

O Mystery of Love Divine  
Thomas Gill, 1869.  
From Rossini.

O mystery of love divine  
That thought and thanks o'erpowers!  
Lord Jesus, was our portion Thine,  
And is Thy portion ours?

Emmanuel, didst Thou take our place  
To set us in Thine own?  
Didst Thou our low estate embrace  
To lift us to Thy throne?

Didst Thou fulfill each righteous deed,  
God's perfect will express,  
That we th'unfaithful ones might plead  
Thy perfect faithfulness?

For Thee the Father's hidden face?  
For Thee the bitter cry?  
For us the Father's endless grace,  
The song of victory?

Our load of sin and misery  
Didst Thou, the sinless, bear?  
Thy spotless robe of purity  
Do we the sinners wear?

Lord Jesus, is it even so?  
Have we been loved thus?  
What love can we on Thee bestow  
Who hast exchanged with us?

Thou, who our very place didst take,  
Dwell in our very heart:  
Thou, who Thy portion ours dost make,  
Thyself, Thyself impart.