



2. He cometh in his love,
for us on earth to live;
bearing the burden of our guilt,
for us his life to give.
O many-sided love,
so boundless and so free!
Love of the cradle and the cross,
what joy we find in thee!
He cometh in his grace,
the guilty to forgive;
he cometh in his glorious power,
that maketh dead men live.

3. He comes to live our life, he comes to weep our tears, to give us sympathy in all our sorrows and our fears.
He comes to die our death, to enter our dark tomb, to conquer our last enemy, and rob the grave of gloom.
He cometh, clothed in light, to bid our darkness flee; for night to give us day, for death his immortality.

4. The Christ of God we sing, the Babe of Bethlehem!
And on his infant head we place the royal diadem.
The crown of thorns is his, that child of poverty, who on this earth of ours can find no place his head to lay.
The crown of heaven is his, and angels own him there.
The crown of earth shall yet be his, and we that crown shall share.

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