

Mercy and Judgment Are My Song

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Kenneth Finlay, 1912.

Mercy and judgment are my song;  
And since they both to Thee belong,  
My gracious God, my righteous king,  
To Thee my songs and vows I bring.

If I am raised to bear the sword,  
I'll take my counsels from Thy Word;  
Thy justice and Thy heavenly grace  
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

Let wisdom all my actions guide  
And let my God with me reside;  
No wicked thing shall dwell with me  
Which may provoke Thy jealousy.

No sons of slander, rage, and strife  
Shall be companions of my life;  
The haughty look, the heart of pride,  
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

I'll search the land, and raise the just  
To posts of honor, wealth, and trust;  
The men that work Thy holy will  
Shall be my friends and favorites still.

In vain shall sinners hope to rise  
By flattering or malicious lies;  
And while the innocent I guard,  
The bold offender shan't be spared.

The impious crew, that factious band,  
Shall hide their heads or quit the land;  
And all that break the public rest,  
Where I have power, shall be suppressed.