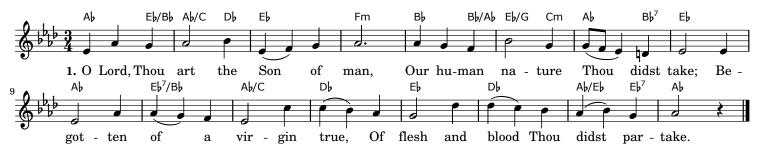
O Lord, Thou art the Son of man

Praise of the Lord — His Humanity



- 2. In bondman's form, with lowliness, Thou walkedst on this earth of woe; The human living Thou didst have And all its suffrings undergo.
- Born in a manger as a babe, Thou wast a child among the poor; Thou as a carpenter didst work, And e'en an outlaw's death endure.
- 4. Then Thou wast raised up from the dead, Still with the human nature true; And as a man in form divine, Thou didst ascend to heaven too.
- 5. Now over all, and on the throne, Thou, still a man, art glorified; A man with God in light divine With whom our God is satisfied.
- 6. In glory Thou wilt come again, Still as a man appearing then; As King of kings, with pow'r divine, With human nature seen by men.
- 7. Thou, as the center of all things, In the new heav'n and earth shalt be, Forever as the One divine, Existing in humanity.