

Many Sons to Glory Bringing

Mary Bowley

(Rhineland. 8. 7. 8. 7.)

Wilhelm Brockhaus



1. Man - y sons to glo - ry bring - ing, God sets forth His heaven - ly name;
 2. God, who gave the blood to screen us, God looks down in per - fect love;
 3. Tho' the rest - less foe ac - cus - es, Sins re - count - ing like a flood,
 4. In the ref - uge God pro - vid - ed, Tho' the world's de - struc - tion lowers,
 5. And, ere long, when come to glo - ry, We shall sing a well - known strain,



On we march, in cho - rus sing - ing, "Wor - thy the as - cend - ed Lamb!"
 Clouds may seem to pass be - tween us, There's no change in Him a - bove.
 Ev - 'ry charge our God re - fus - es: Christ has an - swered with His blood.
 We are safe— to Christ con - fid - ed, Ev - er - last - ing life is ours.
 This— the nev - er - tir - ing sto - ry— "Wor - thy is the Lamb once slain!"

