

THEY hate me, Lord, without a cause,  
Because I fear my God;  
They hate to see me love Thy laws,  
And reverence Thy blest Word.

- 2 Lord, when my spirit takes its fill  
Of some good word of Thine,  
No mighty men that share the spoil  
Have joy compared to mine.
- 3 Hour after hour I lift my prayers,  
And pay my thanks to Thee,  
For Thy great hand o'er my affairs,  
And kindness, Lord, to me.
- 4 Great is their peace who love Thy law,  
How firm their souls abide!  
Nor shall a great temptation draw  
Their strengthened hearts aside.
- 5 O Lord, I long, I hope, I wait,  
For Thine appearing still;  
Thy Word is ever my delight,  
And to obey Thy will!

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748‡*