

"The Silence of the Lamb"

Words & Music by Rev. John C. Stennfeld

Midst noises of a stable A little child was born,
The son of God sent from above On that first Christmas morn.
With ne'er a place to lay his head This boy was meant to be
The man one day who'd give his life To set all people free.

The prophets had foretold his birth, They called him Jesse's rod,
And later John would point to him, "Behold, the lamb of God."
It matters not the name you use, For he is still the one
Who came to save us from our sin, God's one and only son.

The shepherds came to praise his name, The magi brought their gold,
For they believed this child to be The one promised of old.
He lay inside that cattle stall 'Neath Mary's watchful eye,
And though his life had just begun His mission was to die.

His time on earth still very new When Herod sought his life;
The Pharisees would do the same To fill his days with strife.
But nothing could deter this man, He knew just why he came,
To preach God's word, to save the lost, To heal the blind and lame.

"Singing Thru The Scriptures"

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From Bethlehem to Calvary, That journey was not long,
But in that silent storied walk He filled our world with song.
While crowds cried out with angry shouts, Pilate would wash his hands;
He sentenced Jesus Christ to die To meet the crowds demands.

He bore the pain without a sound, He paid the price that day;
He gave his life upon the cross To take our sin away.
That little babe of Bethlehem Had come to die for man,
And by his death the world has heard The silence of the Lamb.

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