

Great God, I Own Thy Sentence Just
Isaac Watts, 1707.
Johann Cruger, 1647.

Great God, I own Thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives;
My God, my Savior, comes.

The mighty Conqueror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all His foes,
Lie vanquished at His feet.

Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He clothes them all afresh.

Then shall I see Thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes;
And feast upon Thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.