

Our Sins, Our Sorrows
Edward Eddis(1825-1905)
James Langran, 1861.

Our sins, our sorrows, Lord, were laid on Thee;
Thy stripes have healed, Thy bonds have set us free;
And now Thy toil is o'er, Thy grief and pain
Have passed away; the veil is rent in twain.

Now hast Thou laid Thee down in perfect peace
Where all the wicked from their troubling cease,
And tranquil Sabbath in the grave to keep;
Thy Father giveth His Beloved sleep.

Yet in Thy glory, on the throne above,
Thou wast abiding ever, Love of Love,
Eternal, filling all created things
With Thine own presence, Jesus, King of kings!

E'en now our place is with Thee on the throne,
For Thou abidest ever with Thine own;
Yet in the tomb with Thee, we watch for day;
O let Thine angel roll the stone away!

O, by Thy life within us, set us free!
Reveal the glory that is hid with Thee!
Glory to God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, ever One.