

Now let our lips with holy fear
[Now Let Our Lips With Holy Fear]
Melody:Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Now let our lips with holy fear
And mournful pleasure sing
The suff'rings of our great High Priest,
The sorrows of our King.

2. He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise!
While to his heav'nly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.

3. "Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
Nor hide thy shining face;
Why should thy fav'rite look like one
Forsaken of thy grace?"

4. "With rage they persecute the man
That groans beneath thy wound,
While for a sacrifice I pour
My life upon the ground.

5. "They tread my honor to the dust,
And laugh when I complain;
Their sharp insulting slanders add
Fresh anguish to my pain.

6. "All my reproach is known to thee,
The scandal and the shame
Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
And lies defiled my name.

7. "I looked for pity, but in vain;
My kindred are my grief:
I ask my friends for comfort round,
But meet with no relief.

8. "With vinegar they mock my thirst,
They give me gall for food;
And sporting with my dying groans,
They triumph in my blood.

9. "Shine into my distressed soul,
Let thy compassions save;
And though my flesh sink down to death,
Redeem it from the grave.

10. "I shall arise to praise thy name,
Shall reign in worlds unknown;
And thy salvation, O my God,
Shall seat me on thy throne."