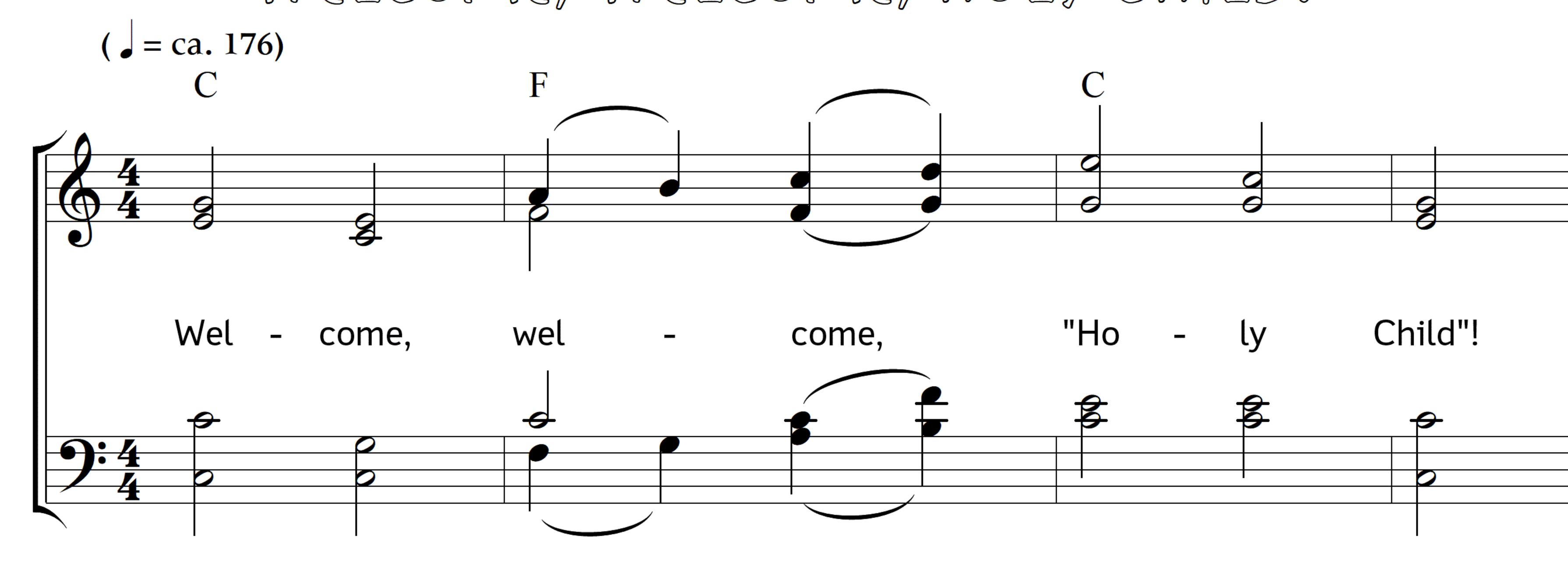
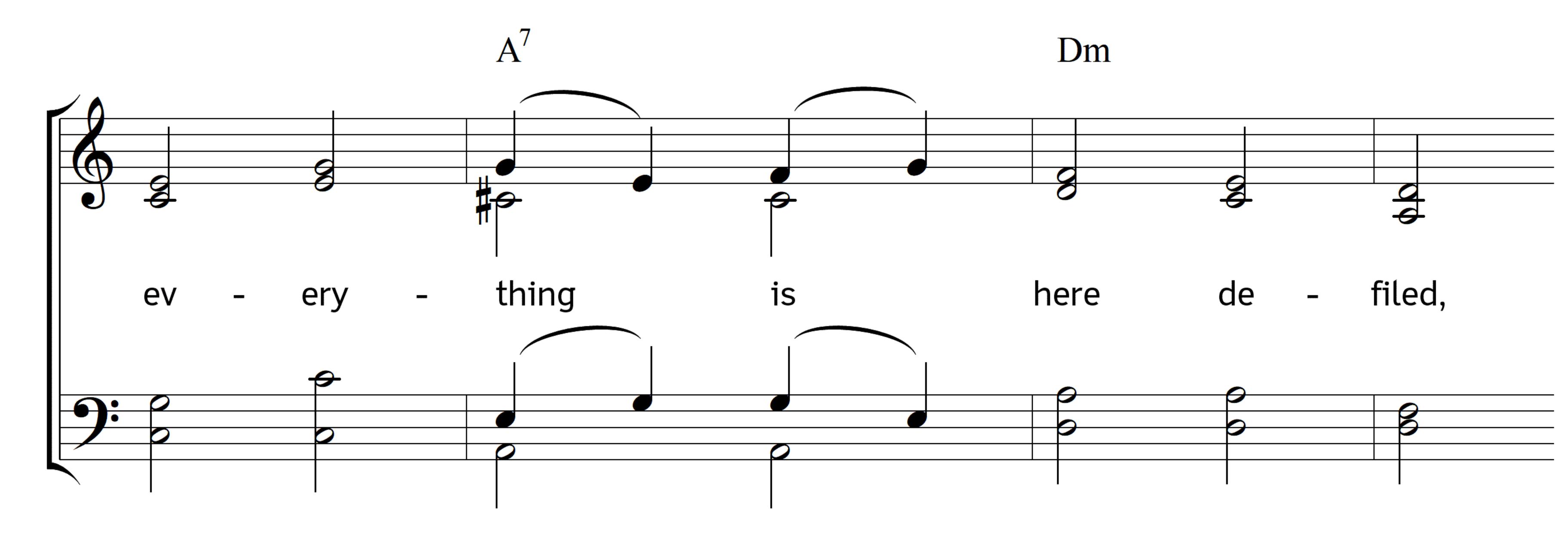
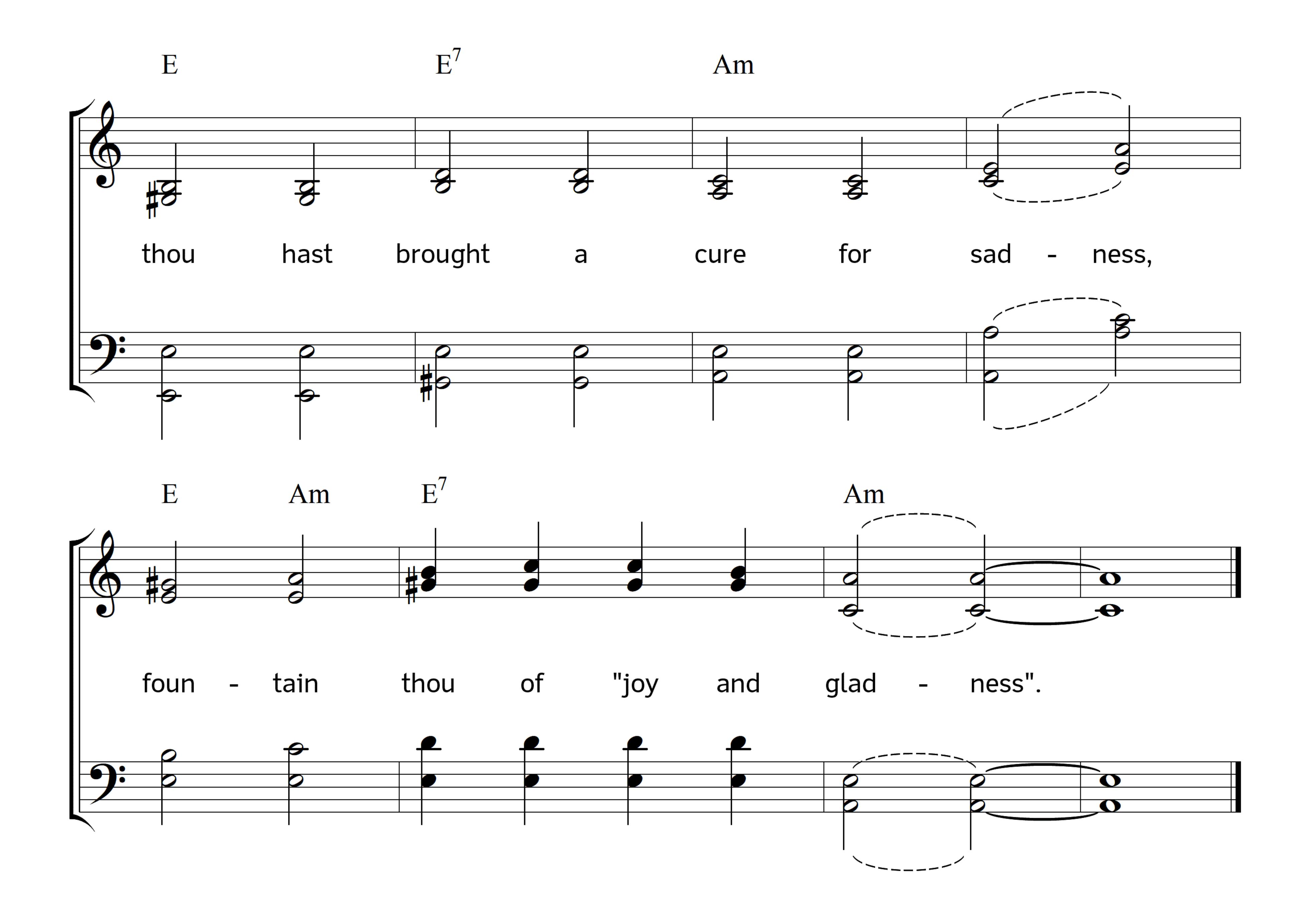
WELCOME, WELCOME, HOLY CHILD!











2. Holy Child! a crown is thine – from thy word this truth we learn – yet of royalty no sign can the eye of sense discern.

All around is poor and humble, and because of this they stumble.

4. Some may smile, in pity smile, some may mock, and some may scorn, tranquil we remain the while; owning thee, though lowly born, shall we doubt, when angels could not? Shall we shrink, when angels would not?

- 3. Promised Infant, come at length!
 Though a babe in arms we see,
 without speech, and without strength,
 thee alone we own to be
 Lord of earth, and Lord of heaven,
 him to whom all pow'r is given.
- 5. Wondrous Infant, thee we own "Lord of all" beyond a doubt.
 Every eye shall see thee soon, every ear shall hear "the shout"; shout of angels lauding thee, what a day that day will be!

Words: Thomas Kelly. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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