals sleep, the angels keep their watch of wond'ring love.



O morning stars, together proclaim the holy birth, And praises sing to God the King, and peace to men on earth!



How silently, how silently, the wondrous Gift is giv'n; So God imparts to human hearts the blessings of His Heav'n.



No ear may hear His coming, but in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, the dear Christ enters in.



Where children pure and happy pray to the blessed Child, Where misery cries out to Thee, Son of the mother mild;



Where charity stands watching and faith holds wide the door, The dark night wakes, the glory breaks, and Christmas comes once more.



O holy Child of Bethlehem, descend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin, and enter in, be born in us today.



We hear the Christmas angels the great glad tidings tell; Oh, come to us, abide with us, our Lord Emmanuel!