

Dost Thou in a manger lie

T. Tertius Noble, 1918

Mauburn

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?
Royal purple where? Here no regal pomp we see;
Naught but need and penury; why thus cradled here?

Fervent praise would I to Thee evermore be raising;
For Thy wondrous love to me Thee be ever praising.
Glory, glory be forever unto that most bounteous Giver,
And that loving Lord! Better witness to Thy worth,
Purer praise than ours on earth, angels' songs afford.

“Pitying love for fallen man brought Me down thus low...
For a race deep lost in sin, came I into woe...
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.”

Jean Mauburn