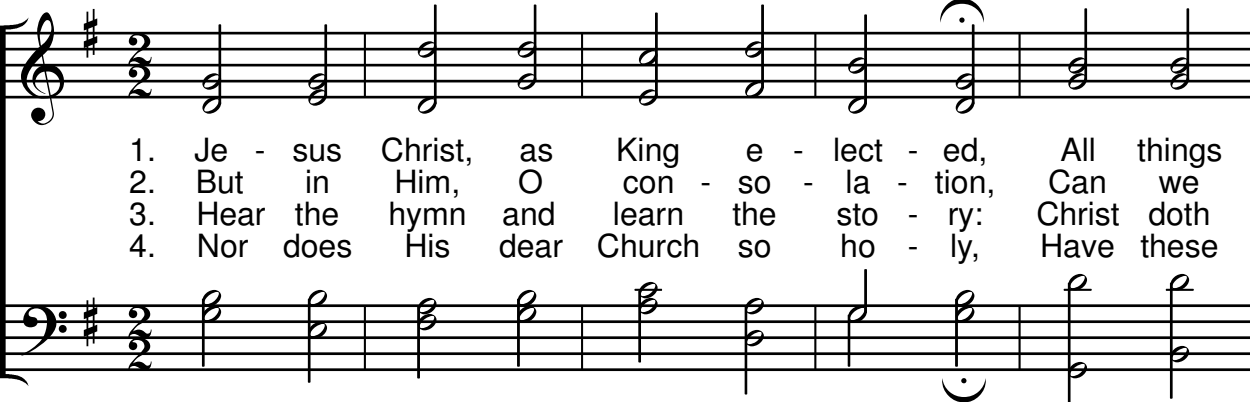



# 190. ADORATION


40, 189.




1. Je - sus Christ, as King e - lect - ed, All things  
 2. But in Him, O con - so - la - tion, Can we  
 3. Hear the hymn and learn the sto - ry: Christ doth  
 4. Nor does His dear Church so ho - ly, Have these



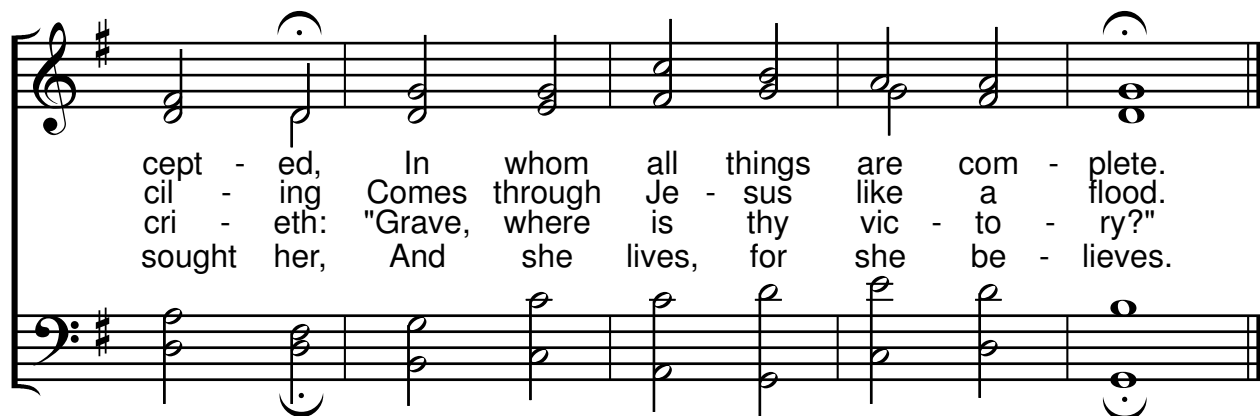
are to Him sub - ject - ed. All things God lays  
 find our full sal - va - tion, The sal - va - tion  
 lead His own to glo - ry! Grace and peace He  
 gra - cious bless - ings sole - ly, She has Him as



at His feet! Ev - 'ry tongue shall make con -  
 in His blood; List! for us His life is  
 giv - eth thee. Lo, He death and hell de -  
 Head, who lives! With His blood the Sav - iour



fes - sion That Christ is the Lord ac -  
 smil - ing And e - ter - nal re - con -  
 fi - eth: "Death, where is thy sting?" He  
 bought her, As His heav'n - ly Bride He



5. Give your hearts to Him, ye sinners;  
Tell, ye ailing, Him your illness;  
Bring, ye poor, to Him your need.  
Thro' His wounds He heals and cleanses,  
Healing ointment He dispenses,  
Lasting treasures after death.
6. Haste then! Shame and care, O leave it!  
Seek ye grace? 'Tis yours; receive it!  
Seek ye life? Pray Him who lives!  
Sinners, you He justifieth;  
Grace to no one He denieth;  
Everlasting gain He gives.
7. Here the ransomed souls shall treasure  
All His good in boundless measure,  
And praise God in full accord.  
Hallowed words! Most precious teaching!  
Unto all the world are reaching,  
Sweet Evangel of our Lord!
8. Though the cross of Christ oft presses,  
And the saints a while distresses,  
Yet their suff'ring soon will end;  
Joy will soon displace affliction,  
With their Lord in close connection  
They with Him to God ascend.
9. Wealth and honor here may fail us;  
Pain and sorrow may assail us,  
Yet shall scorn and death be gain!  
Tho' men threaten, tho' there's danger,  
All things are to him a stranger  
Who this Treasure would obtain!
10. Heaven's open gate discloses  
What for them in grace reposes  
All that fondest hopes can bring.  
In white robe the Bride's appearing,  
Knowing that the time is nearing  
When in joy she'll greet the King.
11. Ye, his servants, sing His glory;  
All ye righteous, tell His story;  
Ye who bear the palms, rejoice.  
Sing, all ye redeemed and crowned;  
Sing, ye choir where He is throned,  
Praise His name with harp and voice!
12. Even I in lowest station,  
I will join in exultation,  
Though I'm still a pilgrim here.  
Jesus Christ as King elected,  
All things are to Him subjected,  
Honor, love and praise Him there.