All Praise To Him Of Nazareth

Words: William Cullen Bryant
Music: J. Chetham, 1718

1. All praise to Him of Naz-areth, The Holy One who came,
   For love of man, to die a death Of agony and shame.

2. Dark was the grave, but since He lay Within its dreary cell,
   The beams of heav'n's eternal day Up on its threshold dwell.

3. In tender memory of His grave, The mystic bread we take;
   And muse upon the life He gave So freely for our sake.

4. A boundless love He bore mankind: Oh, may at least a part
   Of that strong love descend, and find A place in every heart.

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