O Son of Man

O Son of man, our hero strong and tender,
Whose servants are the brave in all the earth,
Our living sacrifice to Thee we render,
Who sharest all our sorrows, all our mirth.

O feet so strong to climb the path of duty,
O lips divine that taught the words of Truth,
Kind eyes that marked the lilies in their beauty,
And heart that kindled at the zeal of youth.

Lover of children and youth’s inspiration,
Of all mankind the Servant and the King;
O Lord of joy and hope and consolation,
To Thee our fears and joys and hopes we bring.

Not in our failures only and our sadness,
We seek Thy presence, Comforter and Friend;
O rich man’s guest be with us in our gladness,
O poor man’s mate our lowliest tasks attend.