MIGHT OF WONDER



2. Night of beauty, hour of gladness, of all nights the first and best; not a cloud to speak of sadness, not a star but sings of rest; holy midnight, showering peace, never shall thy radiance cease.

3. Happy city, dearest, fairest, lonely, tranquil Bethlehem!
Least and lowliest, richest, rarest, David's city, Judah's gem; out of thee there comes the light, that dispelleth all our night.

- 4. In thee heaven and earth are meeting; lo, there comes the angel-throng; we give back the heavenly greeting, joining in the holy song, song of festival and mirth, song of morning to the earth.
- 5. Now to thee thy King descendeth, laid upon a woman's knee; to thy gates his step he bendeth, to the manger cometh he; David's Lord and David's Son, this the cradle and his throne.
- 6. All unconscious of the treasure that within thy walls there lies, is it slumber, is it pleasure that is sealing up thine eyes?

 Canst thou not the grandeur see of that veilèd majesty?
- 7. All unwitting of the wonder wrought within thy gates tonight, art thou blind to him who yonder sleeps unhonoured, Prince of Light? Thou thyself the cradle-bed, for the King of Glory spread!
- 8. He, the lowliest of the lowly, to our tainted world has come; he, the holiest of the holy, cannot find a human home.

 All for us he has been born, all for us he bears the scorn.

- 9. Babe of weakness, Child of grandeur, at thy stony crib we bow; not a trace of heavenly splendour, yet the King of angels thou! Soon by earth to be adored, as creation's Heir and Lord.
- 10. Light of life, thou liest yonder, mystery of mighty love;nought from thee our souls shall sunder, nought from us shall thee remove.Take these hearts, and let them be throne and cradle both for thee!
- 11. Bread of God, though yet unbroken, still even now the living bread; in that manger, lo, the token of the table to be spread for us in the upper room, when the longed-for night is come.
- 12. Rose of Sharon, springing sweetly in this sacred solitude, every gracious leaflet fitly folded in this tender bud; all the beauty yet concealed, all the fragrance unrevealed.
- 13. O'er thy cradle we are bending, singing low our song of love, soon to sing the song unending in the Bethlehem above; through the ages gazing on, not the cradle, but the throne.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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