

Christmas Poetry Book

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Christmas Poetry Book

By

W. Roger Lee

**May the love of The Father,
And all the blessings it brings,
Grace your Christmas season,
And fill your life with good things.**

The Savior Came

**They carried the babe to the Temple,
And Simeon grasped Israel's King,
And saw what man could not see,
The DayStar of Whom angels sing.
For there was the Redeemer of Man,
Who had lain upon the lowly hay,
Israel's long awaited Messiah,
To whom kings would one day pray.**

His Love Displayed

Quietly in the manger He lay,
The Son of God pure and divine,
He who sat at the right hand,
Now lay where lowly animals dine.
Shrouded once in heaven's glory,
Now wrapped in swaddling clothes,
He, of whom the angels sing,
Now rest where the oxen lows.
For He emptied Himself of glory,
Denying the praise from above,
Clothed in flesh of a mere man,
He displayed His wondrous love.

If That Is Not Love

To the stable our Lord came,
A stable made of an old cave,
And took on a servant's role,
For there He became as a slave.
He of whom the angel spoke,
He of whom the Prophets foretold,
Laid aside the glory above,
And left the streets of gold.
And Friend if that is not love,
There's no silver moon that glows,
And no glory in the sunset,
And there's no beauty in a rose.

The King

The angels shouted glad tidings,
As redemption's plan did unfurl,
For from the lowly handmaiden,
Came heaven's most precious pearl.
They shouted gloriously to God,
And praised their heavenly King,
For God had sent His Blessed Son,
And what glad tidings did it bring.
For there was born that dark night,
The King of Kings, our precious Lord,
Who will rule with a rod of iron,
And one day wield the terrible sword.
For this little babe will conquer,
For He has been given the bow,
And by His grace all shall know mercy,
And from His kingdom peace shall flow.

Redeemer of Man

He left a palace of purest gold,
For a lowly manger to grace,
Where the handmaiden of the Lord,
Would peer upon her Savior's face.
The things she pondered in her heart,
Her mortal eyes could now see,
The Savior the Prophets foretold,
By whom man might live eternally.
Though wrapped in swaddling clothes,
Yet He was God's Salvation's plan,
For this little baby Mary held,
Was the promised Redeemer of Man.

The Prince of Peace

There in a cave lying in a manger,
Was our Lord, the Prince of Peace,
Whose hand had formed the earth,
And whose kingdom will never cease.
A babe born of a lowly peasant woman,
Born to be the Jew's Messiah and King,
Wrapped in mortal flesh of a mere man,
Salvation to all men He would bring.

The Lord Had Come

**The heavenly host shout His glory,
As the angelic choir sweetly sings,
Before the babe in a lowly manger,
The holy seraphim fold their wings.
There in the Bethlehem's dark cave,
The Savior was silently adored,
For the Great King of all glory,
Had come to this earth to be our Lord!**

To Claim Us

Glory to God in the highest,
The heavenly host sings,
For in Bethlehem's stable,
Is born the King of Kings.
He laid aside the glory,
That only the royalty know,
Wrapped in swaddling clothes,
He graced a manger here below.
The Son of the Most High God,
Who sat upon a white throne,
Came in mortal flesh that night,
That He might claim us for his own.

The Victor Over Sin

**The Son of the Living God,
Who was clothed in robes of light,
Came to Bethlehem's lowly stable,
In the darkness of the night.
There in a dark cave He lay,
There was the precious Savior of men,
Who would one day be the Redeemer,
And the Victor over all sin.**

The Handmaiden's Pearl

To lowly shepherds that night,
The heavenly choir did sing,
For a babe was born in a stable,
Who would be Israel's Great King.
For born of the Virgin's womb,
Was Almighty God's blessed Son,
And there lay the Great Creator,
By whose hands the stars were spun.
Now wrapped in the flesh of man,
He quietly came in to this world,
The Savior and King of the Jews,
And the Handmaiden's precious pearl.

