

1. O love, how deep, how broad, how high, How pas-sing though and fan - ta - sy,
 2. He sent no An - gel to our race Of high-er or of low - er place,
 3. Nor will'd He on - ly to ap-pear; His pleasure was to tar - ry hear;
 4. For us bap-tized, for us He bore His ho - ly fast and hun-gered sore,

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That God, the Son of God, should take Our mor-tal form for mor-tals' sake!
 But wore the robe of hu - man frame And He Him - self to this world came.
 And God and Man with man would be The space of thir - ty years and three.
 For us temp-ta - tion sharp He knew; For us the tempter o - ver-threw.

5. For us He preaches and He prays,
 Would do all things, would try all ways;
 By words, and signs, and actions, thus
 Still seeking not Himself, but us.

6. For us to wicked men betrayed,
 Scourged, mocked, in Crown of Thorns arrayed;
 For us He bore the Cross's death,
 For us at length gave up His breath.

7. 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.

8. All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O Jesu, Virgin-born, to Thee!
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To Father and to Paraclete.

O Amor, quam ecstaticus
 15th cent.; tr. B Webb, 1852