

How great the privilege! how sweet.

1. How great the privilege! how sweet,
To sing of Christ, the Lord we own;
Who gives us hope that we shall sit
Ere long with Him upon His throne.

2. Is any subject half so sweet,
So various as the love of God?
Is any other name so great,
As His Who bore our heavy load?

3.'Tis this alone that suits lost man,
That makes his opposition cease,
Beholding love's amazing plan,
He drops his arms and sues for peace.

4.'Twas so with u s; we once were foes,
Were foes to Him Who gave us breath:
But He, Whose mercy freely flows
Has sav'd us from eternal death.

5. Of Him then let us speak and sing,
Who soon in glory shall appear,
And us in all that glory bring
His own peculiar throne to share.