

She Loved Her Savior

William Cutter, 1829.

Karl Harrington, 1905.

She loved her Savior, and to Him  
Her costliest present brought;  
To crown His head, or grace His name,  
No gift too rare she thought.

And though the prudent worldling frowned,  
And thought the poor bereft;  
Christ's humble friend sweet comfort found,  
For He approved the gift.

The poor are always with us here,  
'Tis our great Father's plan  
That mutual wants and mutual care  
May bind us man to man.

So let the Savior be adored,  
And not the poor despised,  
Give to the hungry from your hoard,  
But all, give all to Christ.

Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,  
Give to the weary rest;  
For sorrow's children comfort find,  
And help for all distressed.

But give to Christ alone Thy heart,  
Thy faith, Thy love supreme,  
Then for His sake Thine alms impart,  
And so give all to Him.