

# The God of glory sends his summons forth

1

Paraphrased by Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Ps 50, by Joseph Stephenson (c1723-1810)

Edited by Francis Roads

Psalm 50 verses 1, 2, 3 & 5 of Watts's version

**Soprano/  
Tenor**

**Alto**

**Bass**

**Keyboard**

*♩=100*

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  
4. "Here," saith the Lord, "ye an - gels, spread their thrones

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**S/T**

**A**

**B**

**Kbd.**

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;  
And near me seat my fav' - rites and my sons:

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S/T

From east to west the sov' - reign or - ders spread,  
*Be - hold, the Judge des - cends; his guards are nigh;*  
 But ga - ther first my saints," the Judge com - mands,  
*Come, my re - deemed, pos - sess the joys pre - pared*

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S/T

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."  
*Ere time be - gan; 'tis your di - vine re - ward."*

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S/T

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 ev' - ry cheer - ful pas - sion;  
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Kbd.

S/T

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.  
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