

He Comes! He Comes! The Judge Severe  
by Charles Wesley

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe,  
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;  
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,  
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound,  
See the almighty Jesus crowned,  
Girt with omnipotence and grace!  
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdoms for his own;  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

4 Shout, all the people of the sky,  
And all the saints of the Most High!  
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,  
For ever and for ever reigns.