

Thou Fairest Child Divine  
Gerhard Tersteegen, 1735.  
Lowell Mason, 1843.

Thou fairest Child divine,  
In yonder manger laid,  
In whom is God Himself well pleased,  
By whom all things were made,  
On me art Thou bestowed,  
How can such wonders be!  
The dearest that the Father hath  
He gives me here in Thee!

I was a foe to God,  
I fought in Satan's host,  
I trifled all His grace away,  
Alas! my soul was lost.  
Yet God forgives my sin,  
His heart, with pity moved,  
He gives me, heavenly Child, in Thee;  
Lo! thus our God hath loved!

Once blind with sin and self,  
Along the treacherous way,  
That ends in ruin at the last,  
I hastened far astray;  
Then God sent down His Son,  
For with a love most deep,  
Most undeserved, His heart still yearned  
O'er me, poor wandering sheep!

God with His life of love  
To me was far and strange,  
My heart clung only to the world  
Of sight and sense and change;  
In Thee, Immanuel,  
Are God and man made one;  
In Thee my heart hath peace with God,  
And union in the Son.

Oh ponder this, my soul,  
Our God hath loved us thus,  
That e'en His only dearest Son  
He freely giveth us.  
Thou precious gift of God,  
The pledge and bond of love,  
With thankful heart I kneel to take  
This treasure from above.

I kneel beside Thy couch,  
I press Thee to my heart,  
For Thee I gladly all forsake  
And from the creature part;  
Thou priceless Pearl! lo, He  
By whom Thou'rt loved and known,  
Will give Himself and all He hath  
To win Thee for His own.

Oh, come, Thou blessed Child,  
Thou Savior of my soul,  
For ever bound to Thee, my name  
Among Thy host enroll.

O deign to take my heart,  
And let Thy heart be mine,  
That all my love flow out to Thee,  
And lose itself in mine.