





- 2. Why lies He in such mean estate, Where ox and ass are feeding? Good Christian, fear, for sinners here The silent Word is pleading. Nails, spear shall pierce Him through, The cross be borne for me, for you. Hail, hail the Word made flesh, The babe, the son of Mary.
- 3. So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh, Come peasant, king to own Him; The King of kings salvation brings, Let loving hearts enthrone Him. Raise, raise a song on high, The virgin sings her lullaby. Joy, joy for Christ is born, The babe, the son of Mary.