

Jesus, O Jesus, Our Christmas Delight

poem by Dr. Richard H. Overman

music by Robert M. Overman

Our Hea - ven - ly Fa - ther made each pre - cious soul to
 The arch - an - gel Ga - briel ap - peared to a maid with
 Dear Fa - ther, we pray Thee on this Christ - mas day that

shine with His light from a - bove, But we turned a - way in our
 vir - gin - al beau - ty a - bloom. "Re - joice!" said the an - gel, for
 we will re - call Thy de - sire. For souls all a - glow with Thy

pas - sion and pride and fled in our sin from His love. Still His pur - pose is
 thou wilt be blessed in the Sa - vior, the fruit of thy womb." Then Ma - ry fell
 light from a - bove and hearts filled with hea - ven - ly fire. Let us, like the

sure, and e - ter - nal His plan to raise us to glo - ry di - vine, So He
 si - lent and ques - tioned with - in if she could bear Him from on high. But
 vir - gin so hum - ble and pure throw off ev - 'ry ves - tige of sin, And

sent His dear Son to be - come one of us, our Lord and our hea - ven - ly
 words from her heart came: "Thy hand-mai - den, Lord," and an - gels con - firmed her re -
 wil - ling - ly, joy - ful - ly o - pen our hearts to let the dear Sa - vior come

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sign. _____ Je - sus, O Je - sus, our Christ-mas de - light, come down as an
 ply. _____
 in. _____

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in - fant so small, _____ We praise Thee, we sing with Thy an - gels of light, for

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Thou art our Truth and our All. _____

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All. _____ for Thou art our Truth and our All. _____

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