

And Are We Wretches Yet Alive

Isaac Watts, 1707-09.

William Richardson, 1729.

And are we wretches yet alive?

And do we yet rebel?

'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,

That bears us up from hell!

The burden of our weighty guilt

Would sink us down to flames;

And threatening vengeance rolls above,

To crush our feeble frames.

Almighty goodness cries, "Forbear!"

And straight the thunder stays;

And dare we now provoke His wrath,

And weary out His grace?

Lord, we have long abused Thy love,

Too long indulged our sin;

Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see

What rebels we have been.

No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,

No more will we obey;

Stretch out, O God, Thy conquering hand,

And drive Thy foes away.