
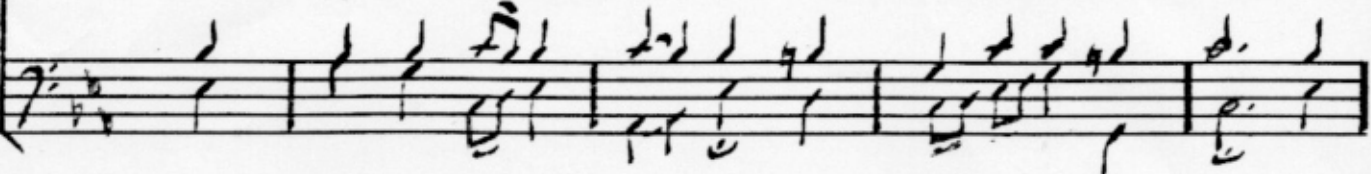
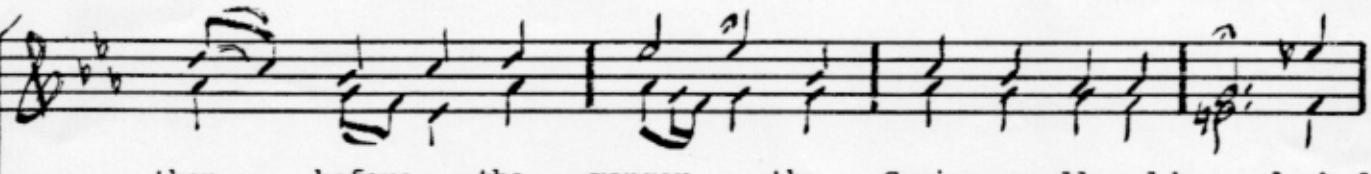
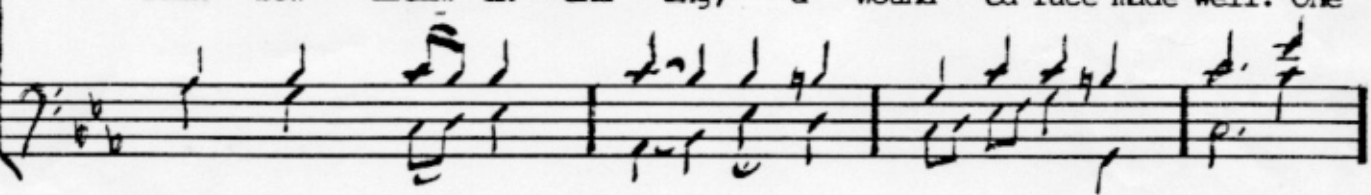


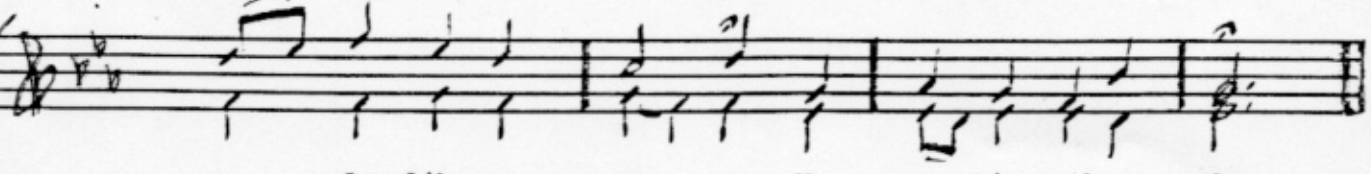

Our Christ flew far to save us, from stars beyond our own -- fell.
A child among the shepherds, a spring beside the lake, a
When Christ was fully flowered, He died for you and me. He
Be - yond our God's descending, be - yond this taste of Hell, a



through the birth He gave us, the gate of blood and bone. And
lamb a - mong the leopards, a dragon spell to break, He
hung, those hor - rid ho - urs, a - gainst the cru - el tree. And
rain - bow dream un - end - ing, a wound - ed race made well. One



then, before the manger, the Savior, small and bare, looked
fol - lowed where the wind blows a - long the wings of prayer, and
pain pressed in u - pon Him - and through the dark'ning air, He
i - mage now is keeping, with scenes too sweet to bear: the



up, and like a stranger, He saw His mother there.
looked back on the window, and saw His mother there.
looked for one to want Him, and saw His mother there.
King of Hea - ven weeping to see His mother there.

