

Terrible God, That Reign'st on High  
Isaac Watts, 1707-9.  
Griffith Jones, 1890.

Terrible God, that reign'st on high,  
How awful is Thy thundering hand!  
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly!  
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

This the old rebel angels knew,  
And Satan fell beneath Thy frown;  
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,  
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.

This Sodom felt, and feels it still,  
And roars beneath th'eternal load:  
"With endless burnings who can dwell?  
Or bear the fury of a God?"

Tremble ye sinners, and submit,  
Throw down your arms before His throne;  
Bend your heads low beneath His feet,  
Or His strong hand shall crush you down.

And ye, blessed saints, that love Him too,  
With reverence bow before His name;  
Thus all His heav'nly servants do:  
God is a bright and burning flame.