



Worthy is The Lamb

Ever surrounded with glories above,
Laid them aside in His infinite love;
Treading this valley of shadows below,
Downward to Calvary's chasm of woe.

Unfathomed agonies there He endured,
Purchased redemption while darkness obscured;
Freely, submissively yielding His breath,
Entered in weakness the stronghold of death.

Freely His soul on the altar was laid,
Fully our debt to God's justice He paid;
Judgement sustaining, and anguish unknown,
Drained the dark dregs of the wrath-cup alone!

There for the people He purchased with blood,
Stemmed the dark waters of Jordan in flood;
Though not a spot of defilement within,
Died on a gibbet atoning for sin!

Then from death's stronghold the Victor arose,
Treading beneath Him in triumph His foes!
Bursting asunder the bars of the tomb,
Robbing the grave of its terror and gloom!

Now He's ascended where glories unknown
Dazzle the angels surrounding the throne;
Brightness and splendor unfolding His fame,
Rests on the brow once so darkened with shame.

. . . . Ed Hewlett