

Unto us a boy is born! The King of all creation, came he to a world forlorn, the Lord of every nation.

Cradled in a stall was he with sleepy cows and asses; but the very beasts could see that he all men surpasses.

Herod then with fear was filled; 'A prince,' he said, 'in Jewry!' All the little boys he killed at Bethl'hem in his fury.

Now may Mary's son, who came so long ago to love us, lead us all with hearts aflame unto the joys above us.

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Words: Latin, 15th century, translated by Percy Dearmer (1867-1936) Music: Melody from *Piae Cantiones*, 1582, harmonised by Geoffrey Turton Shaw (1879-1943)