

- Though in the very form of God, With heavenly glory crowned, Thou didst a servant's form assume, Beset with sorrow round.
- Thou wouldst like wretched man be made
 In everything but sin,
 That we as like Thee might become
 As we unlike had been.
- Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love, In every beauteous grace;
 From glory into glory changed, Till we behold Thy face.
- O Lord! we treasure in our souls The memory of Thy love; And ever shall Thy name to us The sweetest odour prove.