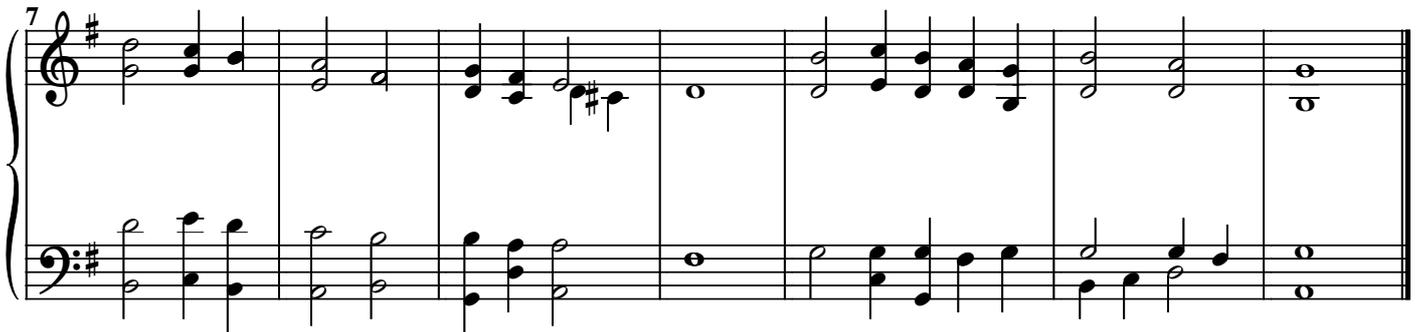
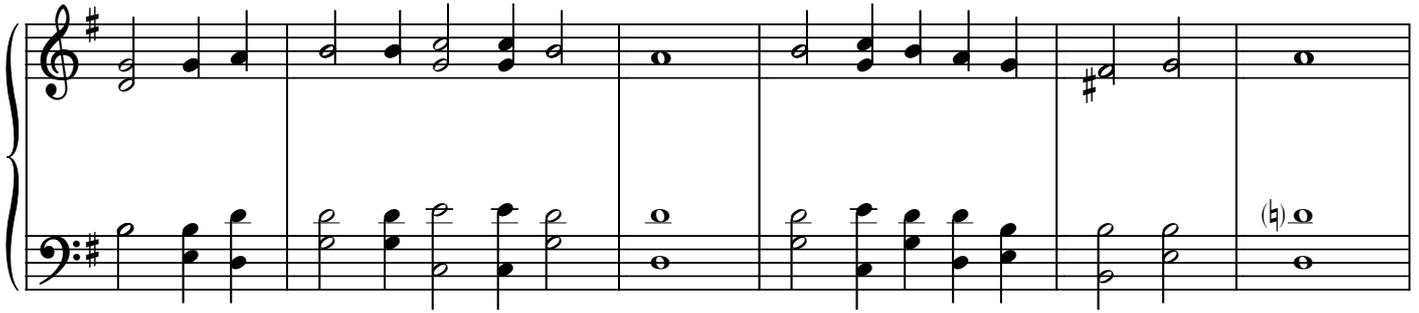


The mighty God, the Lord hath spoken

French Psalter: 1549

Les Commandemens de Dieu 98.98



The mighty God, the Lord hath spoken, And bids the trembling earth draw nigh: The silence of long ages broken, He speaks in thunder from the sky.

Forth from the heavenly Zion shining, In perfect beauty He appears: Love, wisdom, majesty combining, Bright are the diadems He wears.

A firey stream devours before Him, And cloud and tempest veil His form: The countless hosts of heaven adore Him, Amidst the darkness and the storm.

He speaks, and all the nations tremble; Heaven, earth and hell His voice obey: In solemn awe His saints assemble, The world's dim shadows flee away.

Oh, who can stand when Thou appearest- In robes of majesty divine? Though now each contrite sigh Thou hearest, What terrors then will round Thee shine!

O mighty God, O Lord most holy, Prepare us for Thy judgment day: And now to contrite hearts and lowly, Thy pardoning, healing grace display.