1. Not by the wisdom of this world, Not by the
2. Not in the first born nor the fair, Not in the
3. From suckling lips disdain thy strength, Thy beauty
4. Unto the one whose altar coal Made sinful

warrior's clash-ing arms, Not by the great ones of the earth
angels' legion ranks, Not in the temp est nor the flame
from de-spis ed things, Thy pow'r from mar - tyr and from maid,
lips of prophet pure, Unto the one who to the blind,

Our heav'nly Father's king-dom comes, But by the fool -
Which ravaged Hor-eb's rug - ged flanks, But in the still,
Thy maj - es - ty from in - fant kings; Thy brook yield up
The lep - er, and the lame brought cure, Unto the one
ish-ness of God, By weak ones who un-ceasing pray,
small voice of calm, In Ja-cob's best ed wrestling mate,
to shep-herd youths The dread Go-liath-slay-ing stones,
whose wind and fire on frail a-pos-tles was out-poured,

"Thine is the pow'r," their con-stant creed, Their hymn "Non
In Je-sus Christ the cru-ci-fied The pow'r of
That we, the poor, the base, the weak, May glo-ry
Un-to the One in Three be praise As then, as

no-bis, Do-mi-ne." God has been dis-played.
in the Lord a-lone.
now, as ev-er more. A-men.

Text: Christopher Hoyt, 2012
JERUSALEM
LMD