

METRE 1 Isaac Watts

WINCHESTER L.M.

in *Musicalisches Handbuch*, 1690

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

2. In eve-ry fea-ture of thy face Beau-ty her fairest charms displays; Truth, wisdom, ma-jes - ty and grace Shine thence in sweetly mingled rays.

3. Thy wealth the pow'r of thought transcends, 'Tis vast, immense, and all di-vine: Thy empire, Lord, o'er worlds extends - The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.

4. Yet (Oh how mar-ve - lous the sight!) I see thee on a cross ex-pire; Thy Godhead veil'd in sa-ble night, And an - gels from the scene re - tire.