

Not to Ourselves
Isaac Watts, 1719.
Henry Baker, 1854.

Not to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due,
Eternal God, Thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true.

Shine forth in all Thy dreadful name;
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and, to raise our shame,
Say, "Where's the God you've served so long?"

The God we serve maintains His throne
Above the clouds, above the skies;
Through all the earth His will is done;
He knows our groans, He hears our cries.

But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best a mass of glittering ore,
A silver saint or golden god.

With eyes and ears they carve their head;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;
In vain are costly offerings made,
And vows are scattered in the wind.

Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them fear or love
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.

O Israel! make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

The dead can no more speak Thy praise,
They dwell in silence and the grave;
But we shall live to sing Thy grace,
And tell the world Thy power to save.