

5. Hymn — The Mystery of the Divine Humiliation

To be sung by the Choir and Congregation

Very slow ($\text{♩} = \text{c. } 68$)

1. Cross of Je - sus, Cross of Sor - row, Where the Blood of Christ was shed, -

Per - fect man on thee was tor-tured, Per - fect God on thee has bled!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Here the King of all the ages,
Throned in light ere worlds could be
Robed in mortal flesh is dying,
Crucified by sin for me.</p> | <p>6. Once the Lord of brilliant seraphs,
Winged with Love to do His Will,
Now the scorn of all His creatures,
And the aim of every ill.</p> |
| <p>3. O mysterious condescending!
O abandonment sublime!
Very God Himself is bearing
All the sufferings of time!</p> | <p>7. Up in Heaven, sublimest glory
Circled round Him from the first;
But the earth finds none to serve Him,
None to quench His raging thirst.</p> |
| <p>4. Evermore for human failure
By His Passion we can plead;
God has borne all mortal anguish,
Surely He will know our need.</p> | <p>8. Who shall fathom that descending,
From the rainbow-circled throne,
Down to earth's most base profaning,
Dying desolate alone.</p> |
| <p>5. This — all human thought surpassing —
This is earth's most awful hour,
God has taken mortal weakness!
God has laid aside His Power!</p> | <p>9. From the "Holy, Holy, Holy,
We adore Thee, O most High,"
Down to earth's blaspheming voices
And the shout of "Crucify."</p> |
| <p>10. Cross of Jesus, Cross of Sorrow,
Where the Blood of Christ was shed,
Perfect man on thee was tortured,
Perfect God on thee has bled!</p> | |