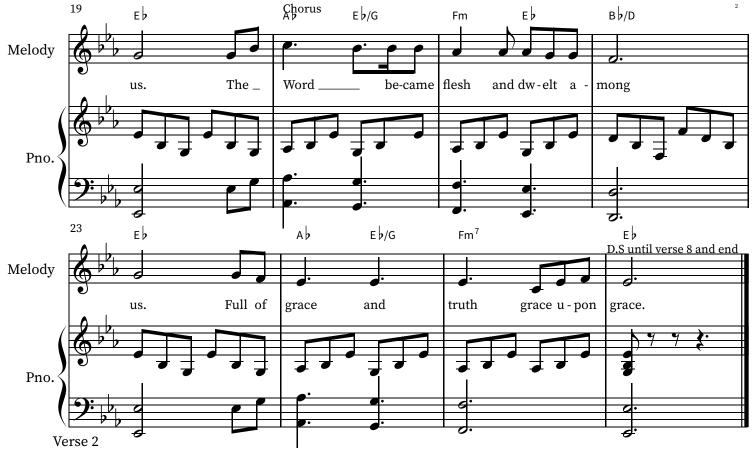
Music and chorus (John 1 lyrics) by Shawn Hobson





He comes from on high, Who fashion'd the sky, to then condescend in a manger to lie. Our God, ever blest, with oxen doth rest, is nursed by His creature, and clings to the breast.

So heavenly mild His innocence smiled, no wonder the mother should worship the Child. The angels she knew had worshipp'd Him too, and still they confess adoration His due.

On Jesus' face with eager amaze, and pleasures ecstatic, the cherubim gaze. Their newly born King transported they sing, and heaven and earth with the triumph doth ring. Verse 5

The shepherds behold Him promised of old by angels attended, by prophets foretold. The wise men adore, and bring Him their store, the rich are permitted to follow the poor.

To the inn they repair, to see the young Heir; the inn is a palace, for Jesus is there. Who now would be great, and not rather wait on Jesus, their Lord, in His humble estate? Verse 7

Like Him would I be, my Master I see in a stable; a stable shall satisfy me. With Him I reside; the manger shall hide mine honor, the manger shall bury my pride.

And here will I lie, till raised up on high, with Him on the cross, I recover the sky. And here will I lie, till raised up on high, with Him on the cross, I recover the sky. Grace upon grace