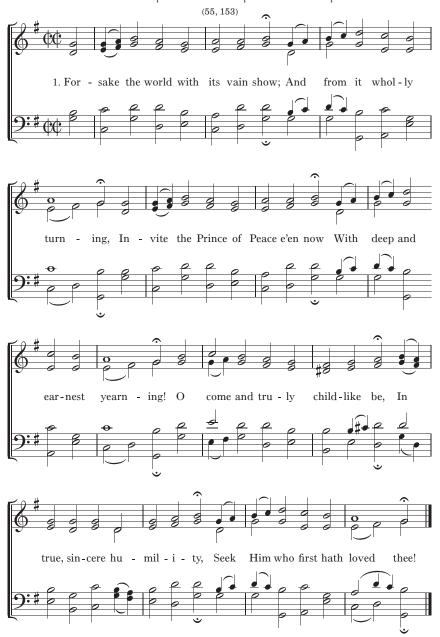
107 Forsake the World with Its Vain Show



- 2. Our poverty He came to share,
 The Author of all blessing;
 He slumbered in a manger bare,
 Though endless gifts possessing.
 Lo, He who is our Highest Good
 Thus clothed Himself with flesh and blood
 In order to redeem us.
- 3. He came in humble servant guise, His love to men addressing; And from His kind and gentle eyes Streamed comfort, peace, and blessing. He did not come to judge our race But to reveal the Father's face, Love, truth, and grace expressing.
- 4. His star makes bright the darkest night, To none is He a stranger; He keeps each one of us in sight And gladly saves from danger. He seeks the lambs who went astray, And died to take our sins away, The guilt of all men bearing.
- 5. O now, in deep repentance feel, Of Him thou hast been needful; Confess thy sin; do not conceal Thine anguish, He is heedful. His love is pure as dew of heav'n, And he to whom His joy is giv'n Is truly blest and happy.
- 6. Be never from His threshold led, For He is thy Creator!
 Devoutly long for His true bread And for His living water;
 In heartfelt faith look heavenward, And come contritely to thy Lord;
 His arms for thee are open!
- 7. And if on life's wild, stormy sea
 Thy bark may toss and quiver,
 Thine Anchor, Guard and Shield is He
 Whose love abides forever!
 In night and grief, thy Light is He,
 In conflict, sword and victory,
 And He will not forsake thee.