

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 just about to die.
Memories of His childhood resurfaced her mind,
into the peaceful past when they once 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

