LAMB, THE ONCE CRUCIFIED! (1)



- 2. Thou in the depths wert to mortals the highest revealing, God in humanity veiled, thy full glory concealing!

 "Worthy art thou!"

 shouteth eternity now, praise to thee endlessly pealing.
- 3. Heavenly Love, in the language of earth past expression!

 Lord of all worlds, unto whom every tongue owes confession!

 Didst thou not go,

 and, under sentence of woe,

 rescue the doomed by transgression?
- 4. O'er the abyss of the grave, and its horrors infernal, victory's palm thou art waving in triumph supernal: who to thee cling, circled by hope, shall now bring out of its gulf life eternal.
- 5. Son of Man, Saviour, in whom, with deep tenderness blending, infinite Pity to wretches her balm is extending, on thy dear breast, weary and numb, they may rest, quickened to joy never ending.
- 6. Strange condescension! immaculate Purity, deigning union with souls where the vilest pollution is reigning, beareth their sin, seeketh the fallen to win, even the lowest regaining.
- 7. Sweetly persuasive, to me, too, thy call has resounded; melting my heart so obdurate, thy love has abounded; back to the fold, led by thy hand, I behold Grace all my path has surrounded.

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LAMB, THE ONCE CRUCIFIED! (2)



- 8. Bless thou the Lord, O my soul! who, thy pardon assuring, heals thy diseases, and grants thee new life ever during, joy amid woe, peace amid strife here below, unto thee ever securing.
- 9. Upward, on pinions celestial, to regions of pleasure, into the land whose bright glories no mortal can measure, strong hope and love bear thee, the fulness to prove of thy salvation's rich treasure.
- 10. There, as he is, we shall view him, with rapture abiding, cheered even here by his glance, when the darkness dividing lets down a ray, over the perilous way thousands of wanderers guiding.
- 11. Join, O my voice! the vast chorus, with trembling emotion: chorus of saints, who, though sundered by land and by ocean, with sweet accord praise the same glorious Lord, one in their ceaseless devotion.
- 12. Break forth, O nature! in song, when the spring tide is nighest; world that hast seen his salvation, no longer thou sighest! Shout, starry train, from your empyreal plain, "Glory to God in the highest!"

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