

PRAISE YE GOD THE SON.

Praise ye God the Son the Prince of Love Whose heart reach'd out to hos-tile

men from heights a-boue

Thy Love was mani Fest

Thine agon

Thru' our hate

Thine a-- gon-

won us perfect rest

Thy death of shame
~~sorrow~~ deep

a life of gl'ry providing

Thy so

deep,

Thy sorrow

deep,

Thy sorrow deep

Un-end-ing joy Un-en- - d

Thy sorrow,

joy

a-bi-ding

O love re-vea- - - - - led by such a

O God re-veal-ed by such

Love! We dare not Love pro-fess a part from

--- . Live Thou thro us That Life of love filling us with thy self Eternal