

Once in royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor and meek and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that child so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in heaven above,
And He leads His children on,
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars, His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.
Cecil Frances Alexander, 1818-95

Child in the manger, Infant of Mary,
Outcast and Stranger, Lord of all,
Child who inherits all our transgressions,
All our demerits on Him fall.

Once the most holy Child of salvation
Gently and lowly lived below.
Now as our glorious mighty Redeemer,
See Him victorious o'er each foe.

Prophets foretold Him, Infant of wonder;
Angels behold Him on His throne.
Worthy our Saviour, of all our praises;
Happy forever are His own.
Mary Macdonald, 1789-1872
Tr by Lachlan Macbean. 1853-1931

Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:

Come and worship,
Christ, the newborn King!
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King!

Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant Light;

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence
Mercy calls you – break your chains
James Montgomery, 1771-1854

Christians, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was
born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wond'rous love in saving lost
mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our
loss
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes
place.

Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song:
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
eternal praise to heaven's almighty King.
John Byrom, 1692-1763 CLC licence: 1284556