

CONSIDER all my troubles, Lord,
And guardian blessings send;
My soul for Thy deliverance faints,
O bid my sorrows end.

2 Are not Thy mercies sovereign still,
And Thou a faithful God?
O grant me now a warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road.

3 Does not my heart Thy precepts love,
And long to see Thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enlivening grace!

4 Thy Word is everlasting Truth;
How pure is every page!
This book divine shall guide our youth,
And richly bless our age.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748