

(Eventide. 10. 10. 10. 10.)

J. N. Darby

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1. And is it so- I shall be like Thy Son? Is this the grace which
 2. O Je-sus, Lord, who loved me like to Thee? Fruit of Thy work, with
 3. Yet it must be: Thy love had not its rest Were Thy re-deemed not
 4. Nor I a - lone; Thy loved ones all, com - plete In glo - ry, round Thee



He for me has won? Fa - ther of glo - ry (tho't be - yond all
 Thee, too, there to see Thy glo - ry, Lord, while end - less a - ges
 with Thee ful - ly blest. That love that gives not as the world, but
 there with joy shall meet, All like Thee, for Thy glo - ry like Thee,



tho't!)- In glo - ry, to His own blest like - ness bro't!
 roll, My - self the prize and trav - ail of Thy soul.
 shares All it pos - sess - es with its loved co - heirs.
 Lord, Ob - ject su - preme of all, by all a - dored.

