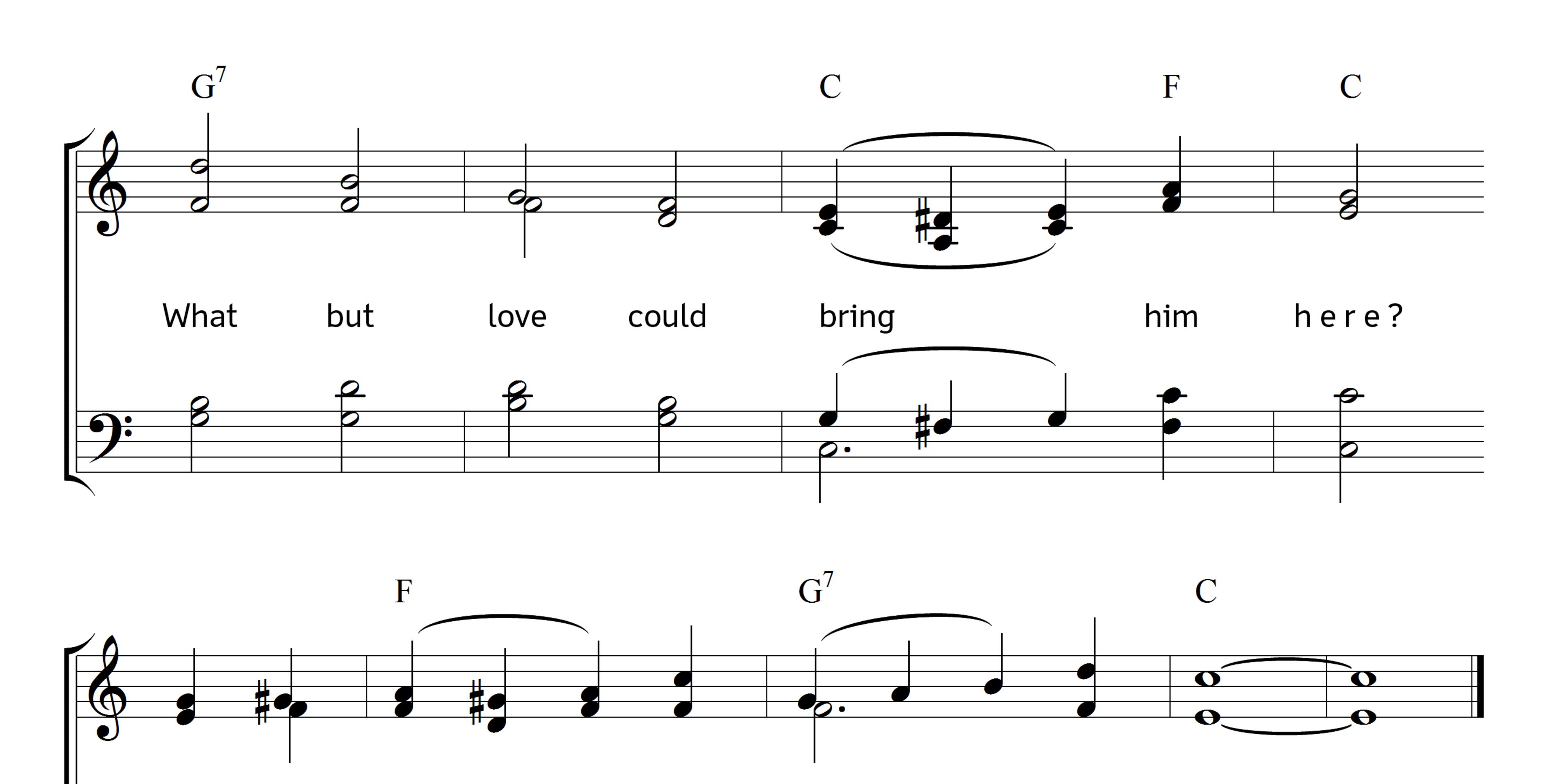
JESUS LEAVES HIS THRONE OF GLORY





- 2. His is love, all thought too high for, angels cannot reach its height; saints, 'twas you he came to die for, you he clothes in robes of white, you he washes with his blood, makes you "kings and priests to God".
- 4. Here discordant things agreeing, meet in blessed harmony; sinners to this refuge fleeing, are from guilt and terror free: justice here and grace unite, 'tis a joyful, wondrous sight.

O

3. "Life for life" — 'tis justice claims it, life for life is freely giv'n: awful stroke! 'tis justice aims it, and he falls, "the Lord from heav'n"; dies a victim, on the tree; dies, O sinner, dies for thee.

5. Here we should abide for ever, loving and admiring too; keep thy servants, Lord, and never let us say, or let us do ought displeasing in thy sight, ought that will not bear the light.

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