

Disposer Supreme, And Judge Of The Earth
by Charles Wesley

1 DISPOSER Supreme, And Judge of the earth,
Who choosest for thine The weak and the poor;
To frail earthen vessels And things of no worth
Entrusting thy riches, Which always endure;

2 Those vessels soon fail, Though full of thy light,
And at thy decree Are broken and gone;
Then brightly appeareth The arm of thy might,
As through the clouds riven The lightnings have shone.

3 Like clouds are they borne To do thy great will,
And swift as the winds About the world go;
The fire of thy presence Their spirits doth fill,
They thunder, they lighten, The waters o'erflow.

4 Their sound goeth forth, "Christ Jesus is Lord:"
Then Satan doth fear, His citadels fall:
As when the dread trumpets Went forth at thy word,
And one long blast shattered The Canaanite's wall.

5 Then loud be their trump, And stirring their sound,
To route us, O Lord, From slumber of sin;
The lights thou hast kindled In darkness around,
O may they illumine Our spirits within!

6 All honour and praise, Dominion and might,
To God Three in One Eternally be;
Who round us hath shed His marvellous light,
And called us from darkness His glory to see.