Behold, What Love!

1. Behold, what love, what boundless love, The Father hath bestowed
2. No longer far from Him, but now By "precious blood" made nigh;
3. What we in glory soon shall be, It doth not yet appear;
4. With such a blessed hope in view, We would more holy be,

On sinners lost, that we should be Now called the sons of God!
Accepted in the "Well belov'd," Near to God's heart we lie.
But when our precious Lord we see, We shall His image bear.
More like our risen, glorious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.

Chorus

Behold, what manner of love!
What manner of love,
love the Father hath bestowed, upon us, That we that
Behold, What Love!

we should be call'd,
Should be call'd the sons of God.

The sons of God,