

Jesus, the Lord of Glory, Died

Baptist Wriothesley Noel, 1853, alt.

C. A. Ward, 1885

♩ = 83

1. Jesus the Lord of glo - ry died, That we might ne - ver die; And
2. Weak tho' we are, He still is near, To lead, con - sole, de - fend; In
3. From His high throne in bliss, He deigns Our ev - ery prayer to heed; Bears
4. Still, thro' His in - ter - ces - sion spared, We find Him true and kind; Though
5. From His love's ex - haust-less spring, Joys like a riv - er come; To
6. Je - sus, there is none like Thee, Our Sav - ior and our Lord; Through

now He reigns su - preme to guide His peo - ple to the sky.
all our sor - row, sin, and fear, Our all - suf - fi - cient friend.
with our fol - ly, soothes our pains, Sup - plies our ev - ery need.
we are as the mar - ble hard, And change - ful as the wind.
make the des - ert bloom and sing, O'er which we tra - vel home.
Heaven and earth ex - alt - ed be, Be - lovèd, o - beyed, a - dored.

Refrain

Je - sus, the Sav - ior, on Calva - ry's tree, Died that we might ne - ver die; And

now He is plead-ing that we might see That beau-ti - ful home on high.