All Praise To Thee, Eternal Lord

WIMBORNE

1. All praise to Thee, eternal Lord, Cloth’d in the garb of flesh and blood; Choos-ing a man-ger for Thy throne, While worlds on worlds are Thine a-lone.

2. Once did the skies be-fore Thee bow; A vir-gin’s arms con-tain Thee now: An-gels who did in Thee re-sound, Now listen for Thine in-fant voice.

3. A lit-tle Child, Thou art our guest; That wea-ry ones in Thee may re-st; For-lorn and low-ly is Thy birth, That we may rise to heav’n from earth.

4. Thou com-est in the dark-some night To make us chil-dren of the light, To make us, in the realms di-vine, Like Thine own an-gels round Thee shine.