

### **Dost thou in a manger lie?**

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,  
why thus cradled here,

“For the world a love supreme  
brought me to this stable;  
al 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  
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;  
angel's songs afford,  
angel's songs afford.

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