



What He Gave

He gave me hope on that dark day,
His Gift a gift of purest love;
As He walked up that rugged way.
He thought of me and others of
Whom He loved with his caring heart.

As He mounted that awful tree,
Harsh pains ravaged all parts of Him;
He was thinking of you and me
As His Lifeblood embraced the dim
When evil laid claim to his heart.

That gift He gave he freely shares,
It is a major part of me;
He is my Master, and He cares,
And His loving gift sets me free
To cede to Him my soul and heart.

Henry W. Gurley