

A Man there lived in Galilee unlike all men before, for he alone from first to last our flesh unsullied wore; a perfect life of perfect deeds once to the world was shown, that all mankind might mark his steps and in them plant their own.

A Man there died on Calvary above all others brave; his fellow-men he saved and blessed, himself he scorned to save. No thought can gauge the weight of woe on him, the sinless, laid; we only know that with his blood our ransom price was paid.

A Man there reigns in glory now, divine, yet human still; that human which is all divine death sought in vain to kill. All power is his; supreme he rules the realms of time and space; yet still our human cares and needs find in his heart a place.

Words: Somerset Corry Lowry (1855-1932)

Music: Tyrolean melody