

Judge Me, O Lord, and Prove My Ways

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Herbert Oakeley, 1874.

Judge me, O Lord, and prove my ways,  
And try my reins, and try my heart;  
My faith upon Thy promise stays,  
Nor from Thy law my feet depart.

I hate to walk, I hate to sit,  
With men of vanity and lies;  
The scoffer and the hypocrite  
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

Amongst the saints will I appear  
With hands well washed in innocence;  
But when I stand before Thy bar,  
The blood of Christ is my defense.

I love Thy habitation, Lord,  
The temple where Thine honors dwell;  
There shall I hear Thine holy Word,  
And there Thy works of wonder tell.

Let not my soul be joined at last  
With men of treachery and blood,  
Since I my days on earth have passed  
Among the saints, and near my God.