

THE NAZARENE

He came, the Saviour of the world,  
On that first Christmas morn,  
When of a Virgin Mother pure,  
A holy Babe was born.

For thirty years at Nazareth,  
A peaceful life He led;  
A loving Child, a humble Man,  
By foster-father fed.

Then He, with chosen servants twelve,  
His public life began;  
He healed the sick, and raised the dead,  
This glorious God, made Man.

He died, Redeemer of the world,  
On Calvary's cruel Cross:  
See 'neath His feet, a mother sad  
Mourning her grievous loss.

Forth from the guarded sepulchre,  
He came, on Easter Day,  
As lightly touched by Heavenly power,  
The stone was rolled away.

When forty days of teaching passed,  
He rose to Heaven above;  
Yet He remains, oh mystery!  
A Prisoner of Love.

W. E. L. '29