

# LOVE'S TRIUMPHANT SHOUT!

BY: HANNAH HURNARD

Hark to love's triumphant shout!

"Joy is born from pain,

Joy is sorrow inside out,

Grief remade again.

Broken hearts look up and see

This is love's own victory."

Here marred things are made anew,

Filth is here made clean,

Here are robes, not rags, for you,

Mirth where tears have been.

Where sin's dreadful power was found,

Grace doth not much more abound.

Hark! Such songs of jubilation!

Every creature sings,

Great the joy of every nation,

"Love is King of kings.

See, ye blind ones! Shout, ye dumb!

Joy is sorrow overcome."