

Lord, if Thine Eye Surveys Our Faults
Isaac Watts, 1719.
Thomas Haweis, 1792.

Lord, if Thine eye surveys our faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
By one offense to Thee
Adam with all his sons have lost
Their immortality.

Life, like a vain amusement, flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag those poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.

Almighty God, reveal Thy love,
And not Thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of Thy throne!

Our souls would learn the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.