## HYMN TO THE REDEEMER



2. Oh! who like thee, so mild, so bright, thou Son of Man, thou Light of Light, oh! who like thee, did ever go so patient, through a world of woe, oh! who like thee, so humbly bore the scorn, the scoffs of men before, so meek, so lowly – yet so high, so glorious in humility!

3. The morning saw thee, like the day, forth on thy light bestowing way; and evening in her holy hues, shed down her sweet baptismal dews, where bending angels stooped to see the lisping infant clasp thy knee, and smile, as in a father's eye, upon thy mild divinity.

4. The hours when princes sought their rest beheld thee, still, no chamber's guest; but when the chilly night hung round, and man from thee sweet slumber found, thy wearied footsteps sought, alone, the mountain to thy sorrows known, and darkness heard thy patient prayer, or hid thee in the prowler's lair.

5. And all thy life's unchanging years, a man of sorrows and of tears, the cross, where all our sins were laid upon thy bending shoulders weighed; and death, that sets the prisoner free, was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee; yet love through all thy torture glowed, and mercy with thy life blood flowed.

6. O wondrous Lord! my soul would be still more and more conformed to thee, would lose the pride, the taint of sin, that burns these fevered veins within, and learn of thee, the lowly One, and like thee, all my journey run, above the world, and all its mirth, yet weeping still with weeping earth.

Words: A. Cleveland Coxe. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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