

Many Sons To Glory Bringing

(RHINELAND. 8.7.8.7)

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Ma - ny sons to glo - ry bring - ing, God sets forth His
 2. God who gave the blood to screen us, God looks down in
 3. Though the rest - less foe ac - cus - es, Sins re - count - ing

heaven - ly name ; On we march in cho - rus
 per - fect love ; Clouds may seem to pass be -
 like a flood, Ev - ery charge our God re -

sing - ing, « Wor - thy the as - cend - ed Lamb ! »
 tween us, There's no change in Him a - bove.
 fus - es : Christ has an - swered with His blood.

4. In the refuge God provided,
 Though the world's destruction lowers,
 We are safe, to Christ confided,
 Everlasting life is ours.
5. And, ere long, when come to glory,
 We shall sing a well-known strain,
 This the never-tiring story,
 « Worthy is the Lamb once slain ! »

Alternate Tunes : Resting, 419 ; Halle, 252 ; Dijon, 179