

O Thou, the Eternal Son of God
Words: William Dix, 1864.
Music: 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.