

Dost thou in a manger lie, who hast all created,
stretching infant hands on high, Savior, long awaited?
If a monarch, where thy state? Where thy court on thee to wait?
Scepter, crown and sphere? Here no regal pomp we see,
naught but need and penury: why thus cradled here,

"For the world a love supreme brought me to this stable;
all creation to redeem I alone am able.
By this lowly birth of mine, sinner, riches shall be thine,
matchless gifts and free;
Willingly this yoke I take, and this sacrifice I make,
heaping joys for thee."

Christ we praise with voices bold, laud and honor raising;
for these mercies manifold join the hosts in praising:
Father, glory be to thee for the wondrous charity of thy Son, our Lord.
Better witness to thy worth, purer praise than ours on earth;
angels' songs afford, angels' songs afford.