

He was born in a stable  
behind the inn,  
homeless,  
Prince of Peace, Wonderful Counsellor  
God with Us.

Like the men who sleep huddled  
on subway grates,  
the women living in cardboard huts,  
the children shivering in  
gasless cars  
He was born,  
Prince of Peace, Emmanuel,  
homeless.

Feed the hungry, clothe the naked,  
He said to us.  
Heal the sick, visit the prisoners  
said the  
Wonderful Counsellor, Son of Man,  
God with Us;  
house the homeless, He says to us.

House the homeless, free the slaves,  
feed the children,  
comfort the dying;  
and somewhere  
deep within  
find a home in our hearts  
for  
Him.