

Sarah Elizabeth Miles  
(1807-77)

# Thou, who didst stoop below

Joseph Barnby  
(1838-96)

Kenosis (66. 10. 66. 10)

1. Thou who didst stoop below  
To drain the cup of woe,  
Wearing the form of frail mortality;  
Thy blessed labours done,  
Thy crown of victory won,  
Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy home on high.

2. Our eyes behold Thee not,  
Yet hast Thou not forgot  
Those who have placed their hope, their trust, in Thee;  
Before Thy Father's face  
Thou hast prepared a place,  
That where Thou art, there they may also be.

3. It was no path of flowers,  
Which, through this world of ours,  
Beloved of the Father, Thou didst tread;  
And shall we in dismay  
Shrink from the narrow way,  
When clouds and darkness are around is spread.

4. O Thou who art our life  
Be with us through the strife;  
Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed:  
Raise Thou our eyes above,  
To see a Father's love  
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.