

LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,  
Ever to murmur, mourn and pine,  
Envyng those who, placed on high,  
Now in their pride and honour shine.

2 But in the house of God, their end  
Dawned on my mind and stirred my shame;  
In slippery places how they stand!  
How brief their fortunes and their fame!

3 Their vaunted joys, how fast they flee,  
Just as a dream when one awakes;  
All their best bliss and harmony,  
Are but a prelude to their plagues.

4 What if they boast how high they rise?  
I'll never envy them again,  
For scornful lips and haughty eyes  
Face everlasting loss and pain.

5 Such mighty grace has made me Thine,  
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood;  
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine,  
My life, my portion and my God!

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*