

LORD, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found
And love is waxing cold . . .

- 2 When scorners stand on every side,
And sons of God seem few;
When men, in vanity and pride,
Have but themselves in view . . .
- 3 Is not Thy coming hastening on?
Hast Thou not given this sign?
May we not trust and lean upon
A promise so divine?
- 4 When man is 'god', then Thou wilt rise
And make oppressors flee;
In power appear, to their surprise,
And set Thy servants free.
- 5 Thy Word like silver, fully-tried,
Through ages shall endure;
And all who in its truth confide,
Shall find Thy promise sure.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†