



Joy to the World



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Year 1
Unit 4



Joy to the World

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Folk Song

We Three Kings of Orient

by John Henry Hopkins Jr.

Em G D C Em G D

1. We three kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we tra - verse
 2. Born a babe on Beth - le - hem's plain, Gold we bring to crown Him a -
 3. Fran - kin - cense to of - fer have I; In - cense owns a De - i - ty
 4. Myrrh is mine; its bit - ter per - fume Breathes a life of gath - er - ing
 5. Glo - rious now be - hold - Him rise, King and God and sa - cri -

8 C Em D G Am C D

far, Field and foun - tain, moor and mou - n - tain, Fol - low - ing yon - der
 gain; King for - ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, O - ver us all to
 nigh, Prayer and prais - ing, all men rais - ing, Wor - ship Him, God on
 gloom; Sorrow - ing, sigh - ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, Seal'd in the stone - cold
 fice; Heav'n sings "Hal - le - lu - jah!" "Hal - le - lu - jah!" Earth re -

15 Em D G C G C

Star. Oh, - star of won - der, star of night, Star with ro - yal beau - ty
 reign.
 high.
 tomb.
 plies.

24 G D C D G C G D G

bright, West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to thy per - fect light.



Folk Song

The Friendly Beasts

by Robert Davis

C G C

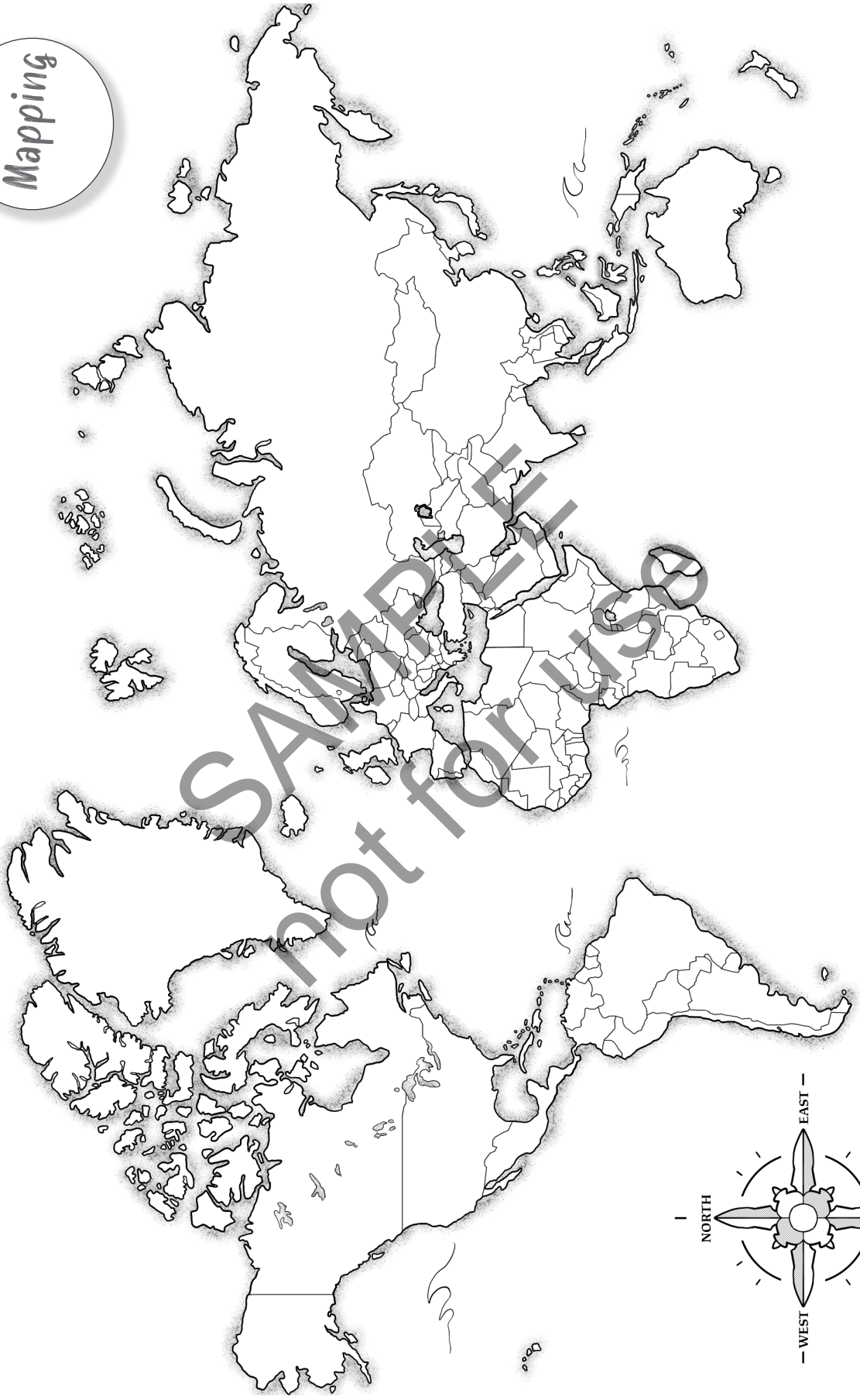
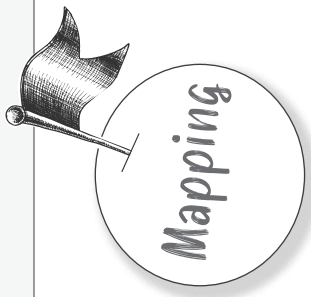
1. Je - sus our bro - ther, strong and good, Was hum - bly
 2. "I," said the don - key, shaggy and brown, "I car - ried His
 3. "I," said the cow, all white and red, "I gave Him my
 4. "I," said the sheep with cur - ly horn, "I gave Him my
 5. "I," said the dove, from the raft - ers high, "I cooed Him to
 6. And ev' - ry beast, by some good spell, In the sta - ble

