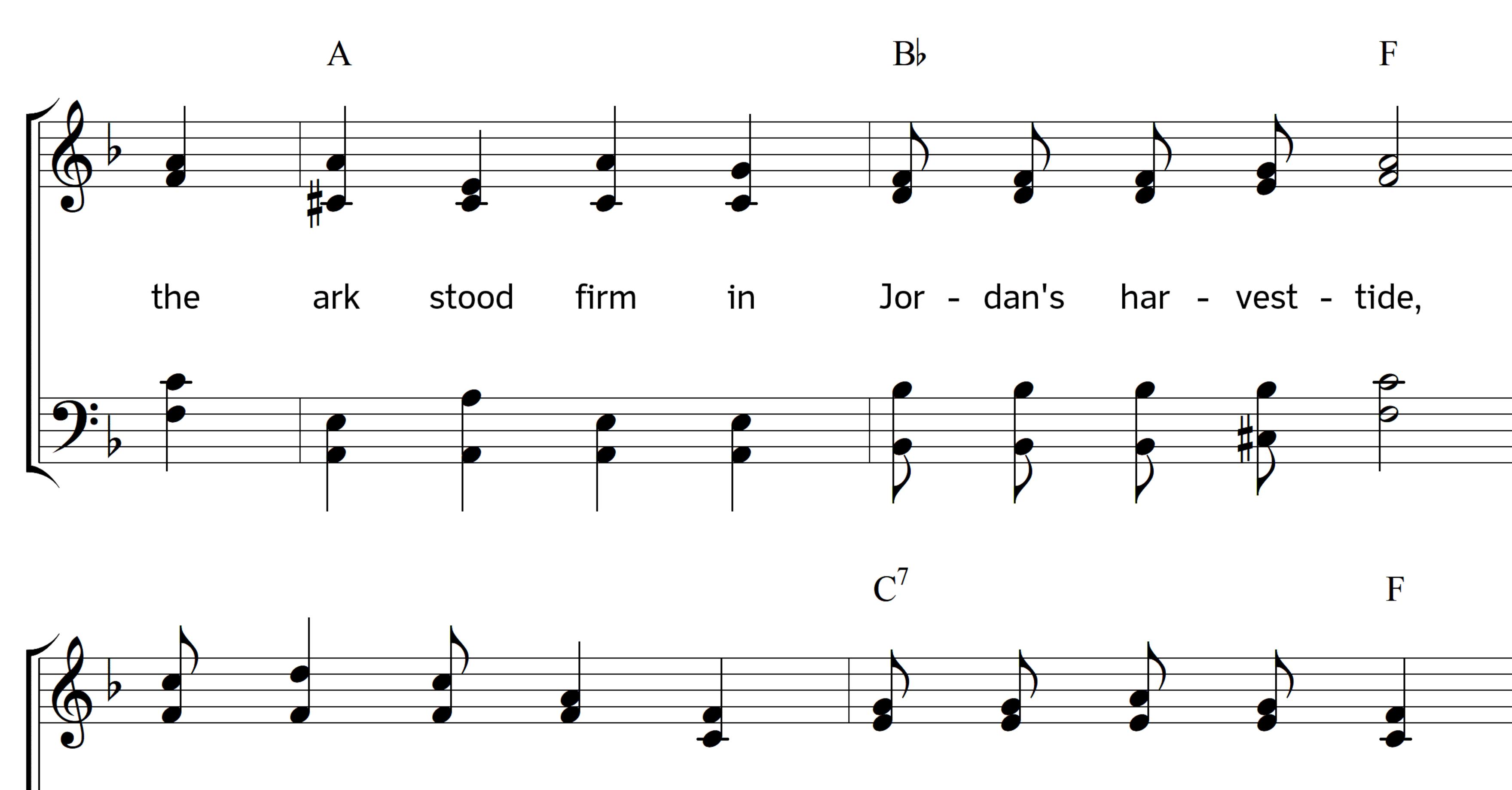
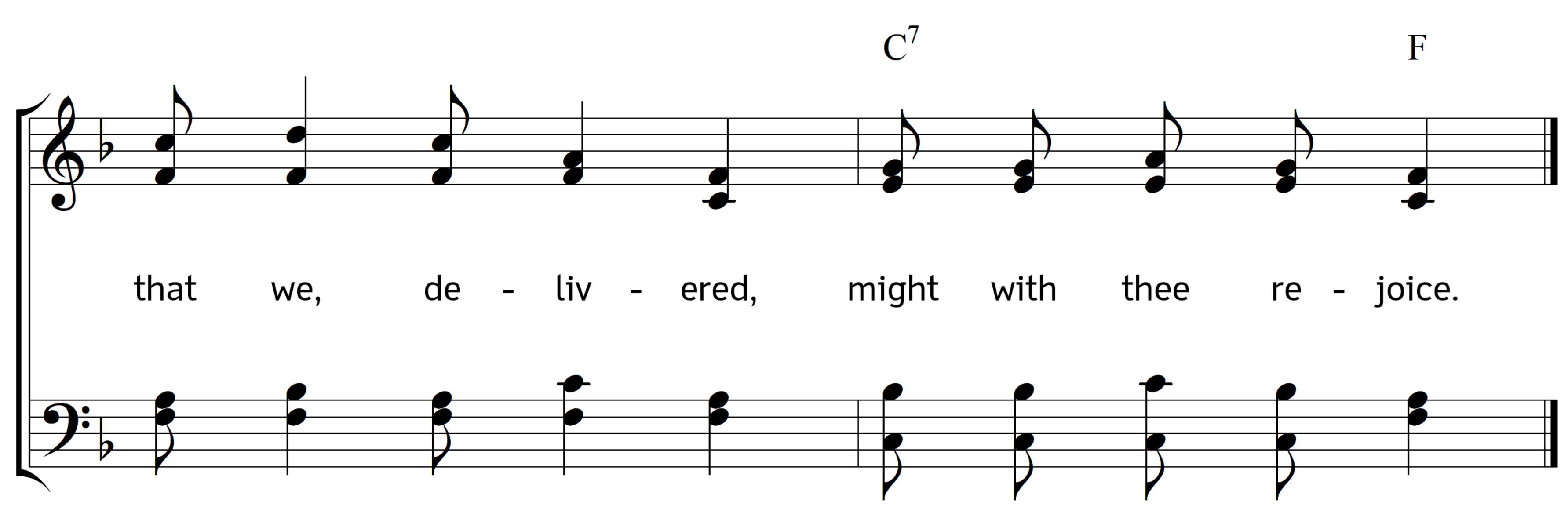
"WILHE COME"









