

LOVE WAS "MADE MAN."

BY HANNAH HURNARD

Love was "made Man." O Son of God!

Flesh of our flesh, blood of our blood.

We are his body—let us kneel;

He as our Head feels all we feel.

This is the Love of God the Son,

With fallen mankind made at one.

O mystery of Adam's race!

This sin-sick body with Christ's face!

Behold our God and Savior thus!

We love him—for he first loved us.

"And he was crucified." O loss!

In **us** God's Son hangs on his Cross.

In mankind's body, there upborne,

Wounded by sin, defiled and torn.

He is our Life, our very Breath,

Yet "in the Body of **our** death."

All pangs of sin's disease so dread

Are suffered by **Our** Thorn-crowned Head.

Behold our God and Savior thus!

Love him—Because he so loves us.

“And he descended into Hell.”

The deepest depths God’s Love knows well;

So One with **us** he will not part

“Where shall we go to flee from thee?”

Love’s only answer still must be:

“Though thou dost make thy bed in hell,

Lo! I am with thee here as well.”

Behold our God and Savior thus!

Love him—Because he so loves us.

“On the third he rose again.”

Long night of sorrow and earth’s pain

Gone Victor’s crown is on Love’s brow.

The body sin could not destroy.

Now healed and raised to life and joy.

By Adam came all sin and pain,

In Christ shall all men live again.

Behold our God and Savior thus!

See what his Love will do for us.