

# Lo, the Mighty God Appearing!

Text: William Goode (1762-1816)

Lo, the mighty God appearing!  
From on high Jehovah speaks!  
Eastern lands the summons hearing,  
O'er the west his thunder breaks.  
Earth behold him! Earth behold him!  
Universal nature shakes.

Zion, all its light unfolding,  
God in glory shall display.  
Lo! he comes! nor silence holding;  
Fire and clouds prepare his way.  
Tempests round him! Tempests round him!  
Hasten on the dreadful day.

To the heav'ns his voice ascending,  
To the earth beneath he cries  
Souls immortal, now descending,  
Let their sleeping dust arise!  
Rise to judgment! Rise to judgment!  
Let thy throne adorn the skies.

Gather first my Saints around me,  
Those who to my covenants stood -  
Those who humbly sought and found me  
Through the dying Savior's blood.  
Blest Redeemer, Blest Redeemer,  
Dearest Sacrifice to God.

Now the heav'ns on high adore him  
And his righteousness declare.  
Sinners perish from before him,  
But his Saints his mercies share.  
Just his judgments! Just his judgments!  
God himself the judge, is there.