

Unto us is born a Son,
King of quires supernal;
see on earth His life begun,
of lords the Lord eternal, (2)

Christ, from heav'n descending low,
comes on earth a stranger:
ox and ass their owner know
becradled in a manger, (2)

This did Herod sore affray,
and grievously bewilder:
so he gave the word to slay,
and slew the little childer, (2)

Of His love and mercy mild
this the Christmas story,
and O that Mary's gentle Child
might lead us up to glory! (2)

O and A and A and O
cum cantibus in choro,
let the merry organ go,
Benedicamus Domino, (2)