

MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is His throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on His salvation waits.

2 Trust Him, His saints, in all His ways;
Pour out your souls before His face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 People of low or high degree
Are both alike in vanity;
Laid in the balance all appear
Lighter than vapour in the air.

4 Make not increasing wealth your trust,
Nor set your heart on earthly dust;
Listen to God's transcendent voice,
And in His power and wealth rejoice.

5 His sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of His throne:
And pardoning grace with endless love
Is our sublime reward above.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†