

Now from the Roaring Lion's Rage
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: Alexander Reinagle, 1836.

Now from the roaring lion's rage,
O Lord, protect Thy Son,
Nor leave Thy darling to engage
The powers of hell alone.

Thus did our suffering Savior pray
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard Him in that dreadful day,
And chased away His fears.

Great was the victory of His death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship or shall die.

A numerous offspring must arise
From His expiring groans;
They shall be reckoned in His eyes
For daughters and for sons.

The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God,
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in His blood.