

The Heavens Sang

Tenderly

Becky Frith

Verse

1. A child, a King, ly-ing in a man - ger; don't be

Bm F#m/A G D/A A

a-fraid, go and find your Sa - viour.

Bm F#m/A G D/A A

News of great joy, for the whole world to hear.

Em Em/D A Em Em/D

And the hea-vens sang for joy, on that day, when

A/C# D Chorus Am7 G/B

Gm/Bb D

Je - sus, our Sa - viour, was born. Son of God, Em ma - nu-el;

Am7 G/B 1. Gm/Bb D.C. (v.2)

an-gels sang of Je - sus our Sa - viour. 2. They found

2. Gm/Bb D.S. 3. Gm/Bb

Je - sus our Sa - viour. Je - sus our Sa - viour was born.

D D.S.S. 4. Gm/Bb

And the hea - vens sang for joy, Je - sus our Sa - viour.

D Am7 G/B Gm/Bb D

Je - sus our Sa - viour was born.

2. They found Him there,
 Just as they'd been promised;
 No robe, no crown,
 Yet their King, Messiah.