

Now Satan Comes with Dreadful Roar  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707-9.  
Music: Edinburgh Psalter, 1615.

Now Satan comes with dreadful roar  
And threatens to destroy;  
He worries whom he cant devour  
With a malicious joy.

Ye sons of God, oppose his rage,  
Resist, and hell begone;  
Thus did our dearest Lord engage  
And vanquish him alone.

Now he appears almost divine,  
Like innocence and love;  
But the old serpent lurks within  
When he assumes the dove.

Fly from the false deceivers tongue,  
Ye sons of Adam, fly;  
Our parents found the snare too strong,  
Nor should the children try.