

The God of Glory Sends His Summons Forth

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: John Wainright, 1750.

The God of glory sends His summons forth,  
To nations south and then awakes the north;  
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,  
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead:  
No more shall atheists mock His long delay;  
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!

Behold, the Judge descends, His guards are nigh;  
Tempest and fire attend Him down the sky:  
Heavn, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things come  
To hear My justice, and the sinners doom:  
But gather first My saints, the Judge commands,  
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

Behold, My covenant stands for ever good,  
Sealed by the eternal Sacrifice in blood,  
And signed with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,  
That paid the ancient worship or the new.  
Theres no distinction here; join all your voices,  
And raise your heads, ye saints, for Heavn rejoices.

Here, saith the Lord, ye angels, spread their thrones,  
And near me seat My favorites and My sons:  
Come, My redeemed, possess the joys prepared  
Ere time began; tis your divine reward.  
When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;  
And shout, ye saints, He comes for your salvation.

I am the Savior, I thAlmighty God,  
I am their Judge: ye heavns, proclaim abroad  
My just eternal sentence, and declare  
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear:  
When God appears, all nature shall adore Him;  
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before Him.

Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane,  
Now feel My wrath, nor call My threatnings vain;  
Thou hypocrite, once dressed in saints attire,  
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.  
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; Heavn rejoices;  
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain  
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain  
Without the flame of love; in vain the store  
Of brutal offerings that were Mine before.  
Earth is the Lords, all nature shall adore Him;  
While sinners, tremble, saints rejoice before Him;

If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?  
When did I thirst, or drink thy bullocks blood?  
Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,  
Flocks, herds, and fields and forests where they feed.  
All is the Lords, He rules the wide creation;  
Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.

Can I be flattered with thy cringing bows,  
Thy solemn chatterings and fantastic vows?  
Are My eyes charmed thy vestments to behold,  
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?  
God is the judge of hearts, no fair disguises  
Can screen the guilty when His vengeance rises.

Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please  
A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these,  
While, with My grace and statutes on thy tongue,  
Thou lovst deceit, and dost thy brother wrong?  
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; Heavn rejoices;  
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends;  
Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends.  
While the false flatterer at My altar waits,  
His hardened soul divine instruction hates.  
God is the judge of hearts, no fair disguises  
Can screen the guilty when His vengeance rises.

Silent I waited with long-suffering love,  
But didst thou hope that I should neer reprove?  
And cherish such an impious thought within,  
That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin?;  
See, God appears; all nature joins tadore Him:  
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before Him.

Behold My terrors now: My thunders roll,  
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul;  
Now like a lion shall My vengeance tear  
Thy bleeding heart, and no deliverer near.  
Judgment concludes; hell trembles; Heavn rejoices:  
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;  
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;  
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,  
Fly to the Savior, make the Judge your friend;  
Then join the saints, wake every cheerful passion;  
When Christ returns, He comes for your salvation.