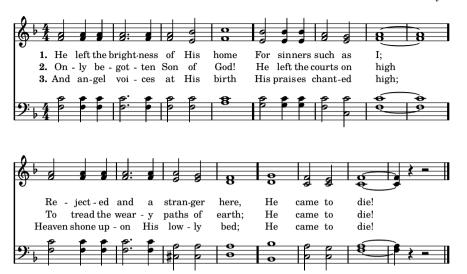
(Troyte, Adpt. 8. 6. 8. 4.)

Arthur H. D. Troyte



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

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;
- 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!