

Tremendous God, With Humble Fear
by Charles Wesley

1 TREMENDOUS God, with humble fear,
Prostrate before thy awful throne,
The irrevocable word we hear,
The sovereign righteousness we own.

2 'Tis fit we should to dust return,
Since such the will of the most High;
In sin conceived, to trouble born,
Born only to lament and die.

3 Submissive to thy just decree,
We all shall soon from earth remove;
But when thou sendest, Lord, for me,
O let the messenger be love!

4 Whispering thy love into my heart,
Warn me of my approaching end;
And then I joyfully depart,
And then I to thy arms ascend.