



# A Father's Greatest Love

Go, my beloved only Son  
To the world where You must live.  
Begotten of a Virgin fair,  
You, my Favored One, I give.  
Let Me weep my tears now,  
The pain of parting is at hand.  
I must send You off to mortal life  
Out of love for sinful man!

Not as King, but of humble birth  
Shall You live Your life.  
In a stable shall You be born,  
Bring rest where there is strife  
And comfort to the forlorn.  
O, my precious Infant Son!  
If they only knew just Who You are,  
And what salvation they have won!

Some will love You.  
They shall give respect.  
Others will hate You;  
You are not the King they expect.  
I wish I could touch Your gentle, mortal cheek,  
As You are born on a night so deep,  
And dream Your dreams in gentle sleep.  
I, Whom man's creation oversaw,  
Now send My Son to fulfill My law.

The day will come when I abandon You.  
On that day You'll see Your mission through,  
A price for man's sin on the cross You must pay,  
And, helplessly, I must stand out of the way.  
A Father's tears, I will uncontrollably weep,  
To watch You suffer and embrace death's sleep.  
Fear not, for earth shall find its Prize.  
In three days from death You shall rise.

Dream not of crosses and tombs this night!  
Dream of peace as I observe the sight  
As You sleep by Mary, Your loving mother,  
The greatest flower; there is no other.  
For another father Your eyes will shine.  
As I love the faithful Joseph as Mine.  
Peace, My little Son, peace as You lie.  
Think not on why You have to die.

You will bring new life; You will cure the diseased.  
And, should anyone ask,  
You are My beloved Son in Whom I am pleased.

