And didst thou love the race



1. And didst Thou love the race that loved not tThee? 4. By Thy last silence in the judgment hall, And didst Thou take to heaven a human brow? Dost plead with man's voice by the marvellous see? Art Thou his kinsman now?

2. O God, O kinsman loved, but not enough! O man, with eyes majestic after death, Whose feet have toiledalong our pathways rough, Whose lips drawn human breath;

3. By that one likeness which is ours and Thine, By that one nature which doth hold us kin, By that high heaven where, sinless, Thou dost shine To draw us sinners in.

By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree, By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall, I pray Thee visit me.

5. Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away, Die ere the guest adored she entertain; Lest eyes which never saw Thy earthly day Should miss Thy heavenly reign.