

**H**EAR me, O Lord, nor hide Thy face,  
When I in troubles lie,  
Hast Thou not made a throne of grace  
To hear when sinners cry?

2 My days, like smoke, are wasted, vain,  
Dispersing in the air;  
My strength is dried, my heart in pain,  
And sinking in despair.

3 I am deprived of former joy,  
And conscious of Thy frown;  
Thy hand advanced me once so high,  
But now has cast me down.

4 But Thou for ever art the same,  
O my eternal God!  
In days to come I'll love Thy name  
And speak Thy works abroad.

5 Thou wilt arise and show Thy face,  
Nor will my Lord delay  
Beyond the appointed hour of grace,  
That set and certain day.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*