

Song of Joseph

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Who is He, born as this Child, like any other, so meek and mild?
Yet, while sleeping so peacefully upholds all creation silently.

Who is He in this lowly place; such a humble birthright into our race?
Dwelling among us for a time, His royal throne He left behind.

He shall be called Immanuel God with us, veiled in flesh, to dwell;
For He shall save us from our sins. But, how will all this begin?

How can He Who made all things dwell with me, salvation to bring?
How can He ever look at me and only His own righteousness see?

How can He, this Holy Child count me as if I am undefiled?
How will He, this little One finish this mighty work He has begun?

He shall be called Immanuel God with us, veiled in flesh, to dwell;
For He will save us from our sins. We only need to trust in Him.

Baby Jesus, God's own Son, I want to know Your salvation.
And give You glory all my days; to worship You with ceaseless praise!

For You shall be called Immanuel God with us, now in men will dwell;
Our Creator, Redeemer, and Friend, let Your new creation begin.