

All Mortal Vanities, Begone
Isaac Watts, 1707.
John Lloyd, Sr.(1815-1874)

All mortal vanities, begone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
Behold, amidst th'eternal throne,
A vision of the Lamb appears.

Glory His fleecy robe adorns,
Marked with the bloody death He bore;
Seven are His eyes, and seven His horns,
To speak His wisdom and His power.

Lo! He receives a sealed book
From Him that sits upon the throne;
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees and things unknown.

All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of Gospel sound
Address their honors to His name.

The joy, the shout, the harmony,
Flies o'er the everlasting hills
"Worthy art Thou alone," they cry,
"To read the book, to loose the seals."

Our voices join the heav'nly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
To be our Teacher and our King!"

His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs;
His grace and vengeance shall fulfill
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

Thou hast redeemed our souls from hell
With Thine invaluable blood;
And wretches that did once rebel
Are now made favorites of their God.

Worthy forever is the Lord,
That died for treasons not His own,
By every tongue to be adored,
And dwell upon His Father's throne!