

No More, Dear Savior, Will I Boast  
Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748).  
Music: Musikalisches Handbuch, 1690.

No more, dear Savior, will I boast  
Of beauty, wealth, or loud applause,  
The world has all its glories lost,  
Amid the triumphs of the cross.

In every feature of Thy face  
Beauty her fairest charms displays;  
Truth, wisdom, majesty, and grace,  
Shine thence in sweetly mingled rays.

Thy wealth the powr of thought transcends,  
Tis vast, immense, and all divine;  
Thy empire, Lord, oer all extends  
The sun, the moon, the stars are Thine.

Yet, oh how marvelous the sight!  
I see Thee on a cross expire;  
Thy Godhead veiled in sable night,  
And angels from the scene retire.