

What Equal Honors Shall We Bring

Words: Isaac Watts, 1706-1709

Music: Heinrich Zeuner, 1832.

What equal honors shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy Name?

Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At His Almighty Father's side.

Power and dominion are His due
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though He was charged with madness here.

All riches are His native right,
Yet He sustained amazing loss;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left His weakness on the cross.

Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

Blessings forever on the Lamb
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound His sacred Name,
And every creature say, Amen.