DOST THOU IN A MANGER LIE

1. Dost Thou in a manger lie, Who hast all created,
   Stretching infant hands on high, Savior long awaited?
   If a monarch, where Thy state?
   Royal purple, where?

2. “Pitying love for fallen man Bro’t me down thus low,
   For a race deep lost in sin, Come I into woe.
   Where Thy court on Thee to wait?
   Matchless gifts and free;

3. Fervent praise would I to Thee Evermore be raising,
   For Thy wondrous love to me, Thee be ever prais ing.
   Where Thy court on Thee to wait?
   And that loving Lord!

Words by John Mauburn
Music by George Mursell Garrett, Mus. D.
Naught but need and penury:
And this sacrifice I make,
Purer praise than ours on earth,
Why thus cradled here?
Heap-ing joys for thee.
An-gels’ songs aff ord.
A-men.