

*Come, come, come to the manger,
children, come to the children's King:
sing, sing, chorus of Angels,
stars of morning o'er Bethlehem sing.*

He lies 'mid the beasts of the stall,
Who is Maker and Lord of us all;
the wintry wind blows cold and dreary,
see, He weeps, the world is weary;
Lord, have pity and mercy on me!

He leaves all His glory behind;
to be born and to die for mankind.
With grateful beasts His cradle chooses,
thankless man His love refuses;
Lord, have pity and mercy on me!

To the manger of Bethlehem come,
to the Saviour Emmanuel's home;
the heav'nly hosts above are singing,
set the Christmas bells a-ringing;
Lord, have pity and mercy on me!