

# Hymn Lyrics

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## Dost thou in a manger lie

Dost thou in a manger lie,  
who hast all created,  
stretching infant hands on high,  
Savior, long awaited?  
If a monarch, where thy state?  
Where thy court on thee to wait?  
Royal purple, where?  
Here no regal pomp we see,  
nought but need and penury:  
why thus cradled here?

"Pitying love for fallen man  
brought me down thus low;  
for a race deep lost in sin  
came I into woe.  
By this lowly birth of mine,  
sinner, riches shall be thine,  
matchless gifts and free;  
willingly this yoke I take,  
and this sacrifice I make,  
heaping joys for thee."

Fervent praise would I do to thee  
evermore be raising;  
for thy wondrous love to me  
thee be ever praising.  
Glory, glory be for ever  
unto that most bounteous Giver,  
and that loving Lord!  
Better witness to thy worth,  
purer praise than ours on earth,  
angels' songs afford.

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