

God Loveth the Righteous

The Psalter, 1912.

Ira Sankey.

God loveth the righteous, His goodness is sure.
He never forsaketh the good and the pure.
Yet once my faith faltered, I envied the proud,
In doubt and disquiet my spirit was bowed.

The wicked are prosperous and firm in their strength,
No pangs do they suffer, though death come at length.
They are not in trouble as other men are,
The plagues of their fellows they view from afar.

In garments of boasting and violence decked,
With wealth more abundant than heart could expect,
They scoff, and the helpless they proudly oppress.
The heavens and the earth they assume to possess.

Despising God's people, they cause them to drain
The cup of oppression, injustice and pain.
They question God's knowledge and boldly defy
The might and the justice of God the Most High.

The wicked, grown wealthy, have comfort and peace,
While I, daily chastened, see troubles increase,
And, wronging God's children, I cried in my pain,
That clean hands are worthless and pure hearts are vain.

I went to God's temple: my doubts were dispelled.
The end of life's journey I clearly beheld.
I saw in what peril ungodly men stand,
With sudden destruction and ruin at hand.

As when one waking forgetteth his dream,
So God will despise them, though great they may seem.
My envy was senseless; my grief was for naught.
Because I was faithless, and foolish my thought.