

Son of Man, to Thee I Cry

Words: Richard Mant, 1828.

Music: H. de la Haye Blackith, 1893.

Son of Man, to Thee I cry;
By the wondrous mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Son of Man, to Thee I cry;
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy Spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Prince of Life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Lord of Glory, God Most High,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me now to to Thy will;
Then Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.