

Christians, Sing the Incarnation
Ernest Dugmore, ca. 1870.
Percy Buck, 1904.

Christians, sing the incarnation
Of th'eternal Son of God,
Who, to save us, took our nature,
Soul and body, flesh and blood;
God, He saw man's cruel bondage,
Who in death's dark dungeon lay;
Man, He came to fight man's battle,
And for man He won the day.
Alleluia, Alleluia
To th'incarnate Son of God,
Who for man as Man hath conquered
In our own true flesh and blood.

King of kings and Lord of angels,
He put off His glory-crown,
Had a stable-cave for palace,
And a manger for His throne;
Helpless lay, to whom creation
All its life and being owed,
And the lowly Hebrew maiden
Was the mother of her God.
Alleluia, Alleluia
To th'incarnate Son of God,
Who concealed His dazzling Godhead
'Neath the veil of flesh and blood.

Through a life of lowly labor
He on earth was pleased to dwell,
All our want and sorrow sharing;
God with us, Emmanuel:
Yet, a dearer, closer union
Jesus in His love would frame;
He, the Passover fulfilling,
Gave Himself as paschal Lamb.
Alleluia, Alleluia
To th'incarnate Son of God,
Who the heav'nly gifts bequeathed us
Of His own true flesh and blood.

Then, by man refused and hated,
God for man vouchsafed to die,
Love divine its depth revealing
On the heights of Calvary;
Through His dying the dominion
From the tyrant death was torn,
When its Victim rose its Victor
On the resurrection morn.
Alleluia, Alleluia
To th'incarnate Son of God,
Who through His eternal Spirit
Offers His own flesh and blood.

Forty days of mystic converse
Lived on earth the Risen One,
Speaking of His earthly kingdom,
Ere He sought His heav'nly throne:
Then, His latest words a blessing,
He ascended up on high,

And through rank on rank of angels
Captive led captivity.
Alleluia, Alleluia
To th'incarnate Son of God,
Who the holiest place hath entered
In our flesh and by His blood.

Now upon the golden altar,
In the midst before the throne,
Incense of His intercession
He is offering for His own.
And on earth at all His altars
His true presence we adore,
And His sacrifice is pleaded,
Yea, till time shall be no more.
Alleluia, Alleluia
To th'incarnate Son of God,
Who, abiding Priest forever,
Still imparts His flesh and blood.

Then, adored in highest Heaven,
We shall see the virgin's Son,
All creation bowed before Him,
Man upon th'eternal throne:
Where, like sound of many waters
In one ever rising flood,
Myriad voices hymn His triumph,
Victim, Priest, incarnate God.
Worthy He all praise and blessing
Who, by dying, death o'ercame;
Glory be to God forever!
Alleluia to the Lamb!