

## **When Mary Bore Jesus, the child who was God**

When Mary bore Jesus, the child who was God,  
The eternal, incarnate on earth, became flesh;  
Arrived in a stable, no place for a king,  
In a manger was laid for His bed.  
The angelic hosts sang, the wise men brought their gifts  
Came to worship this child who was God;  
Emmanuel lay sleeping all swaddled in rags;  
God's Redemptive One starting life's road.

And when we sent Jesus to die on the cross  
All our sins and the world's came to rest on His brow  
'Midst thorns and the pain of despair hung our Lord;  
As His blood flowed His work seemed in vain.  
Praying "Father forgive them,  
they know not what they do"  
Then His love for the world, it was shown;  
God's Lamb, by Father forsaken it seemed,  
Died cut off from the One He had known.

Three days after burial, the stone door had moved  
To reveal that the body was gone from the tomb;  
Disciples saw Jesus who'd risen again,  
For the power of death had lost its hold.  
Now from heav'n with compassion, for He understands,  
Interceding for you and for me,  
So we might stand righteous and pure in God's sight,  
Clothed in white we'll join the angels round His throne!