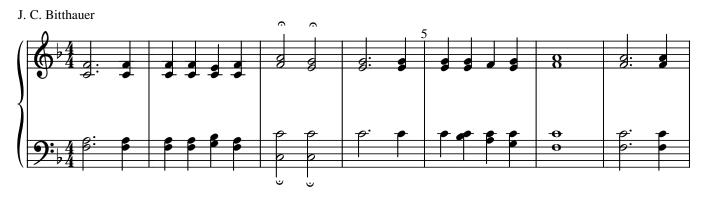
Gazing on the Lord in Glory





Gazing on the Lord in glory, While our hearts in worship bow, There we read the wondrous story Of the cross—its shame and woe.

Every mark of dark dishonor Heaped upon the thorn-crowned brow All the depths of Thy heart's sorrow Told in answ'ring glory now.

On that cross, alone, forsaken, Where no pity'ng eye was found; Now, to God's right hand exalted, With Thy praise the heavens resound. Did Thy God e'en then forsake Thee, Hide His face from Thy deep need? In Thy face once marred and smitten, All His glory now we read.

Gazing on it we adore Thee, Blessed, precious, holy Lord; Thou the Lamb, alone art worthy— This be earth's and heaven's accord.

Rise our hearts, and bless the Father, Ceaseless song e'en here begun, Endless praise and adoration To the Father and the Son.

Miss C. Thompson

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