

Behold, What Love!
Robert Boswell, 19th Century.
James McGranahan.

Behold, what love, what boundless love,
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners lost, that we should be
Now called "the sons of God!"

Refrain

Behold, what manner of love!
What manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us,
That we, that we should be called,
Should be called the sons of God!

No longer far from Him but now
By "precious blood" made nigh,
Accepted in the "Well beloved,"
Near to God's heart we lie.

Refrain

What we in glory soon shall be,
It doth not yet appear;
But when our precious Lord we see,
We shall His image bear.

Refrain

With such a blessed hope in view,
We would more holy be,
More like our risen, glorious Lord,
Whose face we soon shall see.

Refrain