

How Fast Their Guilt and Sorrows Rise

Isaac Watts, 1719.

German chorale.

How fast their guilt and sorrows rise

Who haste to seek some idol-god!

I will not taste their sacrifice,

Their offerings of forbidden blood.

My God provides a richer cup,

And nobler food to live upon:

He for my life has offered up

Jesus, His best-beloved Son.

His love is my perpetual feast;

By day His counsels guide me right;

And be His name for ever blessed,

Who gives me sweet advice by night.

I set Him still before mine eyes;

At my right hand He stands prepared

To keep my soul from all surprise

And be my everlasting guard.