

**1.**

Hail sovereign love, that first began  
 The scheme to rescue fallen man;  
 Hail, matchless free eternal grace,  
 That gave my soul a hiding place

On Him almighty vengeance fell,  
 Which else had sunk a world to hell;  
 He bore it for a ruined race,  
 And thus became a hiding place!

A few more rolling suns at most,  
 Shall land me safe on Heaven's coast.  
 There I shall sing the song of grace,  
 To Jesus Christ, my hiding place!

*Jehoida Brewer*

**2.**

Sing to God my spirit sing,  
 Joyful praise and worship bring!  
 He Whom sinners mocked as King –  
 He shall bear the glory!

He Who bled with scourging sore,  
 Thorns and scarlet meekly wore,  
 He Who every sorrow bore –  
 He shall bear the glory.

Monarch of the smitten cheek,  
 Scorn of Jew and scorn of Greek,  
 Priest and King, divinely meek –  
 He shall bear the glory.

On the rainbow-circled throne  
 Mid the myriads of His own,  
 Nevermore to weep alone –  
 He shall bear the glory.

His the grand eternal weight,  
 His the priestly-regal state;  
 Him the Father maketh great –  
 He shall bear the glory.

He Who died to set us free,  
 He Who lives and loves e'en me,  
 He Who comes, Whom I shall see –  
 He shall bear the glory.

*William Blane*

**3.**

The Saviour comes, no outward pomp,  
 Bespeaks His presence nigh;  
 No earthly beauty shines in Him,  
 To draw the carnal eye.

*All beauty may we ever see,  
 In God's beloved Son,  
 The chiefest of ten thousand He,  
 The only lovely One!*

Rejected and despised of men,  
 Behold a man of woe!  
 Grief was His close companion here,  
 Through all His life below.

Yet all the griefs He felt were ours,  
 Ours were the woes He bore;  
 Pangs not His own, His spotless soul,  
 With bitter anguish tore.

*William Robertson*

**4.**

I know not when, but this I know,  
 That I shall see His face:  
 I may be called by death to go,  
 Or wait His coming here below,  
 But I *shall* see His face.

That face once spit upon for me  
 That holy, blessed face!  
 And stared at in His agony.  
 While hanging on the cursed tree  
 Yes, I shall see that face.

But not a cloud of sorrow now  
 Can shade His glorious face;  
 Eternal gladness crowns His brow,  
 Where heavenly hosts before Him bow  
*There* I shall see His face.

E'en now by faith my soul can say  
 I see my Saviour's face;  
 Though mine be here a darkened way  
 This cheers me on from day to day  
 Until I see His face!

**5.**

Lord Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;  
 My Rock and my Fortress, my Surety divine;  
 My gracious Redeemer, my song shall be now,  
 'Tis Thou who art worthy, 'tis Thou!  
 Wor...thy, Worthy Lord Jesus art Thou.  
 My gracious Redeemer, my song shall be now,  
 'Tis Thou who art worthy, 'tis Thou!

I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,  
 And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;  
 I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;  
 'Tis Thou who art worthy, 'tis Thou!  
 Wor...thy, Worthy Lord Jesus art Thou.  
 I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;  
 'Tis Thou who art worthy, 'tis Thou!

And when the bright morn of Thy glory shall come,  
 And the children ascend to the Father's glad home,  
 I'll shout, with Thy likeness impressed on my brow,  
 'Tis Thou who art worthy, 'tis Thou!  
 Wor...thy, Worthy Lord Jesus art Thou.  
 I'll shout, with Thy likeness impressed on my brow,  
 'Tis Thou who art worthy, 'tis Thou!

*A.J. Gordon*

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