

The Infant Christ

Tune: Dennis

Worship the infant Christ

Asleep in manger bare;
The Son of God, come down to earth,
His glory shining there.

Then Mary, looking down,
At Jesus where He lay,
Saw all the angel promised her
Asleep on bed of hay.

She shed a tear of joy,
For Jesus lying there;
She placed a kiss upon His head,
The world her joy to share.

God's love complete in Him,
Is there for us to find,
He is our Saviour and our Lord,
Our souls He'll care and mind.

So may we ever praise,
With heart and voice and soul,
The blessed Saviour of the world,
Who came to make us whole.

Now, as we gaze on Him,
In that manger crude and bare,
Our voices we will lift in praise
Of the Christ-child lying there!

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