Dost Thou In A Manger Lie

1. Dost Thou in a manger lie, Who hast all created,
   Stretching infant hands on high, Savior long awaited?
   If a monarch, where Thy state? Where Thy court on Thee to wait?
   Royal purple, where? Here no regal pomp we see;

2. "Pitying love for fallen man Bro’t me down thus low,
   For a race deep lost in sin, Come I into woe.
   By this lowly birth of mine, Sinner, riches shall be thine,
   Matchless gifts and free; Willingly this yoke I take,

3. Fervent praise would I to Thee Evermore be raising;
   For Thy wondrous love to me, Thee be ever prais ing.
   Glory, glory, be forever Unto that most bounteous Giver,
   And that loving Lord! Better witness to Thy worth,

Words by John Mauburn
Music by George Murse ll Garrett, Mus. D.

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Naught but need and penury: Why thus cradled here?
And this sacrifice I make, Heap-ing joys for thee.”
Pure praise than ours on earth, Angels’ songs afford. Amen.