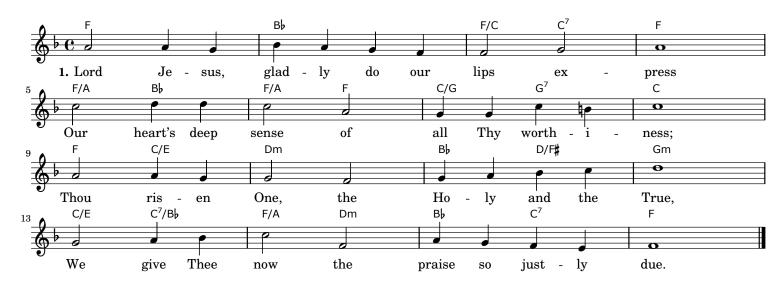
Lord Jesus, gladly do our lips express

Praise of the Lord — Satisfaction with Him

212



- 2. Thou giv'st us, Lord, once more to taste down here
 The joy Thy presence brings, its warmth and cheer;
 With great delight we 'neath Thy shadow rest;
 Thy fruit is sweet to those Thy love has blest.
- 3. Thou wast alone, till like the precious grain In death Thou layest, but didst rise again; And in Thy risen life a countless host Are "all of one" with Thee, Thy joy and boast.