

In His Rude Manager-Bed Sleeping



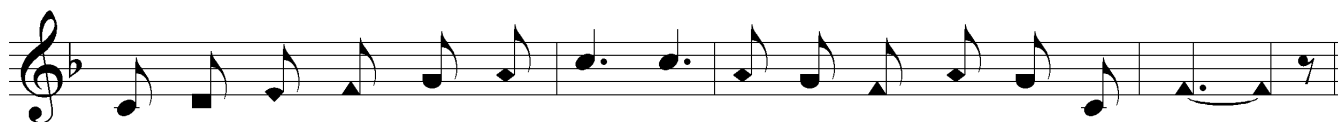
1. In His rude man - ger - bed sleep - ing See Him, the heav - en - ly Child,
 2. Moth - er, a star now is ris - ing, Clear on the lis - ten - ing night;
 3. See them, their treas - ures out - pour - ing, Gold, with their in - cense so sweet;



O'er Him her si - lent watch keep - ing, Mar - y, the moth - er, so mild;
 See how its beau - ty sur - pris - ing, Makes all the heav - ens so bright;
 See them, in wor - ship a - dor - ing, Low at the lit - tle One's feet;



Round Him the zeph - yrs are sigh - ing, O'er Him the bright ha - los shine;
 Moth - er, it comes and is stand - ing O - ver thy poor man - ger - bed;
 Moth - er, so poor and so low - ly, Take the glad gifts that we bring;



Moth - er in won - der re - ply - ing, Ba - by, O Ba - by di - vine.
 Wise men the way now are find - ing, By it they hith - er are led.
 He is the bless - ed and ho - ly, He is the Sav - ior and King.

Chorus



Moth - er, the Babe that thou hold - est Shall for a lost world a - tone;



Moth - er, the Son thou en - fold - est Scep - ters and king - doms shall own.

