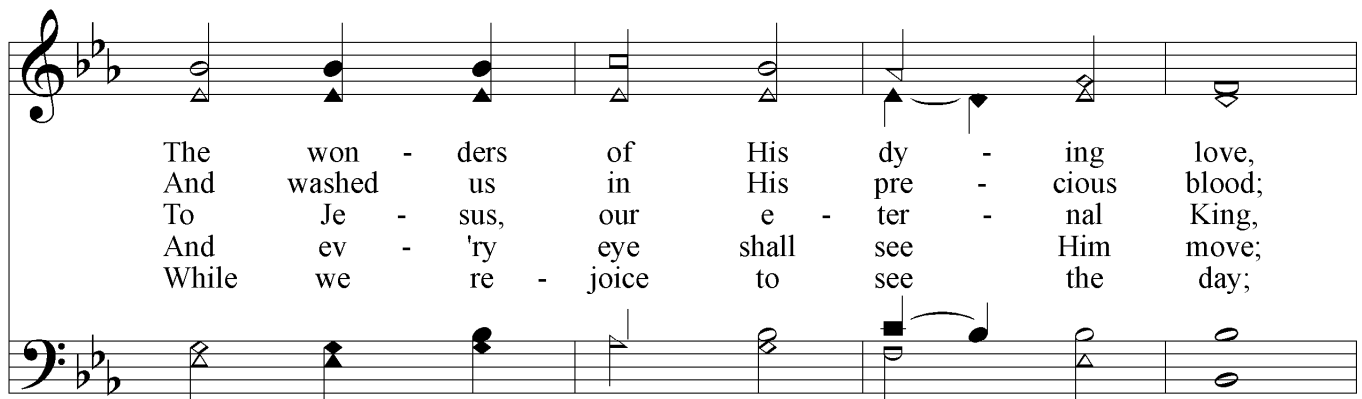


# Now To The Lord, Who Makes Us Know

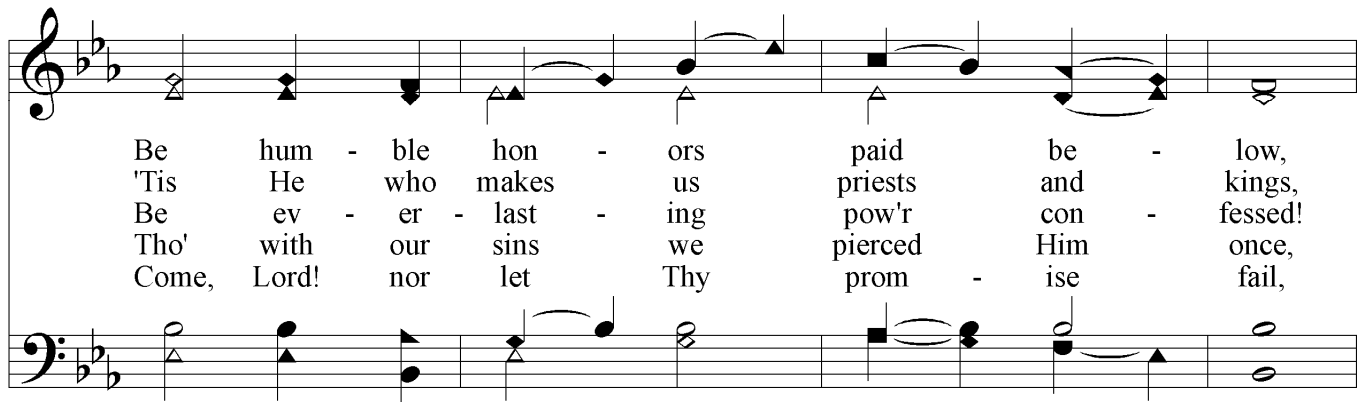
DUKE STREET



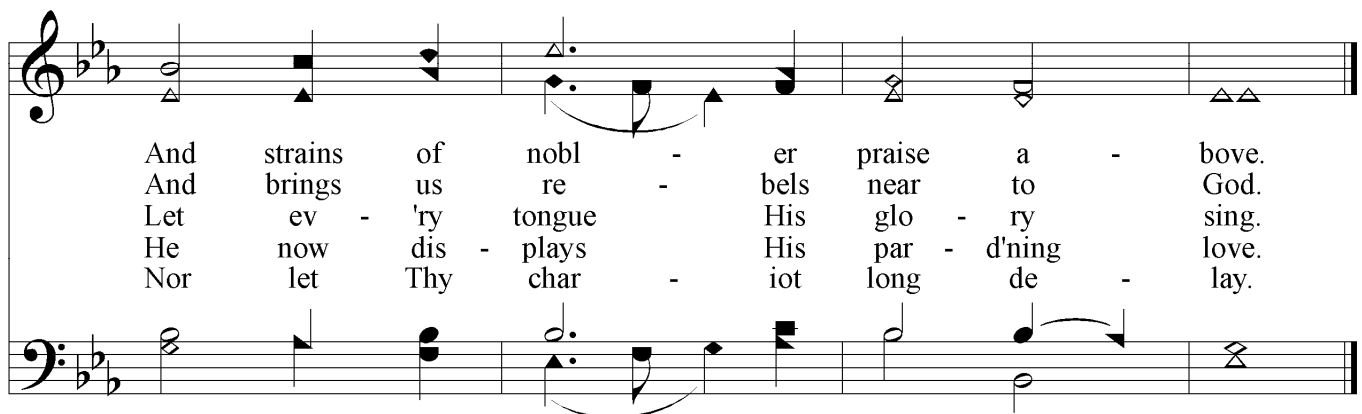
1. Now to the Lord who makes us know  
2. 'Twas He who cleansed our foul - est sins,  
3. To Je - sus, our a - ton - ing Priest,  
4. Be - hold! on fly - ing clouds He comes,  
5. The un - be - liev - ing world shall wail,



The won - ders of His dy - ing love,  
And washed us in His pre - cious blood;  
To Je - sus, our e - ter - nal King,  
And ev - 'ry eye shall see Him move;  
While we re - joice to see the day;



Be hum - ble hon - ors paid be - low,  
'Tis He who makes us priests and kings,  
Be ev - er - last - ing pow'r con - fessed!  
Tho' with our sins we pierced Him once,  
Come, Lord! nor let Thy prom - ise fail,



And strains of nobl - er praise a - bove.  
And brings us re - bels near to God.  
Let ev - 'ry tongue His glo - ry sing.  
He now dis - plays His par - d'ning love.  
Nor let Thy char - iot long de - lay.

Words: Charles Wesley  
Music: Arr. from Handel