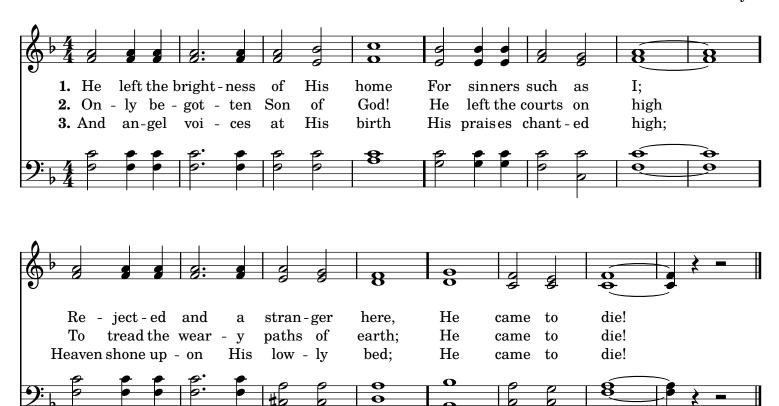
He Left the Brightness of His Home

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

A. D. H. Troyte



- 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!