

Glory to the Newborn King

God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen
 God rest ye merry, gentlemen,
 Let nothing you dismay,
 Remember Christ our Savior
 Was born on Christmas day,
 To save us all from Satan's power
 When we were gone astray;

O tidings of comfort and joy,
 Comfort and joy,
 O tidings of comfort and joy.

From God our heavenly Father
 A blessed angel came.
 And unto certain shepherds
 Brought tidings of the same,
 How that in Bethlehem was born
 The Son of God by name:

O tidings of comfort and joy,
 Comfort and joy,
 O tidings of comfort and joy.

The shepherds at those tidings
 Rejoiced much in mind,
 And left their flocks a-feeding,
 In tempest, storm, and wind,

And went to Bethlehem straightway
 This blessed babe to find:

O tidings of comfort and joy,
 Comfort and joy,
 O tidings of comfort and joy.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
 Whereat this infant lay
 They found him in a manger,
 Where oxen feed on hay;
 His mother Mary kneeling,
 Unto the Lord did pray:

O tidings of comfort and joy,
 Comfort and joy,
 O tidings of comfort and joy.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
 All you within this place,
 And with true love and brotherhood
 Each other now embrace;
 This holy tide of Christmas
 All others doth deface:

O tidings of comfort and joy,
 Comfort and joy,
 O tidings of comfort and joy.



What Child Is This?

What child is this, who, laid to rest
 On Mary's lap, is sleeping?
 Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
 While shepherds watch are keeping?

This, this is Christ the King,

Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
 Haste, haste to bring him laud,
 The Babe, the Son of Mary!
 So bring Him incense, gold, and myrrh,
 Come peasant king to own Him,
 The King of kings, salvation brings,
 Let loving hearts enthrone Him.
 Raise, raise the song on high,
 The Virgin sings her lullaby:
 Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
 The Babe, the Son of Mary!

Let It Snow

Oh the weather outside is frightful
 But the fire is so delightful
 And since we've no place to go
 Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!

It doesn't show signs of stopping
 And I've bought some corn for popping
 The lights are turned way down low
 Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!

When we finally kiss goodnight
 How I'll hate going out in the storm!
 But if you'll really hold me tight
 All the way home I'll be warm

The fire is slowly dying
 And, my dear, we're still goodbying
 But as long as you love me so
 Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!

Local farmers...

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occurred at Elaine Parkinson's farm in Rockwood. Originally a city girl, Parkinson married into this farming family and now raises elk, mink, and horses. She is featured in September. Their farm was the backdrop for many of the photos, including

the cover. Shane Williams is a cattle and crop farmer in Orton and is featured in August.

Daynard said everyone involved was very pleased with the results. OFAC intends to publish these calendars every year and is already scouting for 2007 models.



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