

O Perfect God, Thy Love

Words: Ada Greenaway, 1904.

Music: William Dorrell, 1853.

O perfect God, Thy love  
As perfect Man did share  
Here upon earth each form of ill  
Thy fellow men must bear.

Now from the tree of scorn  
We hear Thy voice again;  
Thou Who didst take our mortal flesh  
Hast felt our mortal pain.

Thy body suffers thirst,  
Parched are Thy lips and dry:  
How poor the offering man can bring  
Thy thirst to satisfy!

O Savior, by Thy thirst  
Borne on the cross of shame,  
Grant us in all our sufferings leave  
To glorify Thy Name.

That through each pain and grief  
Our souls may onward move  
To gain more likeness to Thy life,  
More knowledge of Thy love.