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|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 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;        |



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|---|-----------------------------------|
| 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. |



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