

They Seek the Babe

Mary Meigs, 1844.

Franz Haydn(1732-1809)

They seek the Babeno regal state  
No princely pomp are His the while;  
On Him no bright-robed courtiers wait,  
But humble peasants watch His smile:  
The magi kneel, and shepherds bend,  
To Him who angels did attend.

He has resigned a crown of light  
Laid all His glorious vestments by  
And shrouding in this world of night  
The splendors of the Deity,  
Hath come to succor, save, and bless,  
His creatures in their wretchedness.

Savior, again we hail the day,  
When brightly rose Thy natal star;  
And join the angels' Heaven-taught lay,  
Which in the azure fields afar  
The music of celestial spheres,  
Rang on the shepherds' listening ears.

And lo, from nature's hand we bear  
An offering for Thy holy shrine;  
With evergreen, and garlands fair,  
High arch and lofty pillar twine:  
And joyfully our pans raise,  
Redeemer, Savior, in Thy praise.

And though no bright, peculiar gem  
Is hung upon our midnight sky  
Like that which shone o'er Bethlehem,  
What time the heavenly hosts were nigh  
Thy Word our polar star shall be,  
Guiding us on, to Heaven and Thee.