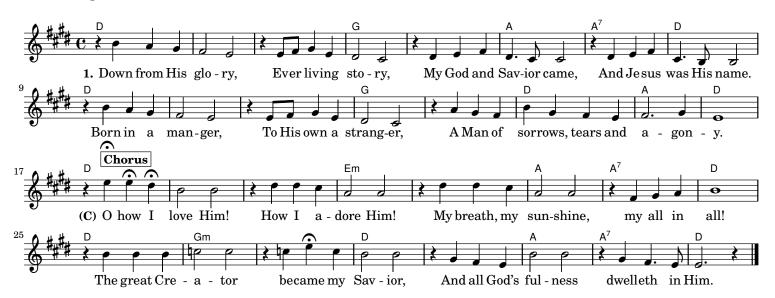
(Guitar: Capo 2)



2. What condescension,
Bringing us redemption;
That in the dead of night,
Not one faint hope in sight,
God, gracious, tender,

Laid aside His splendor,

Stooping to woo, to win, to save my soul.

3. Without reluctance,

Flesh and blood His substance

He took the form of man,

Revealed the hidden plan.

O glorious myst'ry,

Sacrifice of Calv'ry,

And now I know Thou art the great "I AM."