6 F G C F

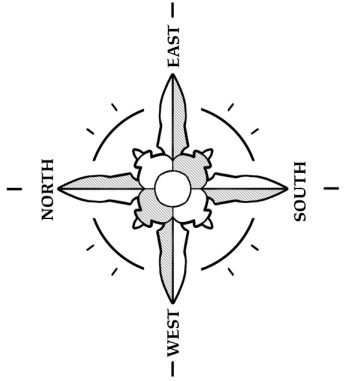
born in a sta - ble rude, And the friend - ly beasts a -
 mo - ther up and down, I ___ carried her safely to
 man - ger for His bed, I ___ gave Him my hay to
 wool for His blan - ket warm, He ___ wore my coat on
 sleep so he would not cry. We ___ cooed Him to sleep, my
 dark _ was glad to tell of the gift he gave Imm -

11 G C F C G C

round Him stood, Je - sus, our bro - ther, strong and good.
 Bethle - hem town; I," said the don - key shaggy and brown.
 pillow His head; I," said the cow, all white and red.
 Christ - mas morn; I," said the sheep with cur - ly horn.
 mate and I; I," said the dove, from raft - ers high.
 an - u - el, The gift He gave Im - man - u - el.



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A Christmas Lullaby

by John Addington Symonds

Sleep, baby, sleep! The Mother sings:
Heaven's angels kneel and fold their wings:
Sleep, baby, sleep!

With swathes of scented hay thy bed
By Mary's hand at eve was spread.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

At midnight came the shepherds, they
Whom seraphs wakened by the way.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

And three kings from the East afar
Ere dawn came guided by thy star.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

They brought thee gifts of gold and gems,
Pure orient pearls, rich diadems.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

But thou who liest slumbering there,
Art King of kings, earth, ocean, air.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! The shepherds sing;
Through heaven, through earth, hosannas ring.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Little Gottlieb

By Phœbe Cary

Across the German Ocean,
In a country far from our own,
Once, a poor little boy, named Gottlieb,
Lived with his mother alone.

They dwelt in a part of the village
Where the houses were poor and small,
But the house of little Gottlieb
Was the poorest one of all.

He was not large enough to work,
And his mother could no more
(Though she scarcely laid her knitting down)
Than keep the wolf from the door.

She had to take their threadbare clothes,
And turn, and patch, and darn;
For never any woman yet
Grew rich by knitting yarn.

And off at night beside her chair
Would Gottlieb sit, and plan
The wonderful things he would do for her
When he grew to be a man.

One night she sat and knitted,
And Gottlieb sat and dreamed,
When a happy fancy all at once
Upon his vision beamed.

'Twas only a week till Christmas,
And Gottlieb knew that then
The Christ child, who was born that day,
Sent down good gifts to men.

But he said, "He will never find us,
Our home is so mean and small;
And we, who have most need of them,
Will get no gifts at all."

When all at once a happy light
Came into his eyes so blue,
And lighted up his face with smiles,
As he thought what he could do.

Next day, when the postman's letters
Came from all over the land,
Came one for the Christ child, written
In a child's poor, trembling hand.

You may think he was sorely puzzled
What in the world to do;
So he went to the Burgomaster,
As the wisest man he knew.

And when they opened the letter,
They stood almost dismayed,
That such a little child should dare
To ask the Lord for aid.

Then the Burgomaster stammered,
And scarce knew what to speak,
And hastily he brushed aside
A drop, like a tear, from his cheek.

Then up he spoke right gruffly,
And turned himself about:
"This must be a very foolish boy,
And a small one, too, no doubt."

But when six rosy children
That night about him pressed,
Poor, trusting little Gottlieb
Stood near him, with the rest.

And he heard his simple, touching prayer
Through all their noisy play,
Though he tried his very best to put
The thought of him away.

A wise and learned man was he,
Men called him good and just;
But his wisdom seemed like foolishness,
By that weak child's simple trust.

Now, when the morn of Christmas came,
And the long, long week was done,
Poor Gottlieb, who scarce could sleep,
Rose up before the sun,

And hastened to his mother;
But he scarce might speak for fear,
When he saw her wondering look, and saw
The Burgomaster near.

He wasn't afraid of the Holy Babe,
Nor his mother, meek and mild;
But he felt as if so great a man
Had never been a child.

