

THE POVERTY OF THE MANGER

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The stars rejoice and angels sing
Creation 'waits the News they bring
The Shepherds from their flocks arose
And wise kings journeyed 'round their foes

In haste and hush the guests draw near
And dare approach with hallow'd fear
The stable stark, the chosen place
Where Heaven entered time and space.

The cause of joy that they'd been told
With bated breath they did behold
In rough-hewn wood and fragrant hay
The King of Kings in silence lay

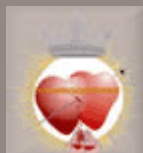
This Royal Lord of Heaven's throne
Had made Himself to weakness prone
His Humble Heart with beats so new
Would through the years be piercé'd through.

The breath of creatures 'round Him swirled
To warm the Child who'd warm the world.
From unjust pow'r He'd set men free
Yet for His life, this pow'r they'd flee.

The manger held the richest King
Who, in His Love, gave ev'rything
And thus man's poverty He'd bear
So in His richness man could share.



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