

Son of God, 'Twas Love that Made Thee

Son of God, 'twas love that made Thee, Die, our ruined souls to save;
'Twas our sin's vast load that laid Thee, Lord of Life, within the grave;
But Thy glorious resurrection, Showed Thee conqueror o'er the tomb;
So the saints by Thy protection, Thro' Thy work shall overcome

Thou to heav'n hast now ascended, Ent'ring there by Thine own blood
All Thy work of suff'ring ended. Fully wro't the will of God
For Thy Church Thou still art caring, For us pleading in Thy love
And our place of rest preparing, In the Father's house above

Now the Holy Ghost doth gather, Unto God Thy people here;
We, as sons cry, "Abba Father!" His great love excluding fear;
What a debt of love we owe Thee, Love that we can ne'er express
Since we, thro' the Spirit know Thee, Christ the Lord, our righteousness

Son of God, with joy we praise Thee, On the Father's throne above;
All Thy wondrous work displays Thee, Full of grace and full of love!
Lord, accept our adoration, For our sins thou once wast slain;
Thro' Thy blood we have salvation; Soon shall share Thine endless reign!