

Arise, My Gracious God

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Ralph Harrison, 1784.

Arise, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but Thy chastising rod,
To drive Thy saints to Thee.

Behold, the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Washed in my Savior's blood.

There is a new heav'n begun,
When I awake from death,
Dressed in the likeness of Thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.