

Hymn Lyrics

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Christians, sing out with exultation

Christians, sing out with exultation,
and praise your benefactor's Name!
Today the Author of salvation,
the Father's well-belovèd came.
Of undefilèd Virgin Mother
an infant, all divine, was born,
and God himself became your brother
upon this happy Christmas morn.

In him eternal might and power
to human weakness hath inclined;
and this poor Child brings richest dower
of gifts and graces to mankind.
While here his majesty disguising,
a servant's form the Master wears,
behold the beams of glory rising
e'en from his poverty and tears.

A stable serves him for a dwelling,
and for a bed a manger mean;
yet o'er his head, his advent telling,
a new and wondrous star is seen.
Angels rehearse to men the story,
the joyful story of his birth;
to him they raise the anthem: "Glory
to God on high, and peace on earth!"

For through this holy incarnation
the primal curse is done away;
and blessèd peace o'er all creation
hath shed its pure and gentle ray.
Then, in that heavenly concert joining,
O Christian men, with one accord,
your voices tunefully combining,
salute the birthday of your Lord!

Benedict Pictet (fl. 1677-1705); trans. Henry Lascelles Jenner (1820-1898)