

Many Sons To Glory Bringing

(RHINELAND. 8.7.8.7)

$\text{♩} = 100$

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

forth His heav - enly name ; On we march in cho - rus
 down in per - fect love ; Clouds may seem to pass be -
 count - ing 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