

The heavenly Child in stature grows, and, growing, learns to die; and still his early training shows his coming agony.

The Son of God his glory hides to dwell with parents poor; and he who made the heavens abides in dwelling-place obscure.

Those mighty hands that rule the sky no earthly toil refuse; the maker of the stars on high an humble trade pursues.

He whom the choirs of angels praise, bearing each dread decree, his earthly parents now obeys in glad humility.

For this thy lowliness revealed, Jesus, we thee adore, and praise to God the Father yield and Spirit evermore.

Words: Jean-Baptiste de Santeuil (1630-1697), translated by John Chandler (1806-1876) Music: Thomas Tallis (c. 1505-1585)