

Hymn Lyrics

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No gospel like this feast

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Spread for thy church by thee;
Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.

All our redemption cost,
All our redemption won;
All it has won for us, the lost,
All it cost thee, the Son.

Thine was the bitter price,
Ours is the free gift given;
Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of heaven.

For thee, the burning thirst,
The shame, the mortal strife,
The broken heart, the side transpierced;
To us, the bread of life.

Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height,
That darkest and that brightest day
Meeting before our sight;

From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us hath trod
Up to the heights of blest repose
Thy love prepares with God:

Till, from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see —
Still at the cross, as at the feast,
Behold thee, only thee!

(1828-1896);

additional verses:

To thee, our curse and doom
Wrapt round thee with our sin;
The horror of that mid-day gloom,
The deeper night within.

To us, thy home in light,
Thy "Come, ye blessed, come!"
Thy bridal raiment pure and white,
Thy Father's welcome home.