## PRAISE THE LORD



- 2. He it was bore the cross, all its pain, and all its shame; and for us, died he thus, praise we then his glorious name.
- 3. 'Tis a name marked with shame, here below it ever was; but above, all is love, love to him who bore the cross.
- 4. There's a race saved by grace, here below, who love his name; theirs it is, theirs, as his, theirs to meet reproach and shame.
- 5. Shrink we not, base the thought, shrink we not from human scorn; 'tis our lot, grieve we not, sing ye, who of God are born.
- 6. Yet a while, and his smile, his whose coming draweth near, will repay, well it may, all his people suffer here.

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