

Glory To Thee, O Lord Hymn

Glory to Thee, O Lord,
Who, from this world of sin,
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win.

Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gained the shore.

Glory to Thee for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who, since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reached the quiet land.

O that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright,
O that as free from stain of sin
We shrank not from Thy sight.

Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy Name.