



## **The Miles Coverdale Carol**

The blessed son of God only  
In a crib full poor did lie;  
With our poor flesh and our poor blood  
Was clothed that everlasting good.

The Lord Christ Jesu, God's son dear,  
Was a guest and a stranger here;  
Us for to bring from misery,  
That we might live eternally.

All this did he for us freely,  
For to declare his great mercy;  
All Christendom be merry therefore,  
And give him thanks for evermore.  
And give him thanks forever more.