



- 2. For it dawns, the promised morrow of his birth who the earth rescues from her sorrow.God to wear our form descendeth, of his grace to our race here his Son he lendeth:
- 3. yea, so truly for us careth, that his Son all we've done as our offering beareth; as our Lamb who, dying for us, bears our load, and to God doth in peace restore us.
- 4. Hark! a voice from yonder manger, soft and sweet, doth entreat:
  "Flee from woe and danger; brethren, come: from all doth grieve you you are freed; all you need
  I will surely give you."
- 5. Come, then, let us hasten yonder; here let all, great and small, kneel in awe and wonder.Love him who with love is yearning; hail the Star that from far bright with hope is burning!
- 6. Ye who pine in weary sadness, weep no more, for the door now is found of gladness.Cling to him, for he will guide you where no cross, pain or loss, can again betide you.

- 7. Hither come, ye heavy-hearted, who for sin, deep within, long and sore have smarted; for the poisoned wounds you're feeling help is near; One is here mighty for their healing!
- 8. Hither come, ye poor and wretched; know his will is to fill every hand outstretchèd; here are riches without measure, here forget all regret, fill your hearts with treasure.
- 9. Blessed Saviour, let me find thee!
   Keep thou me
   close to thee,
   cast me not behind thee!
   Life of life, my heart thou stillest,
   calm I rest
   on thy breast,
   all this void thou fillest.
- 10. Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish, live to thee, and with thee dying, shall not perish; but shall dwell with thee for ever, far on high, in the joy that can alter never.

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