

(Armington. S. M.)

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1. We'll praise Thee, glo-rious Lord, Who died to set us free,
 2. Love, that no suf-fring 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.

5 And now we see Thee risen,
 Who once for us hast died,
 Seated above the highest heaven:
 The Father's glorified.

6 Soon wilt Thou take Thy throne,
 Thy foes Thy footstool made,
 And take us with Thee for Thine own,
 In glory love displayed.

7 Jesus, we wait for Thee,
 With Thee to have our part;
 What can full joy and blessing be
 But being where Thou art?