

# VAUNTETH NOT ITSELF



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HUMBLE, meek; is not boastful or a braggart;

Does not speak of oneself in pride

I am thrust onto the stage of fame, O God; pride *shall not overcome me*,  
in that place the wicked boasteth; he raiseth his hands in greatness. I do not.

O savior who is pure, your light *transforms my inner man*,  
I am *humbled by Thy glory*; and use my *voice* to sing the melody of my *heart*.  
Clouds with no rain are the lips of the proud, they pierce the soul.  
The showst of fame touch me not.

You who were known throughout Gallilee, miracle worker, my *lips* speak of thee. Thy *CHARITY* is the breath that *envelopes my rejecting soul*.

I have seen arrogance strutting, and polished lips vaunting;  
I stand in *meekness*, and my *tongue speaks* only your praise.

The symphonies of my *voice* flow unto you; O Father of all light.  
*Peace overflows* my being; levithan *never touches me*.

The pure gold of *CHARITY* *illuminates* my inner tabernacle.  
Thy Son, O God, radiates in me. I am *fulfilled*.

O God and Father, count me among the *meek*; I will care for thy earth.  
Thy song has *quickened* me, and I am forever *changed*!

25-32

*Charity* vaunteth not itself;  
is like unto

*In a world where Pagan darkness grips every light,  
Israel is about to witness eternal light.  
Imperial Rome rules every province, land and sea.  
While oppressed Judah is crying out in desperate,  
silent need: "Jehovah-jireh, our God will provide."*

*Isaiah fulfilled. A Saviour, a newborn son:  
Messiah, Redeemer, King of all kings, this little one.  
A Light to brighten night's heavenly dome;  
Angels sing, the mother whispers: Jehovah-shalom.*



*This is the night, that sacred Light! Glistening starbeams dance on the walls of the stable. Though Jerusalem will shake in an earthquake under dark skies on that dreadful day, nailed and dead, tonight peace comes wrapped in swaddling clothes. The humblest start to a life so supreme that his words, penned in red, will be the greatest words ever spoken. The Son of God, One yet Three, yet even greater - he becomes a man like you and me. This babe, full grown, will have a voice strong, but humble and meek. He will make himself of no reputation, never vaunting, never wavering. When temptation comes, offering kingdoms and wealth, he will speak not in pride and heated state. "I am wisdom." This babe, on the night that he is betrayed, will open his mouth when falsely accused; and, after an unjust trial and bloody flogging, will go to the slaughter as a pure lamb: to be lifted up in naked shame and die - for you and me. This Nazarene's death will tear the tightly woven temple veil, and with his promised resurrection, shatter forever the curse of corrupt Adam: death! This swaddled infant will bring life more abundant for all men and every woman and child. All life. No death. Nameless. Perfect. Pure as he is pure! He comes to put on display the heart of charity for all mankind to behold. O the beautiful life of Immanuel. He will be history's changer, but for tonight sleep sweetly precious... *Babe in a manger**



*Babe in a manger*



The  
*Bright &  
Morning Star*  
S&S

Two men went up into the temple to pray: the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess. And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

*Charity* vaunteth not itself.  
whoever therefore shall humble  
itself as this little child, the same is  
greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

## Tapestry of Charity

IN A QUIET PLACE IN A QUIET COW,  
A MOTHER CRIBS WITH CHILDS  
THESE BEHIND THE OAK A NEW KING IS BORN,  
THE OAK IS HERE AND WELL

CHORUS

HE'S EMANUEL, GOD IS WITH US;  
HIS BLOOD-STAINED BODY WILL REDEEM US  
COME, ALL, EVEN THE STRANGER;  
HERE LIES THE BABE IN THE MANGER.

THE NIGHT SKY IS FILLED WITH ANGELS,  
THE PROPHETS SPOKE OF THIS KING;  
SHEPHERDS HEARD, SALVATION IS NEAR,  
THEY MAKE HARSH AND RUIN

THEY SEE HOPE, THEY ADORE HIM,  
SOMEDAY THEY SHALL MOURN HIM;  
THIS KING IS PROMISED CHARITY,  
THE TAPESTRY OF CHARITY IS THE WAY HE LAYS ON TONIGHT

CHORUS

HE'S EMANUEL, GOD IS WITH US;  
HIS BLOOD-STAINED BODY WILL REDEEM US  
COME, ALL, EVEN THE STRANGER;  
HERE LIES THE BABE IN THE MANGER.  
THE SON OF GOD IS SLEEPING IN A MANGER

PEACE AND GOOD WILL,  
Hallelujah!  
PEACE AND GOOD WILL,  
Hallelujah!





