

Let God Arise in All His Might

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Heinrich Zeuner, 1832.

Let God arise in all His might,
And put the troops of hell to flight,
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies
Before the rising tempest flies.

He comes arrayed in burning flames,
Justice and Vengeance are His names;
Behold His fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire.

He rides and thunders through the sky,
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high;
Sing to His name, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before His face.

The widow and the fatherless
Fly to His aid in sharp distress;
In Him the poor and helpless find
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.

He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again;
But rebels that dispute His will
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown Him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are His mercies known,
Israel is His peculiar throne.

Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest;
He's your Defense, your Joy, your Rest:
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the Strength of every saint.