

No Sleep Nor Slumber to His Eyes
Isaac Watts, 1719.
Scottish Psalter, 1635.

No sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
Till He had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.

The Lord in Sion placed His name,
His ark was settled there;
To Sion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er Thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.

Arise, O King of grace, arise
And enter to Thy rest!
Lo! Thy Church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blest.

Enter with all Thy glorious train
Thy Spirit and Thy Word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth His court maintain
With love and power divine.

Here let Him hold a lasting throne;
And as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound his foes.