

Adam, Our Father and Our Head

Isaac Watts, 1707.

Christopher Willing, 1868.

Adam, our father and our head,
Transgressed, and justice doomed us dead;
The fiery law speaks all despair:
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

But, O unutterable grace!
The Son of God takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Savior flies,
Stretches His arms, and bleeds, and dies.

Justice was pleased to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heav'nly blood:
What unknown racks and pangs He bore!
Then rose; the law could ask no more.

Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye heav'nly thrones, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.

Lo! they adore th'incarnate Son,
And sing the glories He hath won;
Sing how He broke our iron chains,
How deep He sunk, how high He reigns!

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all the flaming hosts adored;
And say, dear Conqueror, say how long
Ere we shall rise to join their song.

Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and paved with love;
Raise us beyond th'ethereal blue,
To sing and love as angels do.