

Stand The Omnipotent Decree!
by Charles Wesley

1 STAND the omnipotent decree!
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan;
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just,
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

2 Rests secure the righteous man!
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to emerge, and rise again,
And mount above the wreck;
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flame, o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!

3 Nothing hath the just to lose
By worlds on worlds destroyed;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void;
Sees the universe renewed,
The grand millennial reign begun;
Shouts, with all the sons of God,
Around the eternal throne.

4 Resting in this glorious hope
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up
To earthquake, plague, or sword;
Listening for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.