

Now to the Lord, Who Makes Us Know
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707-9.
Music: William Knapp, 1738.

Now to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of His dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

Twas He that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in His richest blood;
Tis He that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue His glory sing.

Behold, on flying clouds He comes,
And every eye shall see Him move;
Though with our sins we pierced Him once,
Then He displays His pardning love.

The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord; nor let Thy promise fail,
Nor let Thy chariots long delay.