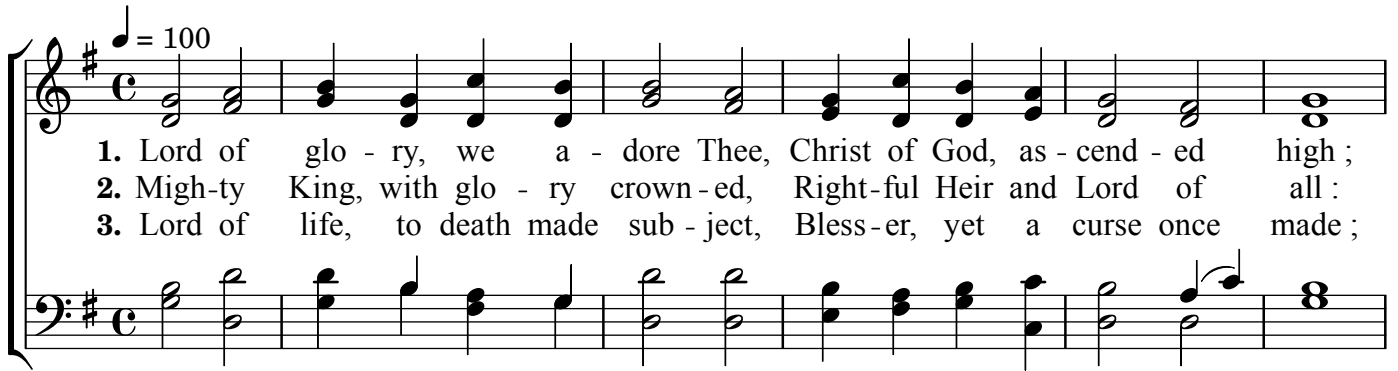


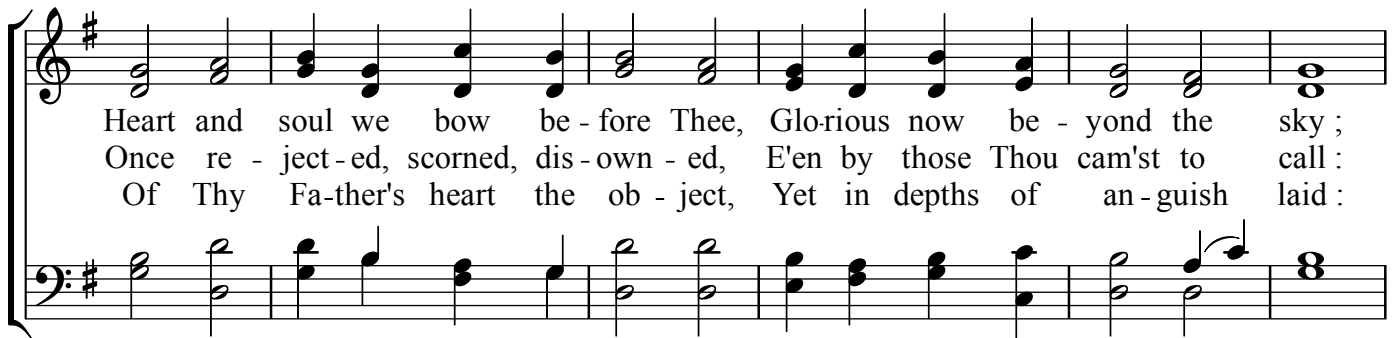
Lord of glory, we adore Thee

(EVENING PRAYER. 8.7.8.7.7.7)

$\text{♩} = 100$



1. Lord of glo - ry, we a - dore Thee, Christ of God, as - cend - ed high ;
 2. Migh - ty King, with glo - ry crown - ed, Right - ful Heir and Lord of all :
 3. Lord of life, to death made sub - ject, Bless - er, yet a curse once made ;



Heart and soul we bow be - fore Thee, Glo - rious now be - yond the sky ;
 Once re - ject - ed, scorned, dis - own - ed, E'en by those Thou cam'st to call :
 Of Thy Fa - ther's heart the ob - ject, Yet in depths of an - guish laid :



Thee we wor - ship, Thee we praise, Ex - cel - lent in all Thy ways.
 Thee we hon - our, Thee a - dore, Glo - rious now and ev - er - more.
 Thee we gaze on, Thee re - call, Bear - ing here our sor - rows all.

4. Royal robes shall soon invest Thee,
 Royal splendours crown Thy brow ;
 Christ of God, our souls confess Thee
 King and Sovereign even now ;
 Thee we reverence,
 Thee obey,
 Own Thee Lord and Christ alway.

Alternate Tunes : Till He Come, 370 ; Irby, 62.