

- N**OW to the Lord, Who makes us know
The wonders of His dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas He that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in His precious blood:
'Tis He that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus our atoning Priest,
To Jesus our exalted King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue His glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on clouds our Saviour comes,
And every eye shall see Him move;
Though with our sins we pierced Him once,
Now He displays His pardoning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the Day;
Come, Lord: nor let Thy promise fail,
Nor let Thy coming long delay.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748