# Cymru Fach

## Treorchy Male Voice Choir

Haven't you heard a child is born that all want to see?
Son of a pure and modest virgin, Mary's her name
They say, her baby is the savior prophets proclaim
I would be pleased to go with you so likely I'll go
But can we take our time to see him? Shop on the road?
Have you some cake to take the infant? Sugar-plums, too?
I'm sure that Mary's house is lovely, tidy and new
I am afraid that you're mistaken, wrong as can be
This blessed maiden has no splendid rich place to stay
For she lies within a wretched stable, dirty and poor
There is no table for your presents, only the floor
Surely she has a warm soft cradle there for the child
One has to rock and calm an infant so weak and so mild
What sort of guards and servants has she to give her aid?
Cannot the heavenly father's power help the poor maid?
All they could think to find for a cradle, a manger bed
Bundle of dusty, dry straw to pillow his head
Joseph, her husband, he cares for Mary best as he can
In place of servant, ox and donkey are looking on
Traveling tires me and this journey seems a long way
Only to see a new-born baby lying on hay
Maybe you shepherds find excitement in this affair
But I am used to things much better in which to share
You must not talk that way, my neighbor, mark what I say
Upon my honor, this is our savior born on this day
It is his choice to come so humbly there in a stall
Granting his power and grace so gently to one and all
O blessed mother, free us all from arrogant pride
May we, when life on earth is ended, hasten to your side
Daring to hope you will present us to your dear son
And that we'll gain the bliss and joy of paradise won
Haven't you heard a child is born that all want to see?
Son of a pure and modest virgin, Mary's her name

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