

Dear Little Stranger

Low in a manger, dear little Stranger,  
Jesus, the wonderful Saviour, was born.  
There were none to receive Him, none to believe Him,  
non but the angels were watching that morn.

Dear little Stranger, slept in a manger,  
no downy pillow under His head;  
But with the poor He slumbered secure,  
the dear little Babe in His bed.

Angels descending, over Him bending,  
chanted a tender and silent refrain;  
Then a wonderful story told of His glory,  
unto the shepherds on Bethlehem's plain.

Dear little Stranger slept in a manger,  
no downy pillow under His head;  
But with the poor He slumbered secure,  
the dear little Babe in His bed.  
The dear little Stranger asleep in His bed.

Charles H. Gabriel, Victor C. Johnson  
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