New Prince, new pomp

Christmas traditional

Verses 1 & 2

1. Behold a simple, tender Babe, In freezing winter night, In homely manger

Trembling lies, Alas! a pitiful sight. The inns are full; no man will yield This little Pilgrim bed; But forc'd is He with senseless beasts In crib to shroud His head. This stable is a Prince's Court, The crib His chair of

Verse 3

State; The beasts attendants on His pomp, The wooden dish His plate. The
persons in that poor attire His royal liv'ries wear; The Prince Himself is

Verse 4
come from Heav'n, This pomp is prized there. With joy approach, O Christian soul, Do homage to thy King; And

highly praise His humble pomp, Which He from Heav'n doth bring.

2. Despise Him not for lying here,
First what He is enquire:
An orient pearl is often found
In depth of dirty mire.
Weigh not His crib, His wooden dish,
Nor beasts that by Him feed;
Weigh not His Mother's poor attire,
Nor Joseph's simple weed.