

MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead His promises,
And rest upon His Word.

2 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

3 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe;
My spirit languishes: my heart
Is desolate and low.

4 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

5 With humble faith I wait
To see Thy face again;
Believing that Thy blood-bought saints
Shall never trust in vain.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748