

The shadow of a shame lay on the birth  
Of Jesus, that all those without a name  
Or any heritage but that of shame  
Might find in Him their portion on the earth,  
And place with God's first-born. Without a hearth,  
Sad and alone, to Him the homeless came  
For comfort, and He died as felons die,  
That those who bear the law's last penalty  
Their Lord beside them on His cross might see.

O wondrous revelation of the love  
That for us men could hope and suffer all.  
What soul so fearful as to dread the call  
Of love like this? What soul can prove  
So desperate, as not to turn and move  
To meet Love pleading, at Love's feet to fall?  
Behold the Man! While it is called to-day,  
Sad soul of the lost world! come thou and pray;  
Behold the Lamb of God who takes thy sins away!