

BEHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And for eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God; to sinners dear,
Is Jesus' precious name;
We rest our whole salvation here,
Nor shall we suffer shame.

3 Those ancient builders, scribe and priest,
Rejected with disdain
The One in Whom the Church would trust,
And never trust in vain.

4 Though all the powers of hell withstood,
His Church did surely rise,
The house of our dear Saviour-Lord,
So marvellous in our eyes.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†