

Canadian Missionary Link

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NAZARETH TOWN

By Clinton Scollard

Nazareth town in Galilee,
Set where the paths lead up from the sea
That like the chords of a mighty lyre
Dirges over the rocks of Tyre,
Mourns where the piers of Sidon shone,
And the battlement—cinctured Ascalon.
They have waned as the sunset wanes;
Little more than a name remains;
But more than a name we hold it, - we,
Nazareth town in Galilee!

Nazareth town in Galilee!
Ah, what a golden harmony walls!
The dawn seems, flooding its bright white
And when the violet twilight falls,
What a vast procession of stars
Pageants over its stilled bazaars!
And when the full moon touches the height
Of Tabor, a torch of brilliant light,
Never was sight more fair to see;
Nazareth town in Galilee.

Nazareth town in Galilee!
Strumming a desert melody,
The Bedouin minstrel trolls in the street;
At the Well of the Virgin the maidens meet;
The cactus-hedges crimson to flower,
And the olives silver hour by hour
As through their branches the south wind
steals;
A clear bell peals, and a vulture wheels
Over the crest where the wild crags be;
Nazareth town in Galilee.

Nazareth town in Galilee!
At the sound of the words how memory
Kindles as earth does under the spring,
Till the dead days rise for our visioning;
And out of them one compassionate face
Beams with a more than mortal grace;
Out of them one inspiring voice
Cries in the ears of the world "rejoice!"
And ever a beacon of Hope shall be
Nazareth town in Galilee!