

O WHY do mournful thoughts arise,
And why is courage low?
Should earthly trials, and Satan's wiles,
Cause all our joy to go?

2 Do we forget the mighty name
That formed the earth and sky?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And sends their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we who wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 God's saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†