

O Thou, the Eternal Son of God

William Dix, 1864.

Prys? Welsh Psalter, 1621.

O Thou, the eternal Son of God,

The Lamb, for sinners slain,

We worship, while Thy head is bowed

In agony and pain.

None tread with Thee the holy place;

Thou sufferest alone;

Thine is the perfect sacrifice

Which only can atone.

Thou great High Priest, Thy glory robes

Today are set aside;

And human sorrows, Son of Man,

Thy Godhead seem to hide.

The cross is sharp, but in Thy woe

This is the lightest part;

Our sin it is which pierces Thee,

And breaks Thy sacred heart.

Who love Thee most, at Thy dear cross,

Will truest, Lord, abide;

Make Thou that cross our only hope,

O Jesus crucified.