Song of Succoth (words and music by Richard Blauvelt)

He was born in a succah, born on Succoth.
This babe in a manger Israel's hope.
Foretold by prophets, sought by wise men.
From such humble beginings in Bethlehem.

Mother Mary great with child, comes to Bethlehem.
Rome's declared a census, theres no room at the inn.
In a succah she will stay, her and her betrothed.
In a succah Jesus Christ is born.

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Shephards keep their flocks in sight, angels do appear.
God's glory fills the autumn night,
men's hearts are filled with fear.
Be at peace we bring good news they hear the angels say.
Messiah's born in Bethlehem this day.

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