CRYPT CAROL

Jeffrey Quick 2003

1. This manager like a coffin, this stable like a tomb, the
resting place of Jesus, fresh from His mother's womb. The
swaddling clothes wind round Him, The myrrh will soon be
ever-living Son of God has come to earth to die.

2. Like Moses in a basket, abandoned on the strand, He
comes to lead His people up to their promised land. No
courage you believers when faced with bleakest wrong; since
is a calloused carpenter who calms His infant cry.

3. The first-born sons of Egypt were struck down by the Lord, The
new-born sons of Israel mowed down by Herod's sword. But
even those who'd murder Him must raise Him to the sky.

4. A fragile tender baby, A meek obedient boy, He
took on mortal limits, Death's power to destroy. Take
He became as weak as us, let us in Him be strong.