

Adore and Tremble, for Our God  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.  
Music: Welsh Psalter, 1621.

Adore and tremble, for our God  
Is a consuming fire!  
His jealous eyes His wrath inflame,  
And raise His vengeance higher.

Almighty vengeance, how it burns!  
How bright His fury glows!  
Vast magazines of plagues and storms  
Lie treasured for his foes.

Those heaps of wrath, by slow degrees,  
Are forced into a flame;  
But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze!  
And rend all natures frame.

At His approach the mountains flee,  
And seek a watery grave:  
The frightened sea makes haste away,  
And shrinks up every wave.

Through the wide air the mighty rocks  
Are swift as hailstones hurled;  
Who dares engage His fiery rage  
That shakes the solid world?

Yet, mighty God, Thy sovereign grace  
Sits regent on the throne;  
The refuge of Thy chosen race  
When wrath comes rushing down.

Thy hand shall on rebellious kings  
A fiery tempest pour,  
While we beneath Thy sheltering wings  
Thy just revenge adore.