

# A Christmas Song,

The King of Heav'n has left ~~his~~ His throne  
In starry skies  
Within a manger, poor and lone,  
A 'Babe He lies!

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No courtiers decked with raiment fair  
Around Him press,  
Mary and Joseph ever-shif there  
In lowliness.

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His glory and His majesty  
Are hid away,  
He wears in all humility  
Our mortal clay.

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We could not love the God unknown  
We could but fear,  
He put us, afraid and lone,  
And 'He is here!'

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Our errant hearts were hard and wild  
And dark with sin,  
God has become a little Child  
Our love to win!

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Help us to live from sin apart  
O little Child!

Keep us serene and glad of heart  
~~And most fulfilled~~

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Give us the grace to do Thy will,  
To love Thy Lord,  
And in Thy plan our part fulfil  
O gentle Lord!

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