

O love, how deep, how broad, how high!

Benjamin Webb (1819-1885) alt. The Editors
from Thomas à Kempis (c. 1379-1471)
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1. O love, how deep, how broad, how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
that God, the Son of God,
should take our mortal form for
mortals' sake.
2. He sent no angel to this place,
no messenger with talk of grace,
but made his own the human frame
and gladly to this lost world came.
3. For us he was baptised, and trod
on earth the costly way of God;
for us temptations sharp he knew;
for us the tempter overthrew.
4. For us to wicked pow'rs betrayed,
scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,
he bore the shameful cross and death;
for us at length gave up his breath.
5. For us he rose from death again,
for us he went on high to reign,
for us he sent his Spirit here
to guide, to strengthen and to cheer.