

97a The LORD, the Sovereign, Sends His Summons

From Psalm 50:1-8

unison

1. ¹The LORD, the Sov'-reign, sends His sum-mons forth, Calls the south na-tions,
 2. ³Be-hold the Judge des-cends; His guards are nigh! Tem-pest and fire at-
 3. ⁶"Be-hold! My cov-'nant stands for ev-er good, Sealed by th'e-ter-nal
 4. ⁷"I their Al-might-y Sav-ior and their God, I am their judge: ye

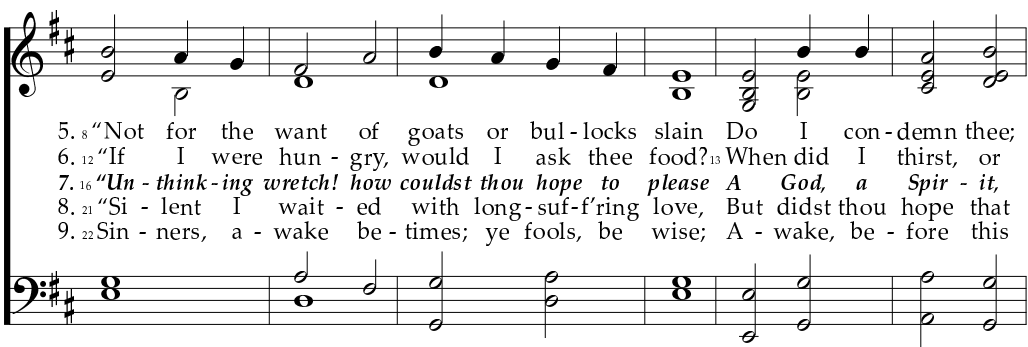
and a-wakes the north; From east to west the sound-ing or-ders spread
 tend Him down the sky: ⁴Heav'n, earth and Hell draw near; let all things come
 sac-ri-fice in blood, And signed with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
 heav'ns, pro-claim a-broad My just e-ter-nal sen-tence, and de-clare

Through dis-tant worlds and re-gions of the dead; ²No more shall a-theists
 To hear His just-ice, and the sin-ner's doom. ⁵"But gath-er first My
 That paid the an-cient wor-ship or the new, There's no dis-tinc-tion
 Those aw-ful truths that sin-ners dread to hear: Sin-ners in Zi-on,


mock His long de-lay; His ven-geance sleeps no more: be-hold the day!
 saints," the Judge com-mands, "Bring them, ye an-gels, from their dis-tant lands.
 here; come, spread their thrones, And near Me seat My fav-'rites and My sons."
 trem-ble and re-tire; I doom the paint-ed hyp-o-crite to fire.

97b The LORD, the Sovereign, Sends His Summons

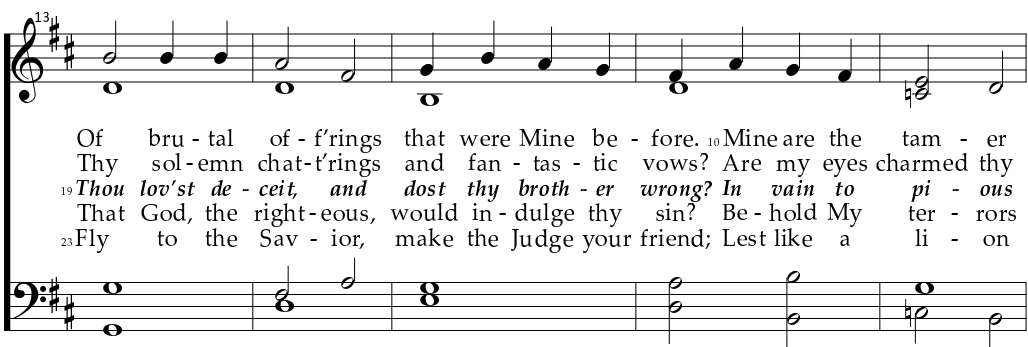
Cont'd, Psalm 50:9-23



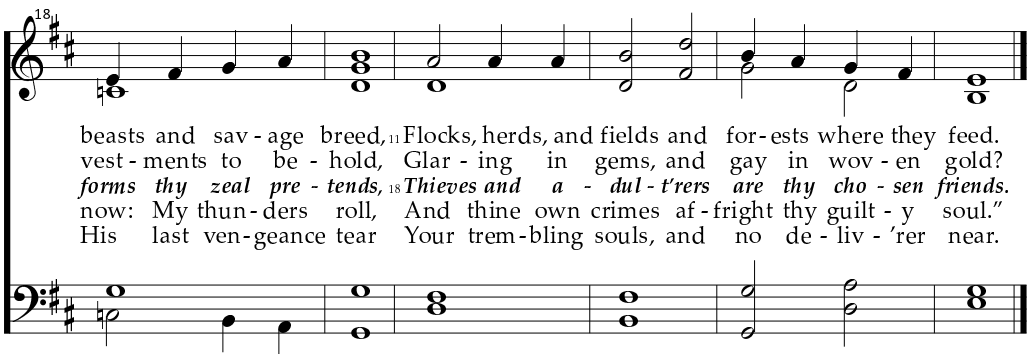
5. ⁸ "Not for the want of goats or bul-locks slain Do I con-demn thee;
 6. ¹² "If I were hun - gry, would I ask thee food? ¹³ When did I thirst, or
 7. ¹⁶ *"Un - think-ing wretch! how couldst thou hope to please A God, a Spir - it,*
 8. ²¹ "Si - lent I wait - ed with long-suf-f'ring love, But didst thou hope that
 9. ²² Sin - ners, a - wake be - times; ye fools, be wise; A - wake, be - fore this



⁹ bulls and goats are vain, With - out the flames of love; in vain the store
 drink thy bul-locks' blood? Can I be flat - tered with thy cring-ing bows,
with such toys as these? ¹⁷ *While, with My grace and stat-utes on thy tongue,*
 I should ne'er re - prove? And cher-ish such an im-pious thought with-in,
 dread-ful morn-ing rise; Change your vain thoughts, your crook-ed works a-mend,



Of bru - tal of - f'rings that were Mine be - fore. ¹⁰ Mine are the tam - er
 Thy sol-emn chat-t'rings and fan - tas - tic vows? Are my eyes charmed thy
¹⁹ *Thou lov'st de - ceit, and dost thy broth - er wrong? In vain to pi - ous*
 That God, the right-eous, would in - dulse thy sin? Be - hold My ter - rors
²³ Fly to the Sav - ior, make the Judge your friend; Lest like a li - on



beasts and sav-age breed, ¹¹ Flocks, herds, and fields and for-ests where they feed.
 vest-ments to be - hold, Glar - ing in gems, and gay in wov-en gold?
forms thy zeal pre - tends, ¹⁸ *Thieves and a - dul - t'ers are thy cho - sen friends.*
 now: My thun-ders roll, And thine own crimes af-fright thy guilt - y soul."
 His last ven-geance tear Your trem-bling souls, and no de - liv - 'rer near.