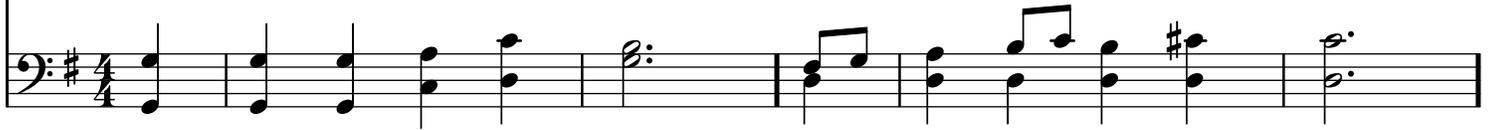


1. We'll praise Thee, glo - rious Lord, Who died to set us free,  
 2. Love, that no suf - f'ring stayed, We'll praise, true love di - vine;  
 3. Love in Thy lone - ly life Of sor - row here be - low;



No earth - ly songs can joy af - ford Like heaven - ly mel - o - dy.  
 Love that for us a - tone - ment made, Love that has made us Thine.  
 Thy words of grace, with mer - cy rife, Make grate - ful prais - es flow.



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?