

Not to the Terrors of the Lord
Isaac Watts, 1707-9.
Israel Holdroyd, 1722.

Not to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

Behold th'innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

Behold the blessed assembly there
Whose names are writ in Heav'n!
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Christ their living Head,
And of His grace partake.

In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blessed.