

'Twas in the Watches of the Night

Isaac Watts, 1719.

English tune.

'Twas in the watches of the night I thought upon Thy power,
I kept Thy lovely face in sight amidst the darkest hour.
My flesh lay resting on my bed, my soul arose on high:
"My God, my life my hope," I said, "bring Thy salvation nigh."

My spirit labors up Thine hill, and climbs the heav'nly road;
But Thy right hand upholds me still, while I pursue my God.
Thy mercy stretches o'er my head the shadow of Thy wings;
My heart rejoices in Thine aid, my tongue awakes and sings.

But the destroyers of my peace shall fret and rage in vain;
The tempter shall for ever cease, and all my sins be slain.
Thy sword shall give my foes to death, and send them down to dwell,
In the dark caverns of the earth, or to the depths of hell.