837 Хитон бесшовный

- My Lord has garments so wondrous fine,
 And myrrh their texture fills;
 Its fragrance reached to this heart of mine,
 With joy my being thrills.
- Хитон бесшовный Господь носил,
 И смирны аромат
 Из той одежды меня пленил,
 За Ним идти я рад.

Out of the ivory palaces, Into a world of woe, Only His great, eternal love Made my Saviour go.

Припев

- His life had also its sorrows sore,
 For aloes had a part;
 And when I think of the cross He bore,
 My eyes with tear-drops start.
- 2. Господь изведал страданий гнёт, Он как алой горел... Спаситель умер за Свой народ, Чтоб лучший дать удел.

Out of the ivory palaces, Into a world of woe, Only His great, eternal love Made my Saviour go.

Припев

- His garments too were in cassia dipped,
 With healing in a touch;
 Each time my feet in some sin
 have slipped,
 He took me from its clutch.
- 3. Его одежд запах касии Расходится кругом; От всех болезней и слабостей Бальзам целебный в Нём.

Out of the ivory palaces, Into a world of woe, Only His great, eternal love Made my Saviour go.

Припев

- 4. In garments glorious He will come,
 To open wide the door;
 And I shall enter my heav'nly home,
 To dwell forevermore.
- 4. В одежде славной Господь придёт, Не знаем лишь когда. В небесный дом Он Своих возьмёт, И будем с Ним всегда.

Out of the ivory palaces, Into a world of woe, Only His great, eternal love Made my Saviour go.

Припев