

**L**ORD, Thou alone art merciful and true!  
Not to *our* worthless names is glory due;  
Thy power and grace, Thy love and justice claim  
Immortal honours to Thy sovereign name.  
Shine through the earth, from Heaven Thy blest abode,  
Nor let the godless say, 'Where is your God?'

- 2 Heaven in the highest is Thy royal throne,  
And through the universe Thy will is done;  
Thou art Creator, Lord and King of kings,  
Yet fallen creatures worship earthly things:  
A kneeling throng with reverent eyes behold  
Saints cast in silver, saviours made of gold.
- 3 Vain are all man-made objects of our trust,  
Powerless are they, and lifeless as the dust;  
With helpless hands, and feet that cannot move,  
They have no words nor thoughts nor power to love.  
Yet mortals look for solace and for aid,  
To the deaf idols human hands have made.
- 4 O trust the Saviour God Who hears and sees,  
Who knows our sorrows and restores our peace;  
Worship of Him doth mighty comforts yield,  
He is our help and our eternal shield.  
Saved by His grace let thankful songs be raised;  
Eternally shall He be loved and praised.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*