The King

**The King clothed in heavenly light,
Left a gold thrown and came to earth,
To grace a manger in a stable,
To pay the ransom for my new birth.
The royal scepter of heaven He laid aside,
To claim an earthly reed of shame,
That His death might give men new life,
And freedom to all whom call on His name.**

The Angels Appear

Then sunset sweeps the land,
As the starry sky silently unfolds,
Then the angelic host appears,
With the greatest message ever told.
To lonely shepherds tending their flock,
The message of eternal life came,
Telling of the Blessed Messiah,
Who saves all who believe on His name.
And I pray that message of eternal life,
Will descend from heaven above,
And fill your heart with peace and joy,
And all the bounty of His love.

The Promised One

**The stars of heaven must have sung,
As the angelic host to earth did descend,
Bringing the great message of the Messiah,
Whom the Word promised God would send.
Streams of glory must have clothed the hills,
As the lowly shepherds stood in awe there,
With heaven unveiling the sign of the One,
Whose love can make all men a royal heir.**

That We Might Be His

**Far away in the starry skies,
Christ left His holy throne,
To a lowly manger He came,
To claim mankind as His own.
Laying down the golden scepter,
And the crown of royalty,
To give His life for our ransom,
That we might be His in eternity.
So in this Christmas season,
Let our hearts sing His praise,
And from the hills let joy ring,
And His goodwill fill our days.**

The King of Glory

**He was the King of Glory,
Gracing a manger so quite,
A babe in a lowly trough,
Yet He was the eternal light.
And it is my humble prayer,
That His light shine on you,
Filling your home with joy,
And His sweet peace anew.**

The Coming of the Savior

**Christmas is a time to celebrate,
The coming of the Savior of the world,
A time to fathom the blessed gift of love,
The beauty that God's grace did unfurl.
For it was there in that lowly stable,
That The Savior of all mankind came,
To bring salvation to all who believe,
And call upon His Precious Name.**

The Gift of God's Grace

**The precious gift of God's grace,
Left glory above for lowly Bethlehem,
To bring the dawn of eternal day,
Where the light of hope was so dim.
And for all who believe on His Name,
He has promised salvation by grace,
And all who do believe on our Lord,
Will one day peer upon His face.**

Israel's Great King

**With silent wonder the angels gazed,
As the day broke that fair morn,
For in a lowly stable in Bethlehem,
The Son of God Almighty was born.
The words of Prophets came in flesh,
For He was The Promised One of old,
The Messiah, Israel's great King,
From Whom salvation would unfold.**

The Virgin Gives Birth

Heaven's stars silently appear,
As darkness covers the earth,
For in Bethlehem's lowly cave,
A humble virgin gives birth.
The angels of glory sing above,
And seraphim's fold their wings,
For the lowly handmaiden's womb,
Bears our Lord, The King of Kings.

Heaven's Precious Pearl

**He who sat at the throne of glory,
Clothed with a garment of light,
Was wrapped in swaddling clothes,
In the darkness of the midnight.
For He claim not the worldly things,
His kingdom was not of this world,
For the glad tidings of the angels,
Is the gospel, heaven's precious pearl.**

Light In the Darkness

**Light pierces the veil of darkness,
As a new age came forth that morn,
For the virgin's womb gave birth,
And the King of All Kings was born.
For the DayStar sprang from a cave,
With the greeting of a new age,
The message came to the shepherd,
And the shining star guided the sage.
For the message of the great gospel,
Had come to men of every race,
For the Messiah has now come,
To bring us God's sovereign grace.**

The Wise Men Came

**They followed the star,
A sign from on high,
And beheld the precious babe,
With a breathless sigh.
Their treasures they gave,
Myrrh, frankincense and gold,
For their hands touched Him,
And their eyes did behold.
For born of a virgin's womb,
Was the Savior of every race,
Who brings The Father's mercy,
And our Lord's precious grace.**

The Prince of Peace

There lying in a manger,
For the Savior no bed,
There He lay in a trough,
Where animals were fed.
For the Prince of Peace,
Laid aside heaven's best,
And there in a mere trough,
The little babe did rest.

