

See Where the Great Incarnate God  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707-9.  
Music: 16th Century.

See where the great incarnate God  
Fills a majestic throne;  
While from the skies His awful voice  
Bears the last judgment down.

I am the first, and I the last,  
Through endless years the same;  
I AM is my memorial still,  
And My eternal name.

Such favors as a God can give  
My royal grace bestows:  
Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams  
Where life and pleasure flows.

The saint that triumphs oer his sins,  
Ill own him for a son;  
The whole creation shall reward  
The conquests he has won.

But bloody hands and hearts unclean,  
And all the lying race,  
The faithless and the scoffing crew,  
That spurn at offered grace;

They shall be taken from My sight,  
Bound fast in iron chains,  
And headlong plunged into the lake  
Where fire and darkness reigns.

O may I stand before the Lamb  
When earth and seas are fled!  
And hear the Judge pronounce my name,  
With blessings on my head!

May I with those for ever dwell  
Who here were my delight!  
While sinners, banished down to hell,  
No more offend my sight.