

O Savior, where shall guilty man

O Savior, where shall guilty man  
find rest except in thee?  
Thine was the warfare with his foe,  
the cross of pain, the cup of woe,  
and thine the victory.

How came the everlasting Son,  
the Lord of Life, to die?  
Why didst thou meet the tempter's power,  
why, Jesus, in thy dying hour,  
endure such agony?

To save us by thy precious blood,  
to make us one in thee,  
thy thorny crown, thy cross, thy strife,  
that ours might be thy perfect life,  
and ours the victory.

O make us worthy, gracious Lord,  
of all thy love to be;  
to thy blest will our wills incline,  
that unto death we may be thine,  
and ever live in thee.

Words: Catherine E. May, 1858

Music: Engedi, Newcastle

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