

The Holy Son of God Most High
Henry More(1614-1687)
German, 1539.

The holy Son of God most high,
For love of Adam's lapsed race,
Quit the sweet pleasures of the sky
To bring us to that happy place.

His robes of light He laid aside,
Which did His majesty adorn,
And the frail state of mortals tried,
In human flesh and figure born.

Whole choirs of angels loudly sing
The mystery of His sacred birth,
And the blest news to shepherds bring,
Filling their watchful souls with mirth.

The Son of God thus man became,
That men the sons of God might be,
And by their second birth regain
A likeness to His deity.