

Dost Thou in a Manger Lie?

Text, Jean Mauburn (1460-1502)

Setting, Nancy Raabe



1 Dost thou in a man-ger lie, who has all cre - a - ted,
2 "Pity - ing love for fal - len man brought me down thus low.
3 Fer - vent praise would I to thee ev - er - more be rais - ing;

5 stretch - ing in - fant hands on high, Sav - ior, long a - wait - ed?
For a race deep lost in sin, came I in - to woe.
for thy won - drous gifts to me thee be e - ver prais - ing.

9 If a mon - arch, where thy state? Where thy court on thee to wait?
By this low - ly birth of mine, count - less rich - es shall be thine,
Glo - ry, glo - ry be for aye, un - to thee, O God most high,

13 Roy - al pur - ple, where? Here no re - gal pomp we see;
match - less gifts and free; wil - ling - ly this yoke I take,
and that lov - ing Lord! Bet - ter wit - ness to thy worth,

17 naught but need and pen - u - ry; why thus crad - led here?
and this sac - ri - fice I make, heap - ing joys for thee."
pur - er praise than ours on earth, an - gels' song af - ford.