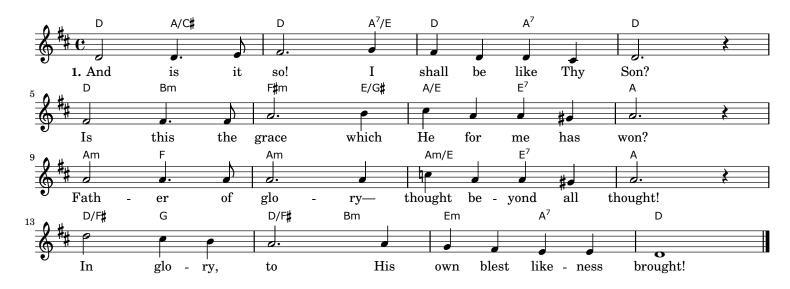
And is it so! I shall be like Thy Son

Hope of Glory — Blessed Likeness

950



- 2. Oh, Jesus, Lord, who loved me like to Thee? Fruit of Thy work, with Thee, too, there to see Thy glory, Lord, while endless ages roll, Myself the prize and travail of Thy soul.
- **3.** Yet it must be: Thy love had not its rest Were Thy redeemed not with Thee fully blest; That love that gives not as the world, but shares All it possesses with its loved co-heirs.
- **4.** Nor I alone; Thy loved ones, all complete In glory, round Thee there with joy shall meet All like Thee, for Thy glory like Thee, Lord, Object supreme of all, by all adored.