Arm Of The Lord, Awake, Awake! (443)
by Charles Wesley

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
The terrors of the Lord display;
Out of their sins the nations shake,
Tear their vain confidence away;
Conclude them all in unbelief,
And fill their hearts with sacred grief.

2 Of judgment now the world convince,
The end of Jesu's coming show;
To sentence their usurping prince,
Him and his works destroy below;
To finish and abolish sin,
And bring the heavenly nature in.

3 Then the whole earth again shall rest,
And see its paradise restored;
Then every soul, in Jesus blest,
Shall bear the image of its Lord,
In finished holiness renewed,
Immeasurably filled with God.