## From east to west, from shore to shore





From east to west, from shore to shore, Let every heart awake and sing The holy Child Whom Mary bore, The Christ, the everlasting King.

Behold, the world's Creator wears The form and fashion of a slave; Our very flesh our Maker shares, His fallen creature, man, to save.

For this how wondrously He wrought! A maiden, in her lowly place, Became, in ways beyond all thought, The chosen vessel of His grace.

And while the angels in the sky Sang praise above the silent field, To shepherds poor the Lord Most High, The one great Shepherd, was revealed.

All glory for this blessèd morn To God the Father ever be; All praise to Thee, O virgin born, All praise, O Holy Ghost, to Thee.

Caelius Sedulius

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