

## Christmas Songs

### "Come Behold The Virgin Mother"

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Come behold the Virgin Mother  
Fondly leaning on her child,  
Nature shews not such another,  
Glorious, holy, meek, and mild:  
Bethlehem's antient walls enclose him,  
Dwelling place of David once;  
Now no friendly homestead knows him,  
Tho' the noblest of his sons.

Many a prophecy before him  
Publish'd his bright advent long,  
Guardian Angels low adore him  
In a joyous heavenly song;  
Eastern Sages see with wonder  
His bright Star illumine the day,  
O'er the volumes old they ponder,  
Volumes of dark prophecy.

Royal Bethlehem how deserted,  
All his pomp and splendor lost;  
Is a stable, vile and dirty,  
All the welcome you can boast?  
For they travel, of inquiring  
Where the wondrous babe is born?  
On they came with great desiring,  
Although others treat with scorn.

See, a babe of days and weakness  
Heaven's Almighty now appears,  
Liable to death and sickness,  
Shame and agony and tears.  
Sovereign he and great Creator,  
He who form'd the heav'ns and earth,  
Yet takes on him human nature,  
Angels wonder at his birth.

Why, ah, why this condescension,  
God with mortal man to dwell?  
Why lay by his grand pretension,  
He who does all thrones excell?  
'Tis to be a man, a brother,

With us sinners of mankind:  
Vain we search for such another,  
Ne'er we love like this shall find.

'Tis to make himself an offering  
As a pure atoning lamb,  
Souls redeeming by his suffering,  
That in human flesh he came;  
As a God he could not suffer,  
He a body true must have;  
As a man what he might offer  
Could not satisfy or save.

Tho' an infant now you view him,  
He shall fill his Father's throne,

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