

HOW long wilt Thou conceal Thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays
That chase my fears away?

- 2 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts:
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.
- 3 How would the tempter boast aloud
If I became his prey!
And how the sons of earth grow proud
At Thy so long delay.
- 4 But hell shall fly at Thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of Thy look,
And hears Thy voice with dread.
- 5 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace
Where all my hopes have hung:
I shall employ my heart in praise,
And victory shall be sung.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748