

When the Great Judge

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Este's Psalter, 1592.

When the great judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls that mourn in dust
Shall find a faithful God.

He from the dreadful gates of death
Does His own children raise;
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.

His foes shall fall, with heedless feet,
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands had spread.

Thus, by Thy judgments, mighty God,
Are Thy deep counsels known;
When men of mischief are destroyed,
The snare must be their own.

The wicked shall sink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget Thee, or rebel
Against Thy known commands.

Though saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait and long complain,
Their cries shall not be still forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

Rise, great Redeemer, from Thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at Thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain;
Make them confess that Thou art God,
And they but feeble men.