

The God of glory sends his summons forth

1

Paraphrased by Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Psalm 50

Psalm 50, anon., (1551)
Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=52]

Soprano/
Tenor
[Air]

1. The God of Glo - ry sends his sum - mons forth,
2. *No more shall a - theists mock his long de - lay;*
3. "Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things come

Alto

1. The God of Glo - ry sends his sum - mons forth,
2. *No more shall a - theists mock his long de - lay;*
3. "Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things come

Bass

5

S
Calls the south na - tions and a - wakes the north;
His ven - geance sleeps no more; be - hold the day:
To hear my jus - tice, and the sin - ner's doom;

A
Calls the south na - tions and a - wakes the north;
His ven - geance sleeps no more; be - hold the day:
To hear my jus - tice, and the sin - ner's doom;

B
Calls the south na - tions and a - wakes the north;
His ven - geance sleeps no more; be - hold the day:
To hear my jus - tice, and the sin - ner's doom;

9

S
From east to west the sov - 'reign or - ders spread,
Be - hold, the Judge de - scends; his guards are nigh;
But ga - ther first my saints," the Judge com - mands,

A
From east to west the sov - 'reign or - ders spread,
Be - hold, the Judge de - scends; his guards are nigh;
But ga - ther first my saints," the Judge com - mands,

B
From east to west the sov - 'reign or - ders spread,
Be - hold, the Judge de - scends; his guards are nigh;
But ga - ther first my saints," the Judge com - mands,

13

S
Through dis - tant worlds and re - gions of the dead;
Tem - pests and fire at - tend him down the sky.
"Bring them, ye an - gels, from their dis - tant lands."

A
Through dis - tant worlds and re - gions of the dead;
Tem - pests and fire at - tend him down the sky.
"Bring them, ye an - gels, from their dis - tant lands."

B
Through dis - tant worlds and re - gions of the dead;
Tem - pests and fire at - tend him down the sky.
"Bring them, ye an - gels, from their dis - tant lands."

The God of glory sends his summons forth

17

S

The trum - pet sounds; hell trem - bles; heav'n re - joi - ces;
When God ap - pears all na - ture shall a - dore him;
 When Christ re - turns, wake e - v'ry cheer - ful pas - sion;

A

The trum - pet sounds; hell trem - bles; heav'n re - joi - ces;
When God ap - pears all na - ture shall a - dore him;
 When Christ re - turns, wake e - v'ry cheer - ful pas - sion;

B

21

S

Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheer - ful voi - ces.
While sin - ners trem - ble, saints re - joi - ce be - fore him.
 And shout, ye saints; he comes for your sal - va - tion.

A

Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheer - ful voi - ces.
While sin - ners trem - ble, saints re - joi - ce be - fore him.
 And shout, ye saints; he comes for your sal - va - tion.

B

4. "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; join all your voices,
 And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoices.

5. "Here," saith the Lord, "ye angels spread their thrones
 And near me seat my favourites 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.

Circled numbers correspond with lines of text.

The text of this psalm paraphrase was the first text associated with John Wainwright's tune *Walworth*, now usually associated with the Christmas hymn *Christians Awake, Salute the Happy Morn*.