

Persia

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1. Now to the Lord, who makes us know The wonders of His dy-ing love, And strains of no-bler
Be hum-ble hon-ors paid be-low,

10 Be hum-ble hon-ors paid be - low,
praise a-bove, And strains of no-bler praise a-bove, And strains of no-bler praise a - bove.
15 Be hum-ble hon-ors paid be - low,

2. '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.

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

4. 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 pard'ning love.

5. 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.