Emmanuel, God with us

Christmas traditional



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Low at the cradle-throne we bend, We wonder and adore; And think no bliss can ours transcend, No rapture sweet before. The Holy One, &c.

3.

For us the world must lose its charms Before the manger-shrine, Where folder in Thy Mother's arms, Thou sleepest, Babe Divine! The Holy One, &c.

4.

Angels are thronging round Thy bed, Thine infant grace to see; The stars are paling o'er Thy head, The Day-spring dawns with Thee. The Holy One, &c.

5.

Thou art the very Light of Light, Enlighten us, sweet Child, That we may keep Thy Birthday bright, With service undefiled. The Holy One, &c.