

HEAVEN'S RICHES



Oh, pray, what kind of king is this
Whose palace is a stable rude,
A cattle barn, a livery,
A leaning shack all made of wood?

This Monarch's throne is but a manger,
A place where donkeys come to feed;
This world's kings are born in plenty,
But this One in penurious need.

His scepter is a piece of straw;
What kind of reign and rule is this?
His courtiers poor shepherds are;
Oh, pray, what kind of Kingdom His?

And in the future days to come
The manger will become a Cross,
His Crown shall be a Crown of Thorns,
For us will He suffer loss.

Oh child of woe, oh child of God,
See Heaven's riches on display!
Heav'n's poverty is richer far
Than riches of this world of clay.

The treasure is the One Who's born,
Come from Heaven, born in our place;
'Tis God Himself to earth come down,

Our God now with a human face.

Sure, here is all the wealth we need,
Here is treasure greater far,
Here is Jesus, born for us,
Here the Bright and Morning Star.