

Bless'd Babe ! who lowly liest
 In manger-cradle there ;
 Descended from the highest,
 Our sorrows all to share.

Oh, suited now in nature
 For Love's Divinest ways,
 To make the fallen creature
 The vessel of Thy praise !

O Love ! all thought surpassing !
 That Thou should'st with us be :
 Nor yet in triumph passing,
 But—human infancy !

We cling to Thee in weakness,
 The manger and the cross ;
 We gaze upon Thy meekness,
 Through suffering, pain and loss ;

There see the Godhead glory
 Shine through that human veil ;
 And willing, hear the story
 Of love that's come to heal !

My soul in secret follows
 The footsteps of His love ;
 I trace the Man of sorrows,
 His boundless grace to prove.

A child in growth and stature,
 Yet full of wisdom rare ;
 Sonship in conscious nature,
 His words and ways declare.

Yet still, in meek submission,
 His patient path He trod,
 To wait His heavenly mission,
 Unknown to all but God,