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The showers of fame **touch me not**.

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*Babe in a manger*





Centuries before His birth, Rhema - the spoken word of God - foretold His coming on earth.  
The LORD God promised a king child - a *Savior, Redeemer, Healer, Messiah*;  
Born of a virgin in Bethlehem - how could they doubt what He was telling them?  
The *Son of God*, One, yet Three; the *greatest of men* will shed His blood for all humanity.  
Though this *little one* will be tempted in all, He will not be as Adam in his fall.  
Despised and rejected; in these trials He will be perfected.  
His flesh pierced, his bones unbroken, this *precious babe* will fulfill God's word spoken.



In a stable, a woman in the pangs of birth; her child will defeat man's biggest curse.  
Outside, shepherds caring for their flocks, the night's melody: bleating sheep and lowing ox.  
Suddenly, an angel appears with a proclamation only for their ears:  
"For unto you a *Savior* is born, *Christ the Lord*."  
Darkness begins to fall with the glistening star light dancing across the stable walls.  
The inn is full but His time arrives; that bright starred night, a bed of hay welcomes the *Prince of Life*.

A holy hush envelopes the newborn *babe*; wrapped in swaddling cloth, quietly He lay.  
Though the world shall be shattered on the day that He dies, for now, the babe rests under starlit skies.  
Who is this *babe* with His story already written; His purpose unhidden?  
He is *Immanuel, God with us*; yet one day His words will be considered treasonous.

In youth, His purposed voice will grow strong; prayerful praise His constant song.  
A *teacher* of teachers, a *master* among men; very few are true friends.  
Humility follows Him all of His days; He is *God made flesh* in all His ways.  
He vaunts not himself in the day tempted by satan; He is steadfast, pure, and unshaken.  
Never one to brag or boast, the babe's fame will spread from coast to coast.  
Quietly healing all manner of diseases, He will say, "Tell no man that I am the *Christ*, named *Jesus*."  
No pride: humble, lowly and meek; no recognition for His name will He seek.  
The *King of Kings* makes Himself of no reputation; a servant to all but a *Savior of nations*.

He will open not his mouth when falsely accused, and bearing our shame, He will not refuse.  
The *babe* will hang on a cross, gifting grace undeserved, an example of perfect charity observed.  
His flesh ripped, torn, and red; not calling a legion of angels, He has learned quietness instead.  
"*My God, my God, why have you forsaken me*," He cries, as He gives His life in charity, and dies.  
His resurrection makes the way - no sin, no death, all life - God change us, we pray.  
At last, we understand the purpose of His birth: the perfecting of men and women here on earth.  
Never vaunting Himself, *history's changer* entered this world as...

*a Babe in a Manger*





# The *Bright & Morning Star* said

Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess. And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for **every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.**

Luke 18:10-14



*Charity* vaunteth not itself.

Whosoever therefore shall **humble himself as this little child**, the same is **greatest in the kingdom of heaven.**

Matthew 18:4



# Tapestry of Charity

IN A CERTAIN PLACE IN A QUIET CAVE,  
A MOTHER CRIES WITH CHILD;  
THERE BEHIND THE OX A NEW KING IS BORN,  
HIS CRY IS MEEK AND MILD

## CHORUS

HE'S EMMANUEL, GOD IS WITH US;  
HIS BLOOD-STAINED BODY WILL REDEEM US  
COME, ALL, EVEN THE STRANGER:  
HERE LIES THE BABE IN THE MANGER.

THE NIGHT SKY IS FILLED WITH ANGELS,  
THE PROPHETS SPOKE OF THIS ONE,  
SHEPHERDS HEAR, SALVATION IS NEAR;  
THEY MAKE HASTE AND RUN!

THEY SEE HIM, THEY ADORE HIM,  
SOMEDAY THEY SHALL MOURN HIM;  
THIS ONE IS THE PROMISED CHRIST,  
THE TAPESTRY OF CHARITY IS THE HAY HE LAYS ON TONIGHT

## CHORUS

HE'S EMMANUEL, GOD IS WITH US;  
HIS BLOOD-STAINED BODY WILL REDEEM US  
COME, ALL, EVEN THE STRANGER:  
HERE LIES THE BABE IN THE MANGER.  
THE SON OF GOD IS SLEEPING IN A MANGER!

PEACE AND GOOD WILL,  
HALLELUIA!  
TO ALL: PEACE AND GOOD WILL,  
HALLELUIA!

