

# AWAY FROM THE MANGER



*Away from the manger* darkness would set,  
The Babe fully grown was in a deep sweat.  
The kiss of a man, for thirty pieces betrayed,  
The suffering savior, they led Him away.  
The evil of men, the march of the foe,  
The mercy of God was met with man's blow.

*Away from the manger* a mother would cry,  
To see her Firstborn on the cross about to die.  
Memories of His childhood resurfaced her mind,  
Into the peaceful past when they once together reclined.  
Into boyhood and onto a man, the years from the cradle  
replay once again.  
When just eight days old Simeon forewarned,  
A sword it would pierce, your soul will be torn.  
That payment was made that we might not perish;  
This Son toiled on the cross until He uttered "it is  
finished."

*Away from the manger* in a grave lay He,  
The Just for the unjust, that we might be free.  
On the third day He arose to wipe away sorrow and woe,  
And alas, the last enemy, to fully expose.

*Away from the manger*, into His death we must go,  
to rise above sin and judgment, and all that is low.

-- Steven J. Wallace

