

Lo, I Bring You Tidings

Lo, I bring you tidings, Hear God's tender mercies outpoured:

He has sent a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

Down the Dayspring comes to men, made a child of earth.

Sing, Creation, for His birth! Alleluia!

Can this be Messiah, David's son as prophets did tell?

Shall a tiny Babe be our Emmanuel?

Let us go to Bethlehem; we will see this thing,

Haste, that we may greet our King, Alleluia.

Mary pondered greatly all the words the shepherds had said,

Watching close her baby, in his manger bed.

Here asleep the Son of God, and the Son of man,

Heav'n and earth within Him stand. Alleluia!