

BLEST is the church, where God the Lord
Has fixed His gracious throne;
Where He reveals His heavenly Word,
To those He calls His own.

- 2 His eye, with infinite survey
Beholds the sons of men;
He formed us all of equal clay,
And knows our every sin.
- 3 No king is rescued by the force
Of armies, from the grave;
Nor power nor swiftness of a horse
Can the best rider save.
- 4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men
To hope for safety thence;
Repentant souls alone obtain
A certain, sure defence.
- 5 Lord, let our hearts in Thee rejoice,
And bless us from Thy throne,
For we have made Thy Word our choice,
And trust Thy grace alone.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748