Jesus

On a cold December morn,
A small baby boy had been born,
In a small manger he lay,
Resting on a bed of hay,
Not a whimper was heard.
His parents uttered very few a word.
A star had led men through the night.
Camels had brought them in their flight.
Angles sang to the Lord in Praise,
And blessed the child in all ways.
He was perfect and entire,
Able to fulfill needs and desire.
Clean and pure,
In always mature.
The ruler of man,
In the Lord's right hand,
The Lord of Lords, King of all kings,
The righteous eternal Being.
Boy of Wonder, Boy of Right,
Will lead us through never ending night.
He is the source of Christmas delight.
He came to save the earth,
From a never ending fiery hearth.
He came from Heaven above,
To tell the earth of God's love.
He did not come to kill,
But to show God's will.
He preached
To those who had been beseeched.
He loved all,
The meek, the weak, and the small.
Pharisees hated him.
So He often debated them.
He taught of Heaven and Hell;
So all others could do well.
He had friends called the disciples,
To help him teach against Satan's wiles.
Satan tempted time after time,
But he quoted scripture never to be sublime.
They called him Emmanuel, Redeemer, and Friend,
But sadly he had a tragic end.
He died on the cross for our sin,
At first many thought that Satan did win.
On the third day He rose from the grave,

And He did it all so we could be saved.
Son of God, King of man,
He now sits at God's right hand.

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