

The Grace of the Lord Jesus Christ.

To this world of sin and woe,
 Came the Saviour long ago ;
 The eternal Word, the Father's only Son,
 He became a child of days,
 Unto God's eternal praise ;
 He has suffer'd and His mighty work is done.
 He was number'd with the dead—
 On the cross His blood was shed.
 O ! adore ye, Him in glory,
 Set on high o'er all things Head.

Jesus evermore the same—
 There is not another name
 Under heaven, that is given among men,
 None whereby you must be saved,
 You, by sin and death enslaved,
 Jesus only who is coming soon again,
 The ascended living one.
 Hear Him ! God's beloved Son ;
 O ! adore ye, Him in glory,
 Praise Him, heaven is begun.

All the way is open now,
 Glory, honour, crown His brow,
 He is seated with His Father on His throne ;
 O ! extol His worthy name,
 Jesus evermore the same.
 He is coming from that glory for His own,
 Sing, His precious blood was shed,
 And He liveth who was dead.
 O ! adore ye, Him in glory,
 Christ, the Lord, o'er all things Head.

There is yet a brief delay,
 And who e'er will come—he may
 Come to Jesus and forevermore be blest,
 O ! He saith, " Come unto me,"
 Saved for ever thou shalt be.
 " Come to me ye may, I will give you rest ;
 'Tis His voice awakes the dead,
 Where His precious blood was shed.
 O ! adore ye, Him in glory,
 Jesus, Saviour, Lord and Head.