

**W**ITH all my powers of heart and tongue,  
I'll praise my Maker in my song;  
May nothing mar the song I raise,  
Nor earthly idols steal Thy praise.

- 2 I'll sing Thy Truth and mercy, Lord,  
And the great wonders of Thy Word;  
Not all Thy works on earth below,  
So much Thy power and glory show.
- 3 To Thee I cried in my distress,  
In mercy Thou didst hear and bless,  
And did my doubts and fears control,  
Imparting strength through all my soul.
- 4 The King of Heaven maintains His state,  
Frowns on the proud and scorns the great;  
But from His throne descends to know  
Repenting sinners here below.
- 5 Troubled by numerous snares I stand,  
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;  
Thy comforts keep my soul alive,  
And bid my downcast heart revive.
- 6 Grace will complete what grace begins,  
To save from sorrows or from sins;  
The work our Saviour undertakes,  
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.†*