

God's Mighty Wonders
Nils Frykman, 1876.
Swedish tune.

Our mighty God works mighty wonders
What joy, to seem them all around!
Men's idols fall before His thunders,
Their altars crumbling to the ground.
He breaks the fetters, frees the slaves,
His fallen children still He saves.

His mighty Word goes forth to conquer,
Its power destroys the forts of doubt.
The warriors bold yield up their armor
To Him who will not cast them out.
They cleansing find in Jesus' blood
And laud and magnify our God.

Behold the host of brethren nearing
The gates of Heav'n with mighty tread,
With banners waving, singing, cheering,
They hail in joy their Royal Head;
And many more shall own His reign,
His wondrous love the victory gain.

O God, be praised! the day is nearing,
When to our ears a voice shall come,
"Look up, the Lord is now appearing,
To gather all His loved ones home!"
O blessed day of jubilee!
For thee I wait! I wait for thee!