

Now Plead My Cause, Almighty God

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Alexander Reinagle, 1836.

Now plead my cause, almighty God,
With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood,
Who fight against my life.

Draw out Thy spear and stop their way,
Lift Thine avenging rod;
But to my soul in mercy say,
"I am thy Savior God!"

They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread;
Plunge the destroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made.

Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slippery be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.

They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before Thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind
Pursues them down to death.

They love the road that leads to hell;
Then let the rebels die,
Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high.

But if Thou hast a chosen few
Amongst that impious race,
Divide them from the bloody crew,
By Thy surprising grace.

Then I will raise my tuneful voice,
To make Thy wonders known;
In their salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless Thee for my own.