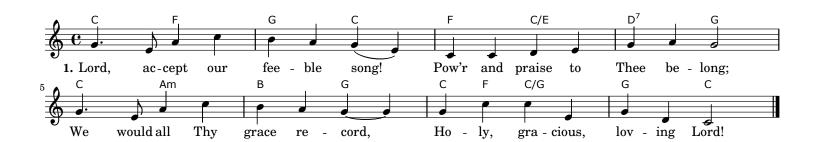
Lord, accept our feeble song

Praise of the Lord — His Humiliation



- 2. Rich in glory, Thou didst stoop,
 Thence is all Thy people's hope;
 Thou wast poor, that we might be
 Rich in glory, Lord, with Thee.
- 3. Wherefore Thou high heaven didst spurn?
 Wherefore Thou to earth didst turn?
 Why leave heav'n to come to earth
 Lonely, scorned, e'en suffering death?
- 4. Thou in heav'n—the glorious One!
 Thou on earth—the outcast Man!
 Though this suffering Thou didst know,
 Love would come to bear our woe.
- **5.** When we think of love like this, Joy and shame our hearts possess; Joy, that Thou couldst pity thus; Shame, for such returns from us.
- **6.** Yet we hope the day to see
 When from every hindrance free,
 When to Thee, in glory, brought,
 We shall serve Thee as we ought.
- 7. Now, O Lord, we wait for Thee, Wait "the blessed hope" to see. May we ever for Thee live, Till Thy saints Thou dost receive.