O love, how deep, how broad, how high Hymnal 1982 no. 448

Melody: Deus Tuorum Militum (Grenoble) L.M.

Words from AMNS



O love, how deep, how broad, how high!

It fills the heart with ecstasy,

that God, the Son of God, should take

our mortal form for mortals’ sake.

He sent no angel to our race

of higher or of lower place,

but wore the robe of human frame

himself, and to this lost world came.

For us he was baptized, and bore

his holy fast, and hungered sore;

for us temptations sharp he knew;

for us the tempter overthrew.

For us to wicked men betrayed,

scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,

he bore the shameful cross and death;

for us at length gave up his breath.

For us he rose from death again,

for us he went on high to reign,

for us he sent his Spirit here

to guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

To him whose boundless love has won

salvation for us through his Son,

to God the Father, glory be

both now and through eternity.

Words: Latin, 15th century, translated by Benjamin Webb (1819-1885)

Music: Melody from *Grenoble Antiphoner*, 1753