

Michael W. Smith, No Eye Had Seen

No eye had seen
No ear had heard
'Til host on high
Proclaimed the birth

And heav'n brought down
Its only child
The Son of Man the world reconciled

Quietly with no one watching
From the womb of perfect peace
Wellspring of our joy delivered Into earthly destiny

And song broke forth
Angelic strain
And none could help
But sing the name

Emmanuel Emmanuel
Emmanuel Emmanuel

Kyrie eleison we sing
Glory to the newborn King
Mortal and immortal voices
Endless praises echoing