DOST THOU IN A MANGER LIE

1. Dost Thou in a manger lie, Who hast all created,
For a race deep lost in sin, Come I into woe;
If a monarch, where Thy state? Where Thy court on Thee to wait?
Royal purple, where? Here no regal pomp we see;

2. Pitying love for fallen man Bro’t me down thus low,
For Thy wondrous love to me, Thee be ever prais’ing.
By this lowly birth of mine, Sinner, riches shall be thine,
Matchless gifts and free; Willingly this yoke I take,

3. Fervent praise would I to Thee Evermore be rais’ing;
Stretching infant hands on high, Savior long awaited?
Glo’ry, glo’ry, be forever Unto that most bounteous Giver,
And that loving Lord! Better witness to Thy worth,

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Naught but need and penury: Why thus cradled here?
And this sacrifice I make, Heap-ing joys for thee.”
Purer praise than ours on earth, An-gels’ songs afford. A-men.