



Gentle Mary Laid Her Head

Gentle Mary laid her Child
Lowly in a manger.
There He lay, the Undefined,
To the world a stranger.
Such a Babe in such a place,
Can He be the Savior?
Ask the saved of all the race
Who have found His favor.

Angels sang about His birth,
Wise men sought and found Him.
Heaven's star shone brightly forth
Glory all around Him.
Shepherds saw the wondrous sight,
Hear the angels singing.
All the plains were lit that night,
All the hills were ringing.

Gentle Mary laid her Child
Lowly in a manger.
He is still the Undefined,
But no more a stranger.
Son of God of humble birth,
Beautiful the story.
Praise His name in all the earth.
Hail! The King of Glory!