

HE WHO IS WORTHY AT LAST

I was discouraged when cares held my heart;
 Troubles rolled in like the sea.
 Cries to the Father that they might depart
 Inclined His ear to my plea.
When through the Spirit enlightenment came—
 A door to heaven for me—
 Glorious splendor demanded surrender,
 Compelling my heart to its knees.

Throned upon emerald, pavilioned in light,
 Covenant rainbow arrayed;
Lightning and thunder acclaiming His might,
 Holy, the Ancient of Days!
“Thou who art worthy of honor and pow’r,
 Riches and blessing and praise,
For by Thy pleasure in limitless measure
 Creation Thy glory displays!”

When none was worthy to open the book—
 Sealed from eternity past—
 Millions of angels their silence forsook,
 Filling the heavens so vast:
“Weep not; behold Him! The Lamb that was slain
 Now has the book in his grasp!
 The Root of David, for ages awaited,
 It’s He who is worthy at last!”

(Refrain)

Blessing and pow’r and glory to the Lamb.
 Forever and ever, bowing to the Lamb.
 He redeemed us to God
 By the cross, the crown, the blood.
Blessing and pow’r and glory to the Lamb.

(Based on Revelation 4 & 5)

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