

The Manger

Anne Wilson

They're putting decorations up in front of my old church
The shepherds and the wise men and the hay
There's Joseph and his Mary lookin' down at Heaven's birth
And the angel's saying don't you be afraid

It makes me stop and think about how You showed up down here
In a humble bed made of nails and wood
You could have picked a palace, something more fit for a King
But then the story wouldn't be as good

From the highest of the high
To the lowest of the low
That stable tells a story of the distance You will go
For the lonely and the lost
There's no sinner too far gone to find a Savior
Lying in the manger

There's a star up in the sky that's calling all the least of these
Come make your way to where your hope is found
If I'm honest some days I feel too far out of reach
But the manger reminds me love reached down

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You were carried by a manger and just 33 years later
By a rugged cross made from nails and wood
And the tears fill up my eyes, You didn't have to give Your life
But then the story wouldn't be as good

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Away in a manger, no crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head
The stars in the sky looked down where he lay
The little Lord Jesus asleep in the hay