There in the narrow manger, cold and bleak,
Show me thy wondrous Babe, O Mother maid,
Up on thy fair and youthful face I read
A sinner kneeling at an Infant's cot.

My Lord, Thou art; And there within those Hands, so
Foretold of yore; The treasure on thy virgin-
A look of love - A look which bids me trust thee
I call on thee; A sinner at the Cross for-

soft and weak, I lay my heart. Beneath those
bosom laid Let me adore. That small Hand
in my need, Spouse of the Dove. Mother of
get me not, But plead for me. And thus in

ti ny feet I bow my head,
place upon my prostrate brow,
God, commend me to thy Son
faith assured I leave my heart,
O bles - sed child. And kiss the straw that
O Mo - ther dear; For crouch - ing in His
As here I bend; And oh, com - mend me
Blest Child, with Thee; A worth - less gift with

forms Thy chil - ly bed In win - ter wild.
In - fant - pres - ence, now I quake with fear.
when my task is done, And life shall end.
which Thou wilt not part E - ter - nal - ly.