

A Virgin Most Blessed

A virgin most blessed, as the prophets did proclaim,
Gave birth to a baby, and Jesus was His name;
To be our Redeemer from death, hell and sin,
Which Adam's transgression had wrapped us in.

In Bethlehem of Judah, a city far away,
Poor Joseph and Mary sought a place they could stay;
And there to be registered with all of their kin,
For Caesar had commanded; they were of David's line.

But when they had entered that city so small,
They found at the inn there no lodging at all.
Then were they constrained in a stable to stay,
Where horses and cattle were given their hay;

So in that rude stable, our Saviour was born,
The King of all kings, on that first Christmas morn;
There Mary had swaddled her young son so sweet,
In a manger for oxen, she laid him to sleep.

Then God sent His angels in glory shining bright;
To shepherds of that country, watching flocks by night.
And to them was given good news of great joy;
A Saviour, Christ the Lord, is born to you this day.

Rejoice and be merry,
Put sorrows away!
Christ Jesus, our Saviour,
Was born for us this day.
So we, like the angels who sing glory above,
Give praise to the Lord, Who has shown to us His love!

lyrics: English traditional Carol ~ revised Rev. Brian L. Penney
tune: Virgin Most Pure