Amazed the poor child looked, to find
The hearth was piled with wood,
And the table, never full before,
Was heaped with dainty food.

Then, half to hide from himself the truth,
The Burgomaster said,
While the mother blessed him on her knees,
And Gottlieb shook for dread:

"Nay, give no thanks, my good dame,
To such as me for aid;
Be grateful to your little son,
And the Lord, to whom he prayed!"

Then turning round to Gottlieb,
"Your written prayer, you see,
Came not to whom it was addressed,
It only came to me!

"Twas but a foolish thing you did,
As you must understand;
For though the gifts are yours, you know,
You have them from my hand."

Then Gottlieb answered fearlessly,
Where he humbly stood apart,
"But the Christ child sent them all the same;
He put the thought in your heart!"

Journaling:

Isaiah 9:6

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called

Wonderful,

Counsellor,

THE MIGHTY GOD,

THE EVERLASTING FATHER,

The Prince of Peace.

What words would you use to describe Jesus?

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Journaling:
The First Christmas
in America



Journaling: Symbols of Christmas



The Evergreen Tree



Gifts



Wreaths



Lights and Candles

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Scripture: Luke 2: 1–16

“And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)

And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:)

To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.”



Date:



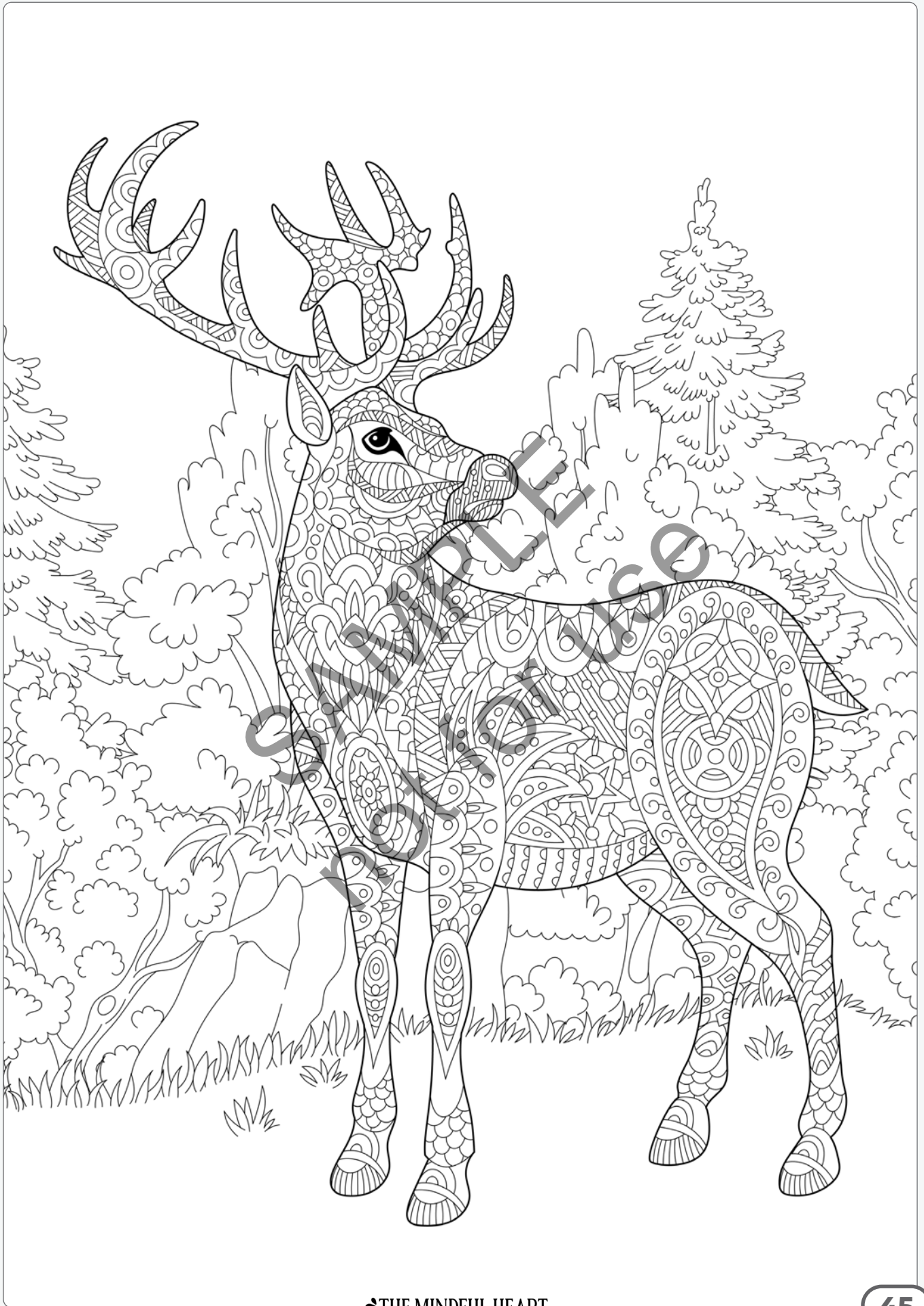
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