

Lo! He Comes, an Infant Stranger
Attributed to Richard Mant(1776-1848)
English Tune.

Lo! He comes, an infant stranger,
Of a lowly mother born;
Swathed and cradled in a manger,
Of His pristine glory shorn!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise ye God's incarnate Son.
Lo! He comes, the great Creator,
Calling all the world's to own
Him the judge and Lord of nature,
Seated on His Father's throne!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise ye Him the Living One!

Lo! He comes to man unfriended,
Fain with stabled beasts to rest;
Shepherds who their night-fold tended,
Hailed alone the newborn guest!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise ye Jesse's tender rod!
Lo! He comes, around Him pouring
All the armies of the sky;
Cherub, seraph hosts adoring,
Swell His state and loudly cry,
"Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise ye Christ the Son of God."

Lo! He comes constrained to borrow
Shelter from yon stabled shed;
He who shall through years of sorrow
Have not where to lay His head!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise Him, slighted by His own!
Lo! He comes, all grief expelling
From the hearts that Him receive;
He to each with Him a dwelling
In His Father's house will give!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise Him on the glory throne!

Man of human flesh partaking,
Offspring of the virgin's womb,
Who, the hopeless wand'rer seeking,
Deigned in lowly guise to come!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise ye the incarnate Word,
Son of the eternal Father,
Who again in pow'r shall come;
Round Him shall the nations gather,
Finding life, or waiting doom!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise ye Him the living Word!