

Ev'ry star should sing a carol;  
ev'ry creature, high and low,  
come and praise the King of heaven  
by whatever name you know.

*God above, man below,  
holy is the name I know.*

When the King of all creation  
had a cradle on the earth,  
holy was the human body,  
holy was the human birth.

Who can tell what other cradle,  
high above the Milky Way,  
still may rock the King of heaven  
on another Christmas Day?

Who can count how many crosses,  
still to come or long ago,  
crucify the King of heaven?  
Holy is the name I know:

Who can tell what other body  
He will hallow for His own!  
I will praise the son of Mary,  
Brother of my blood and bone:

Every star and very planet,  
every creature, high and low,  
come and praise the King of heaven  
by whatever name you know: