



2. Thou, our Saviour, from the throne, list'nest to thy people's groan; thou, the living Head, dost share, ev'ry pang thy members bear: full of tenderness thou art, thou wilt heal the broken heart; full of power, thine arm shall quell all the rage and might of hell.

3. Thou, O Jesus, thou hast borne Satan's rage, the worldling's scorn: thou hast known the bitter hour of the wily tempter's power; lo! thy bloody sweat we see, in the dark Gethsemane: hark, that piercing, awful cry, from the mount of Calvary!

4. By that love which brought thee down from thy high eternal throne; veiled the Lord of earth and skies, in an infant's lowly guise: by that I o v e that healed the maim, cured the sick, restored the lame, bade the darkened eye to see – Jesus, we will look to thee.

5. By thy tears o'er Laz'rus shed, by thy power to raise the dead, by thy meekness under scorn, by thy stripes and crown of thorn, by that rich and precious blood, that hath made our peace with God – Jesus, to thy feet we flee; Jesus, we will cling to thee.

6. Mighty to redeem and save, thou hast overcome the grave; thou the bars of death hast riven, opened wide the gates of heaven: soon in glory thou shalt come, thy poor pilgrims to take home: Jesus, then we all shall be, ever – ever – Lord with thee.

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