

We Sing a Loving Jesus
Sarah Doudney, 1871.
Richard Newman.

We sing a loving Jesus,
Who left His throne above,
And came on earth to ransom
The children of His love;
It is an oft-told story,
And yet we love to tell
How Christ, the King of glory,
Once deigned with man to dwell.

We a sing a holy Jesus;
No taint of sin defiled
The Babe of David's city,
The pure and stainless Child:
O teach us, blessed Savior,
Thy heavenly grace to seek;
And let our whole behavior
Like Thine, be mild and meek.

We sing a lowly Jesus;
No kingly crown He had,
His head was bowed with anguish,
His face was marred and sad:
In deepest humiliation
He came, His work to do;
O Lord of our salvation,
Let us be humble, too.

We sing a mighty Jesus,
Whose voice could raise the dead,
The sightless eyes He opened,
The famished souls He fed;
Thou camest to deliver
Mankind from sin and shame;
Redeemer and life giver,
We praise Thy holy name.

We sing a coming Jesus;
The time is drawing near,
When Christ with all His angels
In glory shall appear;
Lord, save us, we entreat Thee,
In this Thy day of grace,
That we may gladly meet Thee
And see Thee face to face.