

Lord, How Secure and Blest Are They
Isaac Watts, 1707.
John Whitaker.

Lord, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have Heav'n and peace within.

The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

How oft they look to th'heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow!
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That Heav'n prepares for their delight.

While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie groveling in the dust below,
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory, too.