

GOD counts the sorrows of His saints,
Attends to all their prayers;
Tenderly follows our complaints,
And still records our tears.

- 2 When to Thy throne I raise my cry,
Then devils fear and flee,
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.
- 3 In Thee, most holy, just and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
Mere offspring of the dust.
- 4 As Thou hast vowed to bless me, Lord,
To Thee I'll yield my praise;
How good, how faithful is Thy Word;
How kind are all Thy ways.
- 5 Thou hast secured my soul from death;
Now free from sin I'd be,
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employed for Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748