

Sing, Ye Ransomed Nations, Sing
Charles Wesley, 1745.
William Gilchrist, 1895.

Sing, ye ransomed nations, sing
Praises to our new-born King;
Son of Man our maker is,
Lord of Hosts and Prince of Peace.

Lo! He lays His glory by,
Emptied of His majesty!
See the God who all things made,
Humbly in a manger laid.

Cast we off our needless fear,
Boldly to His cratch draw near;
Jesus is our flesh and bone,
God-with-Us is all our own.

Let us then with angels gaze
On our new-born monarch's face,
With the choir celestial joined,
Shout the Savior of mankind.

Son of Man, will He despise
Man's well meaning sacrifice?
No; with condescending grace
He accepts His creature's praise.

Will His majesty disdain
The poor shepherd's simple strain?
No; for Israel's shepherd He
Loves their artless melody.

He will not refuse the song
Of the stammering infant's tongue;
Babes He hears humanely mild,
Once Himself a little child.

Let us then our Prince proclaim,
Humbly chant Immanuel's name;
Publish at His wondrous birth
Praise in Heaven and peace on earth.

Triumph in our Savior's love,
Till He takes us up above,
All His majesty displays,
Shows us all His glorious face.