

Help, Lord, for Those Who Love Thee Fail
Richard Church.
Thomas Southgate, 1855.

Help, Lord, for those who love Thee fail,
Thy faithful ones fall from the ranks,
And leave the liars to their tale,
False gratitude and treacherous thanks.

Lord, may those flattering lips be lashed,
The boasting mouths stripped of their pride,
Those tongues that murmur unabashed,
Who is this God? We shall abide!

"Because the poor have been oppressed,
And in their patience sigh alone,
I will protect them in My breast,"
The Lord has said, "These are Mine own."

And what He saith is purified
Like silver, sevenfold assayed.
Though by this evil age defied,
His Word of truth shall be obeyed.

His promises shall stand secure,
His saints are safe, though ill betide,
He will protect His humble poor,
Though rogues are honored far and wide.