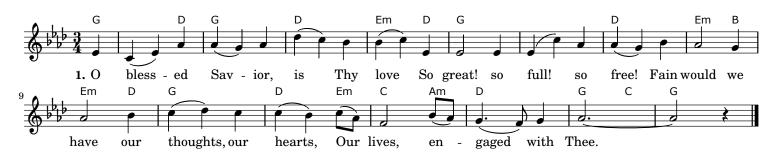
Praise of the Lord — His Love

(Guitar: Capo 1)



- We love Thee for the glorious worth Which in Thyself we see;
 We love Thee for that shameful cross, Endured so patiently.
- 3. No man of greater love can boast
 Than for his friend to die;
 Thou for Thine enemies wast slain!
 What love with Thine can vie?
- 4. Though in the very form of God, With heav'nly glory crowned, Thou didst a servant's form assume, Beset with sorrow round.
- 5. Thou wouldst like wretched man be made In everything but sin, That we as like Thee might become As we unlike had been:
- 6. Like Thee in strength, in meekness, love, In life in ev'ry phase; From glory into glory changed, Till we behold Thy face.
- 7. O Lord, we treasure in our hearts The mem'ry of Thy love; And ever shall Thy name to us A grateful odor prove.