

Hands that placed the stars,  
Reaching for the virgin's warm embrace.  
Word that once was spoke,  
Gath'ring waters, cries into the night.  
"Who is man that you mind?  
The son of man that you care?"  
You placed him here beneath angels,  
A Son, Emmanuel.

"You are my Son.  
Today I have become your Father.  
Son, now hear my voice,  
Go unto my chosen people.  
No burden they'll ever bear,  
Will you, my Son, not share.  
Like them in every way,  
From their sins you will save."

Fit for a King, a crown,  
Thorned with human sin and pride,  
Ribbioned with man's disdain and lies.  
Pressed on all sides,  
Oh, from the tempter's whispered sins,  
"Who is man that you should mind?"

This is now my choice  
To walk among my fellow brothers.  
Wounds I won't erase  
To bear the sin that's pulled them from your heart.

No skin of mine will be saved,

But for you will be slaved.”

Beneath the light of angelic skies,

A Son, Emmanuel.

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