

How Long Wilt Thou Conceal Thy Face

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Thomas Ravenscroft, 1621

How long wilt Thou conceal Thy face?

My God, how long delay?

When shall I feel those heav'nly rays

That chase my fears away?

How long shall my poor laboring soul

Wrestle and toil in vain?

Thy word can all my foes control

And ease my raging pain.

See how the prince of darkness tries

All his malicious arts;

He spreads a mist around my eyes,

And throws his fiery darts.

Be Thou my sun, and Thou my shield,

My soul in safety keep;

Make haste, before mine eyes are sealed

In death's eternal sleep.

How would the tempter boast aloud

If I become his prey!

Behold, the sons of hell grow proud

At Thy so long delay.

But they shall fly at Thy rebuke,

And Satan hide his head;

He knows the terrors of Thy look,

And hears Thy voice with dread.

Thou wilt display Thy sovereign grace,

Where all my hopes have hung,

I shall employ my lips in praise

And victory shall be sung.