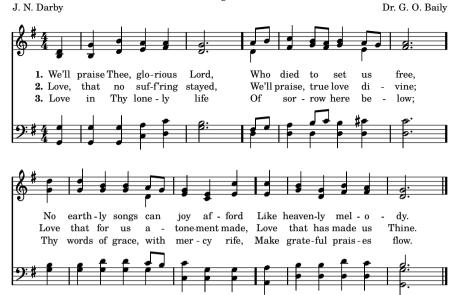
We'll Praise Thee, Glorious Lord

(Armington. S. M.)



- 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?