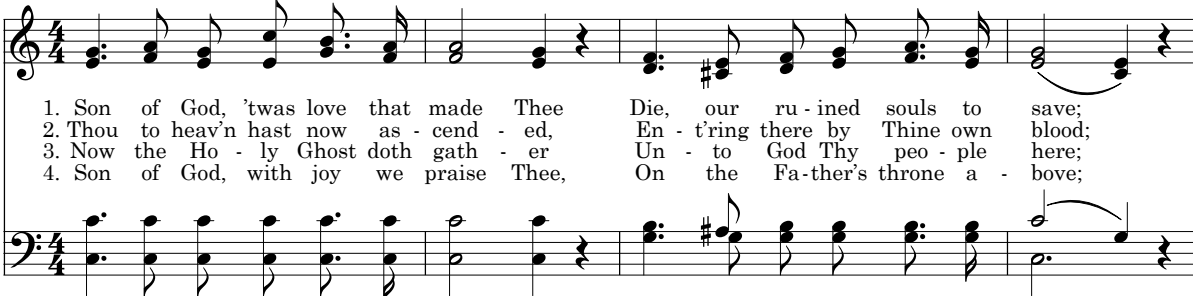


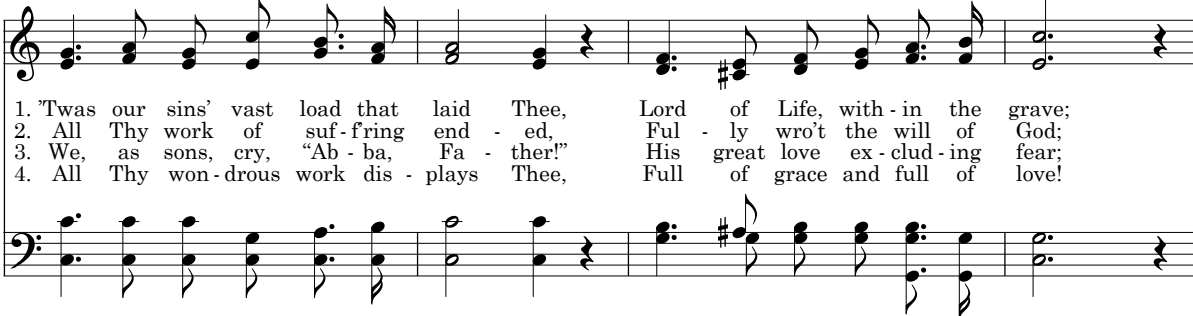
Son of God

Unknown v. 1-3; S. P. Tregelles v. 4

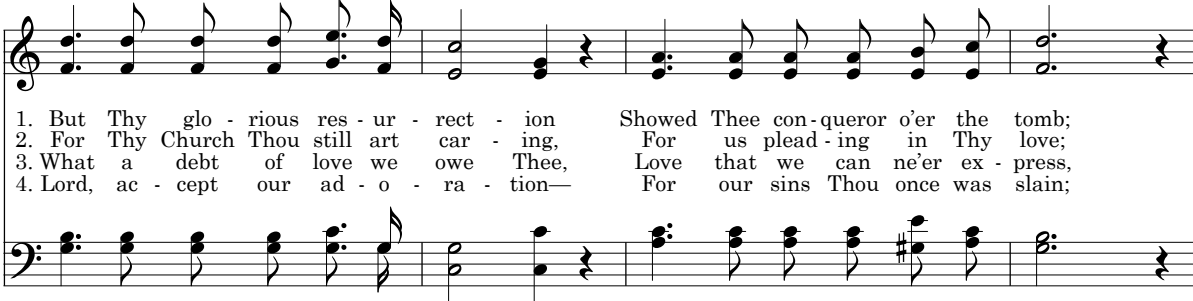
C. C. Williams



1. Son of God, 'twas love that made Thee Die, our ru - ined souls to save;
2. Thou to heav'n hast now as - cend - ed, En - t'ring there by Thine own blood;
3. Now the Ho - ly Ghost doth gath - er Un - to God Thy peo - ple here;
4. Son of God, with joy we praise Thee, On the Fa - ther's throne a - bove;



1. 'Twas our sins' vast load that laid Thee, Lord of Life, with - in the grave;
2. All Thy work of suf - fring end - ed, Ful - ly wro't the will of God;
3. We, as sons, cry, "Ab - ba, Fa - ther!" His great love ex - clud - ing fear;
4. All Thy won - drous work dis - plays Thee, Full of grace and full of love!



1. But Thy glo - rious res - ur - rect - ion Showed Thee con - queror o'er the tomb;
2. For Thy Church Thou still art car - ing, For us plead - ing in Thy love;
3. What a debt of love we owe Thee, Love that we can ne'er ex - press,
4. Lord, ac - cept our ad - o - ra - tion— For our sins Thou once was slain;



1. So the saints by Thy pro - tec - tion Thro' Thy work shall o - ver - come.
2. And our place of rest pre - par - ing In the Fa - ther's house a - bove.
3. Since we, thro' the Spir - it, know Thee, Christ the Lord, our right - eous - ness.
4. Thro' Thy blood we have sal - va - tion; Soon shall share Thine end - less reign!