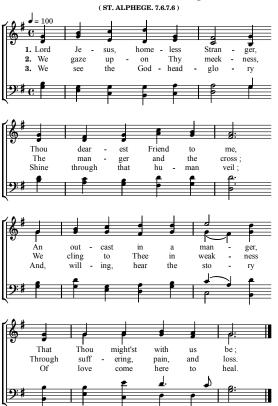
Lord Jesus, homeless Stranger



- 4. But who Thy path of service, Thy steps removed from ill, Thy patient love to serve us, With human tongue can tell?
- 'Mid sin, and all corruption, Where hatred did abound, Thy path of true perfection Shed light on all around.
- O'er all, Thy perfect goodness
 Rose blessedly divine;
 Poor hearts oppressed with sadness
 Found ever rest in Thine.