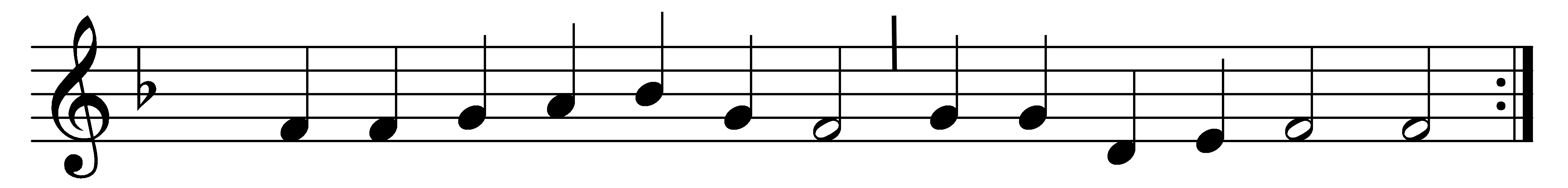
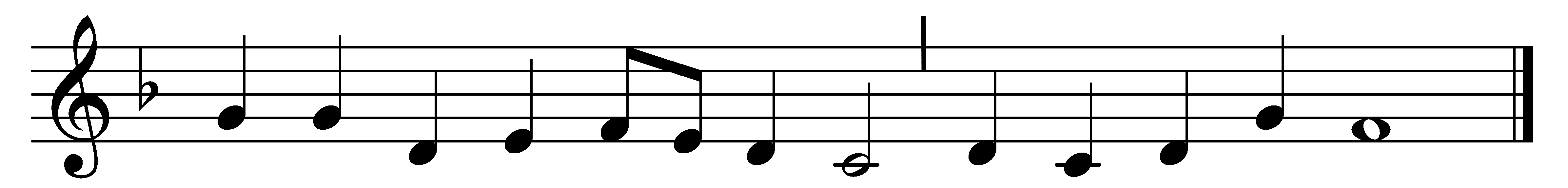
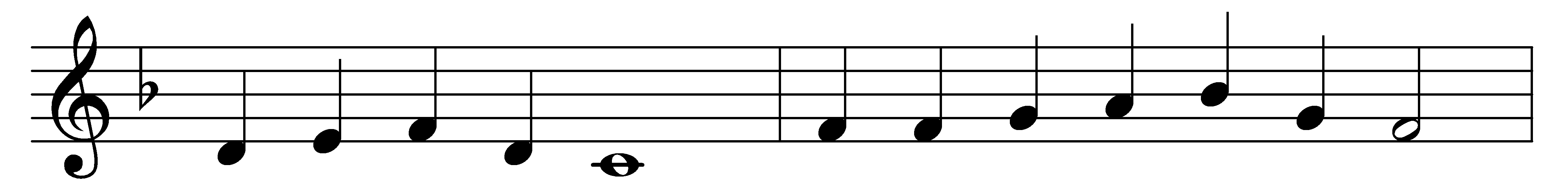
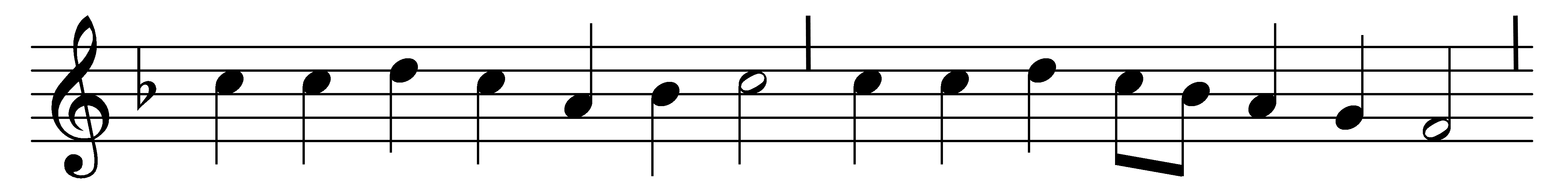
Dost thou in a manger lie Hymnal 1982 no. 97 Melody: Dies est laetitiae 7 6. 7 6. 7 7 5. 7 7 5.

British spelling

Dost thou in a manger lie,

who hast all created,

stretching infant hands on high,

Saviour, long awaited?

If a monarch, where thy state?

Where thy court on thee to wait?

Sceptre, crown, and sphere?

Here no regal pomp we see,

naught but need and penury:

why thus cradled here?

“For the world a love supreme

brought me to this stable;

all creation to redeem

I alone am able.

By this lowly birth of mine,

sinner, riches shall be thine,

matchless gifts and free;

willingly this yoke I take,

and this sacrifice I make,

heaping joys for thee.”

Christ we praise with voices bold,

laud and honour raising;

for these mercies manifold

join the hosts in praising:

Father, glory be to thee

for the wondrous charity

of thy Son, our Lord.

Better witness to thy worth,

purer praise than ours on earth,

angels’ songs afford.

Words: Jean Mauburn (1460-1503), translated by Elizabeth Rundle Charles (1828-1896) and others

Music: Melody from *Piae Cantiones*, 1582