

Burwick

1. Now for a tune of lof - ty praise To great Je - ho - vah's e - qual Son! A - wake, my voice, in
2. Sing how he left the worlds of light, And the bright robes he wore a - bove; How swift and joy - ful
3. Down to this base, this sin - ful earth, He came to raise our na - ture high; He came t'a - tone al -
4. Hell and its li - ons roared a - round, His pre - cious blood the monsters spilt; While weighty sorrows

1. heav'n - ly lays Tell the loud wonders he hath done, Tell the loud wonders he hath done.
2. was his flight, On wings of ev - er - las - ting love, On wings of ev - er - las - ting love!
3. - migh - ty wrath; Je - sus, the God, was born to die, Je - sus, the God, was born to die.
4. pressed him down, Large as the loads of all our guilt, Large as the loads of all our guilt.

5. Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th'al-migh-ty Captive prisoner lay,
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

6. Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace;
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face!

7. Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heav'nly plains.