

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 50) 10.10 10.10 10.10

Judgment

C Major

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Daniel Read, 1785 (Revised 1804)

Treble
Counter
Tenor
Bass

Tr.
C.
T.
B.

1. The Lord, the Sovereign, sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations and awakes the north;
From east to west the sounding orders spread,
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead:
No more shall a theists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!

4. "I, their Almighty Savior and their God,
I am their Judge: ye heav'ns, proclaim abroad
My just eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear:
Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire;
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

8. "Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love,
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God, the Righteous, would indulge thy sin?
Behold my terrors now: my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul."

3. "Behold, my cov'nant stands for ever good,
Sealed by th' eternal Sacrifice in blood,
And signed with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient worship or the new
There's no distinction here; come, spread their thrones,
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.

7. "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 lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong?
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends.

9. 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
Lest, like a lion, his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.