

Christmas Alleluias

1 A shroud of darkness wraps the earth,
where souls and bodies long for this birth;
a baby's cry breaks through the night,
a thousand angels burst into light.

*They're singing alleluia, singing alleluia,
alleluia, alleluia.*

2 A shroud of death waits with no sound,
that holy body nailed to the ground;
the angelic voice speaks words of life,
his resurrection breaks our night.

They're singing . . .

3 We wait for wrongs to turn to right
when we'll be glorious in his sight;
he'll come with healing in his wings,
that day when all creation sings.

They're singing . . .

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