

## O Thou Who didst thy glory leave.

1. O Thou Who didst Thy glory leave,  
Apostate sinners to retrieve  
From nature's deadly fall;  
As Thou hast bought us with a price,  
Our sins against us ne'er can rise,  
For Thou hast borne them all.

2. We sing One smitten in our stead,  
Him Who without the city bled  
To expiate our stain;  
Who, God of God, vouchsaf'd to dwell  
In flesh, to make of full avail  
The sufferings of the man.

3. See Him for our transgressions giv'n,  
See the incarnate God of heav'n,  
For us, His foes, expire;  
Rejoice! rejoice! the tidings hear!  
He bore, that we might never bear,  
His Father's righteous ire.

4. Ye saints, "the Man of sorrows" bless,  
The Lord, for your unrighteousness  
Deputed to atone;  
Praise, till with all the ransom'd throng  
Ye sing the never-ending song,  
And sit upon His throne!