

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

J. N. Darby

W. H. Monk

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 (thought 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,

thought!) - 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-sesses with its loved co-heirs.
 Lord, Ob-ject su-preme of all, by all a-dored.