

Lord, We Have Heard Thy Works of Old
Unknown

Lord, we have heard Thy works of old,
Thy works of power and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonder of their days.

How Thou didst built Thy churches here,
And make Thy Gospel known;
Amongst them did Thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.

In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

But now our souls are seized with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach Thy grace.

Yet we have not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with Heaven,
Nor have our steps declined the road
Of duty Thou hast giv'n.

Though dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And Thine own hand has bruised us sore
Hard by the gates of death.

We are exposed all day to die
As martyrs for Thy cause,
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie
By sharp and bloody laws.

Awake, arise, Almighty Lord,
Why sleeps Thy wonted grace?
Why should we look like men abhorred
Or banished from Thy face?

Wilt Thou for ever cast us off
And still neglect our cries?
For ever hide Thine heav'nly love
From our afflicted eyes?

Down to the dust our soul is bowed,
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their powers confound.

Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Savior and our God;
We plead the honors of Thy name,
The merits of Thy blood.