

A Hymn to the Son of God

Tom Nettles

“So long ago, and far away

Eternal life came near.

The dead and ready-to-decay

Leaped forth and challenged fear.

Within a space where creatures fed

Their Maker took His breath;

The world recoiled with prideful dread.

His life secured their death.

Who is this child who stirred such rage,

While bringing hope to earth?

The Son’s due time had come of age

Salvation wrought this birth.

With Prophets, hope; with angels, sing;

With shepherds, run and gaze.

Like Mary, love; bow down with kings;

Let all your soul bring praise.

His name from Angels promised hope

To those long filled with strife.
His grace brought peace in boundless scope;
His death secured their life.

Forever Son, forever pledged
To take His people's place,
The swaddling clothes warmed nature's edge,
While sin's debt He'd embrace.

Immutable, the Son of God
As Son of Man appeared.
The Holy One, yet tested hard,
To bring his loved ones near.

With Prophets, hope; with angels, sing;
With shepherds, run and gaze.
Like Mary, love; bow down with kings;
Let all your soul bring praise.”