

METRE 2 Isaac Watts

FAIRFIELD C.M.

Hitchcock

1. With rev'rence let the saints appear, and bow before the Lord; His high command with rev'rence hear, And tremble at his word, His high command with rev'rence hear, And tremble at &c.

2. How terrible thy glories rise. How bright thine armies shine! Where is the pow'r with thee that vies, Or truth compared with thine? Where is the pow'r with thee that vies, Or truth &c.

3. The northern pole and southern rest On thy supporting hand; Darkness and day from east to west, Move round at thy command, Darkness and day from east to west, Move round at thy &c.

4. Thy words the raging winds control, And rule the boisterous deep; Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, The rolling billows sleep, Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, The rolling &c.