



The Jew

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Scattered by God's avenging hand,
Afflicted and forlorn,
Sad wanderers from their pleasant land,
Do Judah's children mourn;
And e'en in Christian countries, few
Breathe thoughts of pity for the Jew.
Yet listen, Gentile, do you love
The Bible's precious page?
Then let your heart with kindness move
To Israel's heritage;
Who traced those lines of love for you?
Each sacred writer was a Jew.
And then as years and ages passed,
And nations rose and fell
Though clouds and darkness oft were cast
O'er captive Isra-el
The oracles of God, for you
Were kept in safety by the Jew.
And when the great Redeemer came
For guilty man to bleed.
He did not take an angel's name,
No, born of Abraham's seed,
Jesus, who gave His life for you,
The gentle Saviour - was a Jew.
And though His own received Him not,
And turned in pride away,
Whence is the Gentile's happier lot?
Are you more just than they?
No! God in pity turned to you
Have you no pity for the Jew?
Go, then, and bend your knee to pray
For Israel's ancient race;
Ask the dear Saviour every day
To call them by His grace.
Go, for a debt of love is due
From Christian Gentiles to the Jew.

