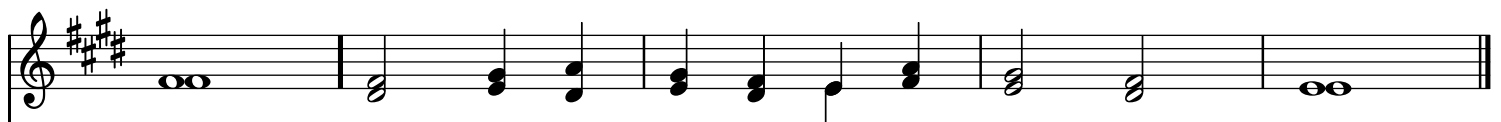




1. And is it so— I shall be like Thy Son? Is this the grace which  
 2. O Je-sus, Lord, who loved me like to Thee? Fruit of Thy work, with  
 3. Yet it must be: Thy love had not its rest Were Thy re-deemed not  
 4. Nor I a - lone; Thy loved ones all, com - plete In glo - ry, round Thee



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 brought!  
 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.

