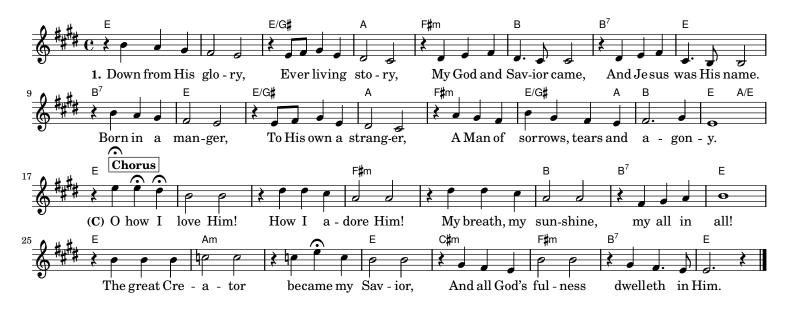
Praise of the Lord — His Incarnation



- 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."