

O Lord, the Holy Innocents

Cecil Alexander, 1850.

Percy Smith, 1874.

O Lord, the holy innocents

Laid down for Thee their infant life,  
And martyrs brave and patient saints  
Have stood for Thee in fire and strife.

We wear the cross they wore of old  
Our lips have learned like vows to make;  
We need not die; we cannot fight;  
What may we do for Jesus' sake?

O day by day each Christian child  
Has much to do, without, within;  
A death to die for Jesus' sake,  
A weary war to wage with sin.

When deep within our swelling hearts  
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,  
When bitter words are on our tongues,  
And tears of passion in our eyes.

Then we may stay the angry blow,  
Then we may check the hasty word,  
Give gentle answers back again,  
And fight a battle for our Lord.

With smiles of peace and looks of love,  
Light in our dwellings we may make,  
Bid kind good humor brighten there,  
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

There's not a child so weak and small  
But has his little cross to take,  
His little work of love and praise,  
That he may do for Jesus' sake.