

Love made Him take a human birth,  
With us to have a part.

Toil never out-wears love. Love toils  
And finds its rest in toil ;  
Love cannot rest, when those it loves  
Are misery's sport and spoil ;  
Love rests in work ; Love joys in pain,  
If only it may bless  
The objects of its care, and save  
From suffering and distress.

The faithful Shepherd leaves the flock,  
His one lost sheep to find ;  
Follows its tracks o'er thorny wastes,  
To toil and danger blind ;  
And when His lost one He has found,  
How great is His delight !  
He bears it on His shoulders home,  
And counts the burden light.

Hungry, and thirsty, weary too,  
He sits on Jacob's well ;  
But the strong thirstings of His love,  
To rescue souls from hell,  
Make Him forget all but her need,  
All but His Father's will :  
His meat, His drink, His one delight,  
His mission to fulfil.

It was a task that needed all  
His gracious skill, to win  
That hardened heart and darkened mind,  
So long enslaved by sin :  
What wise and faithful tenderness,  
In all His words we see !  
Each one of us, O Lord, confess,  
Thou didst the same for me.