

The Wonders, Lord, Thy Love Has Wrought
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: Robert Earnshaw (1856-1933).

The wonders, Lord, Thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

No blood of beasts on altars spilt
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But Thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

Lo! Thine eternal Son appears
To Thy designs He bows His ears,
Assumes a body well prepared,
And well performs a work so hard.

Behold, I come, the Savior cries,
With love and duty in His eyes,
I come to bear the heavy load
Of sins, and do Thy will, My God.

Tis written in Thy great decree,
Tis in Thy book foretold of Me,
I must fulfill the Saviors part;
And lo! Thy law is in My heart!

Ill magnify Thy holy law,
And rebels to obedience draw,
When on My cross Im lifted high,
Or to My crown above the sky.

The Spirit shall descend and show
What Thou hast done, and what I do;
The wondering world shall learn Thy grace,
Thy wisdom, and Thy righteousness.