



Gentle Mary laid her Child lowly in a manger.  
There he lay, the un-defiled, to the world a stranger.  
Such a Babe in such a place – Can he be the Savior?  
Ask the saved of all the race who have found his favor.



Angels sang about his birth; wise men sought and found him.  
Heaven's star shone brightly forth glory all around him.  
Shepherds saw the wond'rous sight, heard the angels singing.  
All the plains were lit that night! All the hills were ringing.