

O God th'Eternal Father

6 6 7 6 6 7 6

1. O God th'e - ter - nal Fa - ther, Who dwells a - mid the sky,
 2. That sac - red ho - ly of - fring, By man least un - der - stood,
 3. When Je - sus, the a - noin - ted, De - scen - ded from a - bove,
 4. How in - fi - nite that wis - dom, The plan of ho - li - ness,
 5. 'Twas done— all na - ture trem - bled! Yet, by the pow'r of faith,
 6. He is the true Mes - si - ah, That died and lives a - gain;
 7. A - gain, he is that Pro - phet That Mo - ses said should come,
 8. He comes, he comes in glo - ry, The veil is van - ished too,

In Je - sus name we ask thee To bless and san - cti - fy,
 To have our sins re - mit - ted, And take his flesh and blood.
 And gave him - self a ran - som To win our souls with love;
 That made sal - va - tion per - fect, And veiled the Lord in flesh,
 He rose as God tri - um - phant, And broke the bands of death:
 We look not for a - no - ther, He is the Lamb 'twas slain;
 Being raised a - mong his breth - ren, To call the righ - teous home,
 With an - gels, yea our fa - thers, To drink this cup a - new —

If we are pure be - fore thee, This bread and cup of wine;
 That we may e - ver wit - ness, The suf - frings of thy Son,
 With no ap - par - ent beau - ty, That men should him de - sire,
 To walk up - on his foot - stool, And be like man, al - most,
 And, ris - ing conq - 'rer, "cap - tive He led cap - ti - vi - ty,"
 He is the Stone and Shep - herd Of Is - rael— scat - tered far;
 And all that will not hear him, Shall feel his chast - ning rod,
 And sing the songs of Zi - on And shout — 'Tis done, 'tis done!

That we may all re - mem - ber That Of - fring so di - vine.
 And al - ways have his Spi - rit To make our hearts as one.
 He was the prom - ised Sa - vior, To pur - i - fy with fire.
 In his ex - al - ted sta - tion, And die— or all was lost!
 And sat down with the Fa - ther To fill e - ter - ni - ty.
 The glo - rious Branch from Jes - se: The bright and Mor - ning Star.
 Till wick - ed - ness is en - ded, As saith the Lord our God.
 While ev - 'ry son and daugh - ter Re - joi - ces— we are one.

Text: William Wines Phelps (1792 - 1872)

Source: A Collection of Sacred Hymns, 1844 (no. 19)