

The Lord, the Judge, Before His Throne  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.  
Music: Arthur Mann (1850-1929).

The Lord, the judge, before His throne,  
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,  
The nations near the rising sun,  
And near the western sky.

No more shall bold blasphemers say,  
Judgment will neer begin;  
No more abuse His long delay  
To impudence and sin.

Throned on a cloud our God shall come  
Bright flames prepare His way;  
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,  
Lead on the dreadful day.

Heavn from above His call shall hear,  
Attending angels come,  
And earth and hell shall know and fear  
His justice and their doom.

But gather all My saints, He cries,  
That made their peace with God  
By the Redeemers sacrifice,  
And sealed it with His blood.

Their faith and works, brought forth to light  
Shall make the world confess  
My sentence of reward is right,  
And Heavn adorn My grace.