

With Reverence Let the Saints Appear

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Samuel Stanley, 1796.

With reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at His Word.

How terrible Thy glories be!
How bright Thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with Thee,
Or truth compared to Thine?

The northern pole and southern rest
On Thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at Thy command.

Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea, are Thine,
And the dark world of hell;
How did Thine arm in vengeance shine
When Egypt durst [did] rebel!

Justice and judgment are Thy throne,
Yet wondrous is Thy grace;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near Thy face.