

Christ our God, we sing of your humility beyond our understanding, for though you sat on a throne in heaven, and had the earth for a footstool, you did not think it beneath you to take flesh from a holy virgin, to be made human, and to lie unnoticed as a new-born baby in the manger. Indeed, you sat on a colt, and by your own will endured suffering for us. Before, by inspiration, the heavenly powers sang hymns to you fitting for your Godhead, but now a new hymn is sung to you on earth. You taught the troublesome crowd by perfecting praise from the mouths of infants and children. You taught them how to tell of glory in heaven and peace on earth. With them accept the songs of your unworthy servants, who sing to your victory over death. Bless those who proclaim: "You come in the name of God, yet not entirely abandoning the glory of the Father, for you will come again to judge the whole world in righteousness." Make us worthy to receive you as you come, arm us for a victorious struggle against passions, and crown us with virtue in return for our palms and branches, so that we may meet you with joy as you come on the clouds in glory, and so that we may become heirs of your Kingdom. For you are the Lover of humankind, and are glorified together with your Father, who is without beginning, and your all-holy, good and life-giving Spirit, now and for ever, and to the ages of ages. Amen.