

But who, Thy path of service,
 Thy steps removed from ill,
 Thy patient love to serve us,
 With human tongue can tell?

Midst sin, and all corruption,
 Where hatred did abound,
 Thy path of true perfection
 Was light on all around.

In scorn, neglect, reviling,
 Thy patient grace stood fast,
 Man's malice unavailing
 To move Thy heart to haste.

O'er all, Thy perfect goodness
 Rose blessedly Divine ;
 Poor hearts oppressed with sadness,
 Found ever rest in Thine !

The strong man in his armour
 Thou mettest in Thy grace ;
 Did'st spoil the mighty charmer
 Of our unhappy race.

The chains of man, his victim,
 Were loosened by Thy Hand,
 No evils that afflict him
 Before Thy power could stand.

Disease, and death, and demon,
 All fled, before Thy word,
 As darkness, the dominion
 Of day's returning lord !

The love that bore our burden
 On the accursèd tree,
 Would give the heart its pardon,
 And set the sinner free.