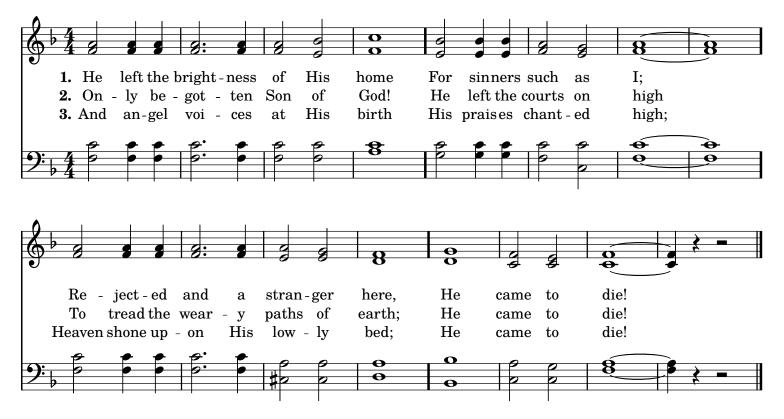
## He Left the Brightness of His Home

(Troyte. Adpt. 8. 6. 8. 4.)

Arthur H. D. Troyte



- 4 His life on earth was lowliness,
  To God and sinners nigh;
  He had nowhere to lay His head;
  He came to die!
- 5 His was the voice that breathed o'er time, The comfort of the sky!"Come unto Me," for us He came; He came to die!
- 6 He loved the ones for whom He died— Not ours to question why; But ours to know the love of Him Who came to die!
- 7 His is the loving voice we hear
  That leads us to the sky.
  We bless Thee, Lord, who came to earth
  For us to die!