To Him That Loved The Sons Of Men

ST. MARTIN’S

1. To Him that loved the sons of men, And
   washed us in His blood, To royal honors
   raised our heads, And made us priests to God—

2. To Him let ev’ry tongue be praise, And
   every heart be love, All grateful honors
   paid on earth, And nobler songs above.

3. Behold! on flying clouds He comes; His
   saints shall bless the day, While they that pierced Him
   saddened mourn, In anguish and dismay.

4. Thou art the First, and Thou the Last; Time
   centers all in Thee, Almighty Lord, who
   wast, and art, And ever more shalt be!