- 2. Man hears not, sees not, though thy death we shew; apart thou stayest us with bread and wine; thy many angels, watching, long to know this marvel of thy greeting us as thin e.
- 3. We shew thy death; thy name is shed abroad; no speech, no language could thy glories tell. Sent of the Father, thou, O Son of God! hast glorified Him here, and vanquished Hell.
- 4. "Sent forth" thou camest, Lord, of woman born, and under law none else had honoured, made Last Adam, Second Man, thou seed of corn wouldst die alone, wouldst in the ground be laid –
- 5. seed sown in tears. The waterfloods arose, went in their wrath, their terrors, over thee; God, scorning all the raging of thy foes, alone the causer of thy death must be.
- 6. Thou couldst endure the malefactor's place, thy friends' desertion, thy betrayer's kiss; thou couldst endure the hiding of His face, whose love, thy due, sought from thee even this.
- 7. Thou all thine agony didst bear alone; earth shook, with mantling horror overspread. The Spirit wrote for us, in light, the groan thou gavest forth, in bowing then thy head.
- 8. Brought low, God's chosen one, beneath the knife, without assuagement, far from thy redress. Exalted, crownèd now, O Prince of Life, adoring thee, thy Father's name we bless.

- 9. His will, His pleasure, ever was thy joy, Him to declare, thy service, thy delight; one with thee, part have we in thine employ, part in thy glory, where shall be no night.
- 10. And if a little while thou bid'st us stay where sin abounds, there witnessing thy love; what sweetness in this learning to obey, communing with thee where thou art above.
- 11. Until thy voice for us the clouds shall part, until we meet thee, Saviour, in the air; until we see thee, even as thou art, thy cup thou givest us on earth to share.
- 12. What can earth shew us, but thy death, thy tomb? What but thy death have we on earth to shew? Sin-wasted scene that found for thee "no room"; world that usurps thy rights, that wrought thy woe.
 - 13. Thy death, O Lamb of God, the fount of song, deep basis of all triumph and all peace; thine enemies were myriad and strong,

thou, only Victor, makest wars to cease.

14. Thou unto us art over all things Head: robed in thy perfect likeness we shall be.Come! thou who livest, thou who hast been dead, all things, made new, shall ever worship THEE!