

- 2. O sight of anguish! view it near, What weeping innocence is here, A manger for his bed! The brutes yield refuge to his woe, Men the worst brutes no pity show, Nor give him friendly aid.
- 3. Why do no rapid thunders roll? Why do no tempests rock the pole? O miracle of grace! Or why no angels on the wing, Warm for the honors of their King, To punish all the race?
- 4. Though now an infant bathed in tears, He called to form the rolling spheres; And seraphs owned his nod. Helpless he calls, but men delay; And guilty sinners disobey The earth-born Son of God.
- 5. Redemption! 'tis a boundless theme! Thou boundless mind, our hearts inflame With ardor from above.

 Words are but faint, let joy express;
 Vain is mere joy, let actions bless
 This prodigy of love.