

2. He who made the world (tho' strange to tell it) had not where to lay his head.When the storm arose, his word could quell it, and his voice could raise the dead.He was poor, because that poor he would be; thus the Father's will was done.Thus it was, and thus alone it could be, if he would enrich his own.

3. His is love no line we have can measure; why repine because of this?Rather wait his time, and his good pleasure: all is ours, if we are his.All in him, our living head, possessing: all in him, in him alone.Ours the present hope of future blessing, ours a place around his throne.

4. Sad it seems, to see a man bereft of all he had, and now alone; nothing left, no, nothing, nothing left of all he once could call his own.Yet, if he be Christ's, how is he poorer?Ye who know it, tell me this.Is there aught that's plainer, aught that's surer; all is ours, if we are his.

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