

Victory

Author: Alfred Mace 1854-1944

O lead me to the Man that died, Who all God's nature glorified
Descending to the depths of woe; And for us vanquished ev'ry foe!

O lead me to the empty tomb, His death has robbed of all its gloom;
He's ris'n! the Lord of life and peace, And holds me in His fond embrace

O lead me up to heaven's height, To see the Lord enthroned in light
That gazing on His glory there, I may reflect His image here

O lead me to that meeting rare, So often longed for in the air;
Then, then, His blessed face I'll see, And praise Him thro' eternity

O lead me on to Zion's hill, To see the Lord His Word fulfil
His glorious King is sitting there, Ruling o'er earth and sea and air

O lead me to that scene sublime, Prepared by God before all time;
Sin, death, and night have passed away; Light, life and love are there to stay

There, too, th' Eternal Three in One, Blest Father, Spirit, and the Son,
Rest undisturbed for evermore; I wonder, worship, and adore!