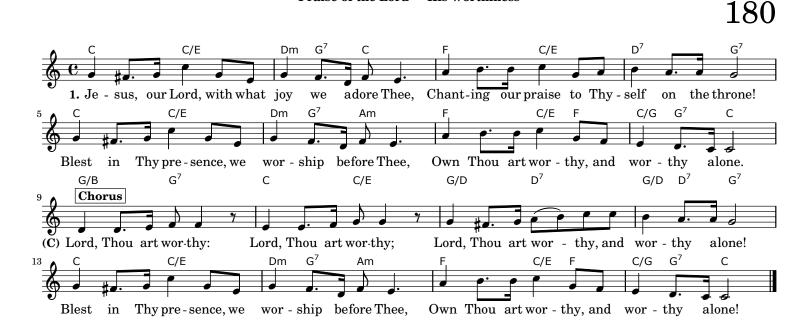
Jesus, our Lord, with what joy we adore Thee

Praise of the Lord — His Worthiness



- 2. Verily God, yet become truly human, Lower than angels to die in our stead; How has that long promised "Seed of the woman" Trod on the serpent and bruised his head!
- 3. How didst Thou humble Thyself to be taken. Led by Thy creatures and nailed to the cross. Hated of men, and of God too forsaken, Shunning not darkness, the curse, and the loss.
- 4. How hast Thou triumphed, and triumphed with glory, Battled death's forces, rolled back every wave! Can we refrain then from telling the story? Lord, Thou art Victor o'er death and the grave.