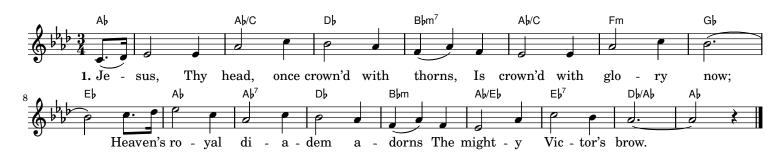
Jesus, Thy head, once crown'd with thorns

Praise of the Lord — His Glory

141



- Thou glorious light of courts above, Joy of the saints below,
 To us still manifest Thy love,
 That we its depths may know.
- 3. To us Thy cross with all its shame, With all its grace be giv'n; Though earth disowns Thy lowly name, God honors it in heav'n.
- 4. Who suffer with Thee, Lord, today, Shall also with Thee reign: Then let it be our joy to pay The Price, this goal attain.
- **5.** To us Thy cross is life and health; 'Twas shame and death to Thee; Our present glory, joy and wealth, Our everlasting stay.