

WHEN God revealed His gracious name,
And changed my lost estate,
I seemed transported in a dream,
The grace appeared so great!

2 When those around me saw the change
Pervading all my ways,
They owned a work of power strange,
And mused upon Thy grace.

3 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
And give us day for night,
Cause tears of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

4 Though Gospel seed lies long in dust,
Our prayerful hopes remain;
That living Word can ne'er be lost,
Nor ever preached in vain.

5 Let all who sow in longing, wait,
Till Thy sure blessings come;
For soon shall we, with sheaves so great,
Return rejoicing home.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†