

Life of Christ

Jessie H. Baker, 1890

John Marchant Whyte

♩=97

1. From a pal - ace to a man - ger, Once the Sav - ior came; Poor, des-
2. On the cross, His arms ex - tend - ed, There my Sav - ior dies; In a
3. Wide are flung the gates of bright-ness, List the heav'n - ly strains! On a

- pised, and called a stran - ger; This, my Sav - ior's fame. Down in
grave— His life - work end - ed, There my Sav - ior lies; From the
throne of daz - ling white-ness, Now my Sav - ior reigns; And to

path - ways dark and drear-y, Still my Sav - ior goes, Cheer - ing hearts grown faint and
tomb, death's fet - ters rend - ing, See my Sav - ior rise, Back to Heav'n, to home as -
see Him in His beau - ty On the hills of God, I must tread the path of

Refrain

wea - ry, Bear - ing oth - er's woes.
- cend - ing, Lo! He mounts the skies. My Lord was cru - ci - fied for me, Up - on the cross He
du - ty, That my Sav - ior trod.

died for me, And I will love Thee, my Sav - ior; For Thou hast first loved me.