Gather 'Round, Ye Children, Come

Gather round ye children come, listen to the old, old story
Of the power of death undone, by an infant born of glory
Son of God, Son of Man

Gather 'round, remember now, how creation held its breath
How it let out a sigh, and it filled up the sky with the angels
Son of God, Son of Man

So, sing out with joy for the brave little boy
Who was God, but He made Himself nothin'
Well, He gave up His pride, and He came here to die like a man

Therefore, God exalted Him, to the place of highest praises
And He gave Him a name above every name
That at the very name of Jesus, Son of God

We would sing out with joy for the brave little boy
Who was God, but He made Himself nothin'
Well, He gave up His pride, and He came here to die like a man

So, in heav'n and earth and below
Every knee would bow in worship
Ev'ry tongue would proclaim
Jesus, He reigns with the angels

So, sing out with joy for the brave little boy
Who was God, but He made Himself nothin'
'Cause he gave up His pride
And He came here to die like a man

So, gather round ye children come
Listen to the old, old story
Of the power of death undone
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