

LET all the world's fair writers join
To form a perfect book,
If once compared, O Lord, to Thine,
How weak their notions look!

2 Not the most careful rules they gave,
Could gain one sin forgiven,
Nor lead one step beyond the grave,
Nor give one hope of Heaven.

3 We see an end to all we call
'Perfection' here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
To God they cannot go!

4 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our years,
And brings our virtues down so far,
To sink in guilt and fears.

5 Our faith, our love, and every grace,
Fall far below God's Word;
For perfect Truth and righteousness,
Come only from the Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748