



The Man of Men

By Leigh Mitchell Hodges

Long years ago in Nazareth
There lived a little child
And he was fair and full of play
And he was sweet and mild

His father was a carpenter
His mother spun and sang
And thro' the little home his laughter
All day like joy-bells rang

Sometimes he'd go to gather flowers,
And sometimes he would run
To chase the butterflies that danced
And dangled in the sun.

And sometimes he would fall and cry
And then his mother came
To kiss away the big round tears
And call him a love-name.

She thought she saw a bit of heav'n
When he looked up and smiled,
The heav'n that every mother sees,
Who soothes her little child.

And as he grew he learned to use
The tools his father had
He was a mighty carpenter
For such a slender lad!

For he could saw a cedar beam
And smooth and join it, too.
And he could fashion olive-wood,
And all his work was true.

And when the working day was done
He sought his mother's knee,
And prayed to that same father good,
Who cares for you and me.

Sometimes he would lose the things he found
We lose the things we find
The shavings from the cedar beam
Before he smoothed a world.

And made its rough spots easy trod
And joined its severed parts,
When he had left his father's bench
To work with human hearts!

It is not well we lose him thus,
Or change his place for other
Than that of what he came to be:
Our working, loving brother.

It is not well to praise him King
With songs of Christmas joy,
If we let glory screen the days
When he was just a boy.

For thus he came to lift and save,
Not girt with great command
Of regal power and princely sway,
But just to take the hand

Of every struggling, seeking soul
That tries to find a way
Through sorrow's toil-encompassed marsh
To joy's exultant day.

So let each soul that this day sings
Recall again, again,
That better far than King of Kings,
He is the MAN of MEN!