A foretaste

**He who was herald by angels,
As the Great King of the Jew,
Was born in a old lowly cave,
To display God's love so true.
Wrapped in the rags of men,
In a trough our Savior lay,
Sleeping in heaven's peace,
On a blanket made of hay.
And here we see God's love,
A glimpse of His holy grace,
And a foretaste of His glory,
That we'll behold on His face.**

His Love

I see His majesty in the sky,
As the stars of night are spread,
But I see His divine love,
When He claimed a trough for a bed.
I see His glory in the moonlight,
And I see it in the light of day,
But I see His love divine and true,
As babe resting on the lowly hay.

Glad Tidings

**To shepherds tending sheep,
The angelic host did appear,
And what a message of grace,
To fall upon the mortal ear.
What joy filled their hearts,
As the host did proclaim,
The Messiah born of a virgin,
And Jesus Christ was His name.**

To Fulfill Salvation's Plan

**The Great Creator of all things,
Who is our Savior and Lord of all,
Was born of a lowly handmaiden,
And laid in a manger in an ole stall.
For He left the glory of His throne,
To bear the name of a mortal man,
To walk in the Father's perfect will,
And to fulfill salvation's plan.**

The Creator

He was the Creator of all things,
Who made the heavens and earth,
Was now a babe lying in a manger,
God made man by virgin's birth.
He Who called all things into being,
And hangs the stars out at night,
Forsook the praise of the angels,
And all heaven's glory and might.
He was clothed in mere rags,
And was born as though a slave,
Yet He brings eternal life,
To all who believe on His name.

Our Precious Lord

**He was the true Son of the Living God,
Our Lord, of whom the angels hail,
Who would come to lowly Bethlehem,
And there was born of human travail.
And now He is our Beloved Savior,
He of Whom the angels adored,
And we call Him, Jesus the Christ,
For He is our most Precious Lord.**

The King of Kings

**The King of Kings, Lord of Lords,
Graced a humble manger in a stall,
For He emptied Himself of glory,
And came to be the Lord of All.
For He came to pay the great price,
That only His blood could afford,
And He will grace any man's heart,
Who will claim Him as Lord.**

Our Dear Lord

**In a lowly stall came Sharon's Rose,
In a manger lay the priceless pearl,
There God's gift of everlasting life,
Who would be Savior of the world.
So let us come, let our hearts bow,
Before Him of Whom angels sing,
For He is the blessed Son of God,
The Savior, and our Great King.**

His Name Is Jesus

**In a manger in Bethlehem,
Unfurled the Lily of the Valley,
To cleanse men from their sin,
That all might live eternally.
For the gift of God is eternal life,
And to Bethlehem He came,
The Blessed Savior of the world,
And Jesus is His holy name.**

Let Him In

The precious gift of God's grace,
Left glory above for Bethlehem,
To bring the dawn of eternal day,
Where the light of hope was so dim.
For He is the true light of the world,
And The Blessed Savior of all men,
Who today stands at your heart's door,
And beacons that you let Him in.

Day Star

**Simeon awaited the Savior's birth,
As he worshiped in silence each day,
"Let my eyes behold the King,"
Before the altar he would pray.
Then came that long awaited day,
When he held the little babe near,
And in a land of great darkness,
Simeon's Day Star did appear!**

The Angels Appear

The Glory of God burst forth in the sky,
As the host of heavenly angels did appear,
With the message of Christ's holy birth,
They proclaimed the Messiah was near.
The stars of heaven gleamed in silent glory,
As angels proclaimed the Savior was born,
And the lowly shepherds stood in awe,
As the night sky with glory was adorn.
Their hearts must have trembled in fear,
As the angels proclaimed the noble birth,
Foretelling the glory of the babe in a stall,
Who would bring salvation to all the earth.

The Three Wise Men Came

The three wise men came from the east,
With the star as their heavenly guide,
And they came to the town of Bethlehem,
Where they found the babe did abide.
There with humble hearts they did bow,
And with trembling hands did adore,
The One Whom the Prophets foretold,
Whose kingdom would reign evermore.

