

(Troyte. Adpt. 8. 6. 8. 4.)

A. D. H. Troyte

1. He left the bright-ness of His home For sinners such as I;  
 2. On - ly be - got - ten Son of God! He left the courts on high  
 3. And an-gel voi - ces at His birth His praises chant-ed high;

Re - ject - ed and a stran-ger here, He came to die!  
 To tread the wear - y paths of earth; He came to die!  
 Heaven shone up - on His low - ly bed; He came to die!

4 His life on earth was lowliness,  
 To God and sinners nigh;  
 He had nowhere to lay His head;  
 He came to die!

5 His was the voice that breathed o'er time,  
 The comfort of the sky!  
 "Come unto Me," for us He came;  
 He came to die!

6 He loved the ones for whom He died —  
 Not ours to question why;  
 But ours to know the love of Him  
 Who came to die!

7 His is the loving voice we hear  
 That leads us to the sky.  
 We bless Thee, Lord, who came to earth  
 For us to die!