

From Lands That See the Sun Arise
Caelius Sedulius, 5th Century.
Anonymous.

From lands that see the sun arise,
To earth's remotest boundaries,
The virgin born today we sing,
The Son of Mary, Christ the King.

Blest Author of this earthly frame,
To take a servant's form He came,
That liberating flesh by flesh,
Whom He had made might live afresh.

In that chaste parent's holy womb,
Celestial grace hath found its home:
And she, as earthly bride unknown,
Yet call that Offspring blest her own.

The mansion of the modest breast
Becomes a shrine where God shall rest:
The pure and undefiled one
Conceived in her womb the Son.

That Son, that royal Son she bore,
Whom Gabriel's voice had told afore:
Whom, in his Mother yet concealed,
The Infant Baptist had revealed.

The manger and the straw He bore,
The cradle did He not abhor:
A little milk His infant fare
Who feedeth even each fowl of air.

The heavenly chorus filled the sky,
The angels sang to God on high,
What time to shepherds watching lone
They made creation's Shepherd known.

All honor, laud, and glory be,
O Jesu, virgin born, to Thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To the Father and to Paraclete.