The Dawn of Grace

**Shepherds peer upon clouds of glory,
And quake at the archangel's voice,
As the heavenly scene burst in sight,
Their rapturous hearts did rejoice.
For the words of eternal life so sweet,
Had fallen upon their mortal ear,
For the dawn of redeeming grace,
Now at last would to all men appear.**

King of The Universe

**The Savior came to Bethlehem,
He of Whom the Prophets foretold,
Was born to be the King of Kings,
Yet the King wore no crown of gold.
His kingdom was not of this world,
And no jewels graced His bed,
As He lay in the humble manger,
Where the ole oxen were fed.
Yet He was the King of the Jew,
Who'll reign while endless ages roll,
Who will one day rule the universe,
And fold the heavens like a scroll.**

The Wonder of The Savior's Birth.

**They came to the house of Joseph,
To peer upon the babe's face,
Who was born to be the King,
And the Savior of every race.
There with their troves opened,
They gave gifts of gold and myrrh,
For their eyes had seen the glory,
The wonder of the Savior's birth.**

That All Men Might Forever Live

**His kingdom was not of this world,
For to this world He was a stranger,
And with no room for them in the inn,
Mary laid Him in an ole ox's manger.
There was no lace to adorn the bed,
For this world here had nothing to give,
To the One Who would give His life,
That all men might forever live!**

That Night Divine

**The silver stars stood in silence,
As darkness covered the earth,
For the womb of the lowly virgin,
Would bring the Savior's birth.
The angels sang in the sky above,
As Seraphim's fold their wings,
For that divine night brought forth,
Christ, The Savior, the King of Kings.**

Like The Inn Keeper

He came with the shout of Angels,
Yet this world did not even hear,
As the host of heaven proclaimed,
That the Savior of Men was near.
The majesty of God filled the sky,
And animals bowed their knee,
Yet to the world it was darkness,
For this ole world could not see.
Neither do they see Him today,
Who came to save us from sin,
And like the Inn Keeper long ago,
They choose not to take Him In!

The Light of Eternal Day.

**The hand that hangs the stars,
Now grasps at His mother's breast,
And He Who was clothed with light,
Now in swaddling clothes He rest.
He Who sat upon the throne of white,
Now He rest upon a bed of hay,
Yet He was God clothed in mortal flesh,
And He is the light of eternal day.**

He Came To The Cave

He left His place at the right hand,
And He left the glory of His throne,
He Who was clothed in clouds of light,
Now claims swaddling clothes as His own.
He Who claimed the stars for a crown,
And dwelt in realms of purest light,
Came to a lowly cave by virgin birth,
And there he was born in the dark of night.

The Messiah Was Born

Golden sun beam brake over the hills,
The morning clouds spread their haze,
And beyond what the mortal could see,
The angels of heaven sing their praise.
For the Son of God left the Father's side,
The One who sat at the throne of white,
The Messiah and Redeem of all mankind,
Was born in the dark of that night.

The Shepherds Believe

There was no room for the Savior,
Said, the Keeper of the inn,
Yet He never knew it was the Savior,
Promised to be salvation for all men.
Yet the wise men heard the word,
And to the lowly home they came,
And while the holy angels look on,
They believed on His holy name.

The Promise of the Prophets

"The Holy Spirit will over shadow You,"
For the lowly women was chosen by grace,
 To bear the precious Son of God,
Who would be the redeemer of her race.
 For the One the Prophets foretold,
Now in her womb would quietly abide,
 And the grandeur of that moment,
The maiden's humble heart would hide.
For she would be the Mother of God's Son,
 And the Messiah she would behold,
For her very hands grasp her Savior,
The Promise of the Prophets long foretold.

Simeon

Simeon had read the promise,
That many Prophets foretold,
Now his very hands held Him,
And his mortal eyes did behold.
What joy filled Simeon's heart,
With words of angels he would sing,
A babe in swaddling clothes,
And yet the babe was Israel's King,

Mary

**Mary's heart melted in joyous praise,
For the Son of God she would bear,
The King of Kings would grace her womb,
The King with Whom man would be an heir.
In her heart she silently pondered,
For the day would come in God's grace,
And the morning would surely break,
When she would peer upon His face.**

FROM THE AUTHOR

I am a native of South Georgia, and now live in the Atlanta area. I am a member of New Covenant Community Church in Atlanta.

It is my desire that those who read my poetry will be drawn closer to our Lord. Should even one person be drawn closer to the Lord by these words of rhyme, then I will have accomplished my purpose.

W. Roger Lee