

Stand the Omnipotent Decree

Charles Wesley, 1756.

Thomas Arne(1710-1778)

Stand the omnipotent decree!

Jehovah's will be done!

Nature's end we wait to see,

And hear her final groan.

Let this earth dissolve, and blend

In death the wicked and the just;

Let those ponderous orbs descend,

And grind us into dust.

Rests secure the righteous man;

At his Redeemer's beck,

Sure to emerge and rise again;

And mount above the wreck;

Lo! the heav'nly Spirit towers,

Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre,

Triumphs in immortal powers,

And claps His wings of fire.

Nothing hath the just to lose,

By worlds on worlds destroyed:

Far beneath his feet he views,

With smiles, the flaming void;

Sees this universe renewed,

The grand millennial reign begun;

Shouts with all the sons of God,

Around th'eternal throne.

Resting in this glorious hope

To be at last restored,

Yield we now our bodies up

To earthquake, plague, or sword;

Listening for the call divine,

The latest trumpet of the seven,

Soon our soul and dust shall join,

And both fly up to Heaven.