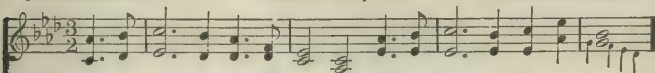


Hail, Thou Once Despised.

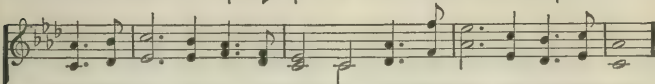
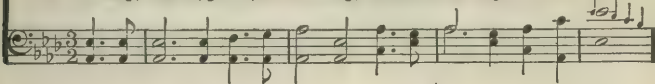
John Bakewell.

Autumn. 8s. 7s. D.

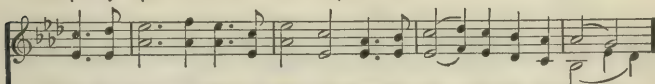
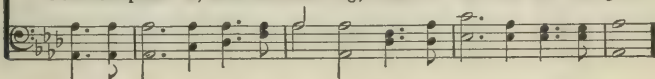
Louis von Esch.



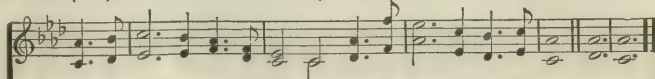
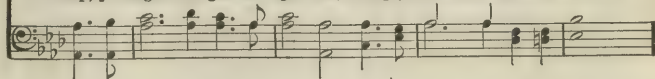
1. Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus! Hail, Thou Gal-i-le-an King!
2. Pas-chal Lamb, by God ap-point-ed, All our sins on Thee were laid:
3. Je-sus, hail! enthroned in glo-ry, There for-ev-er to a-bide;
4. Wor-ship, hon-or, pow'r, and blessing, Thou art wor-thy to re-ceive;



Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.
 By al-might-y love a-noint-ed, Thou hast full a-tone-ment made.
 All the heav'n-ly hosts a-dore Thee, Seat-ed at Thy Fa-ther's side:
 Loud-est prais-es, with-out ceas-ing, Meet it is for us to give.



Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-ior, Bear-er of our sin and shame!
 All Thy peo-ple are for-giv-en, Thro' the vir-tue of Thy blood;
 There for sin-ners Thou art plead-ing; There Thou dost our place pre-pare:
 Help, ye bright an-gel-ic spir-its; Bring your sweet-est, no-blest lays;



By Thy mer-its we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en thro' Thy name.
 O-pened is the gate of Heav-en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
 Ev-er for us in-ter-ced-ing, Till in glo-ry we ap-pear.
 Help to sing our Sav-ior's mer-its; Help to chant Immanuel's praise! A-MEN.

