



- | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. We'll praise Thee, glo-rious Lord, | Who died to set us free, |
| 2. Love, that no suf-f'ring stayed, | We'll praise, true love di - vine; |
| 3. Love in Thy lone - ly life | Of sor - row here be - low; |



- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| No earth - ly songs can joy af - ford | Like heaven - ly mel - o - dy. |
| Love that for us a - tone-ment made, | Love that has made us Thine. |
| Thy words of grace, with mer - cy rife, | Make grate - ful prais - es flow. |



- | | |
|---|---|
| 4 Love, that on death's dark vale
Its sweetest odors spread,
Where sin o'er all seemed to prevail
Redemption's glory shed. | 6 Soon wilt Thou take Thy throne,
Thy foes Thy footstool made,
And take us with Thee for Thine own,
In glory love displayed. |
| 5 And now we see Thee risen,
Who once for us hast died,
Seated above the highest heaven:
The Father's glorified. | 7 Jesus, we wait for Thee,
With Thee to have our part;
What can full joy and blessing be
But being where Thou art? |