OF JESUS WE'LL SING



2. How high was his seat,
his glory how great,
when sitting on yonder bright throne!
The object above
of wonder and love,
the object of worship alone.

3. But see, from his place, in infinite gracehe comes, and appears here below; he leaves all his store, and stoops to be poor, submitting to want and to woe.

4. No love is like his, unequalled it is by that of a mother or friend: what tongue cannot teach, what thought cannot reach, 'tis love without measure or end.

5. To Jesus alone,
who sits on the throne,
be glory, dominion, and pow'r:
to Jesus be giv'n
all honour in heav'n,
by angels and saints evermore.

Words: Thomas Kelly. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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