

“Incarnation”

Little child, look on me –
What can Thy newborn eyes see?
Dost Thou recognize a man
Fashioned by Thine ancient plan?
Infant that Thou hast become
Canst Thou yet behold me from
The aspect of eternity?

Little child, think of me –
No slave was ever less free.
I have sold myself to sin,
Vainly now I try to win
My freedom. Can Thy tiny hands
Bear the nails, and break my bands,
And set my soul at liberty?

Little child, die for me –
Thy Law hast judged me guilty!
Righteous statutes they, but I
Scorned Thy precepts, and must die.
Can Thy frame bear my disgrace?
Will Thy holy blood erase
My guilt, through Thy mortality?

Little child, O save me –
Vouchsafe to me Thy mercy!
Rescue me from hell and pride,
Credit me as justified.
From Thy crib commence this task,
Sanctify me, for I ask
Deliverance from sin’s tyranny.

Little Child, I love Thee –
Second of the One-in-Three
Ever-living God art Thou,
Bearing human nature now.
I exalt and magnify
Thee, my Lord, astonished by
Impenetrable mystery.

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