

T. Willey (1847-1930)

F. C. Atkinson (1841-1897)

$\text{♩} = 106$

1. Lord Je - sus, glad - ly do our lips ex - press
 2. Thou giv'st us, Lord, once more to taste down here,
 3. Thou wast a - lone, till like the prec - ious grain,

Our hearts' deep sense of all Thy wor - thi - ness ;
 The joy Thy pre - sence brings, its warmth and cheer ;
 In death Thou lay - est, but did'st rise a - gain ;

Thou Ris - en One, the Ho - ly and the True,
 With great de - light we 'neath Thy sha - dow rest,
 And in Thy ris - en life, a count - less host

We give Thee now the praise so just - ly due.
 Thy fruit is sweet to those Thy love has blessed.
 Are « all of one » with Thee, Thy joy and boast.

4. We bless Thee, Lord, Thou lov'st to take Thy place
 Amongst Thine own, who taste Thy boundless grace
 'Tis here we learn Thee, as Thou'rt known above,
 In heavenly glory — home of perfect love.

Alternate Tunes : Eventide, 212 ; Toulon, 7.