

O Happy Soul That Lives on High

Isaac Watts, 1721-4.

Daniel Read, 1785.

O happy soul that lives on high

While men lie groveling here!

His hopes are fixed above the sky,

And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings,

While peace and joy combine

To form a life whose holy springs

Are hidden and divine.

He waits in secret on His God,

His God in secret sees;

Let earth be all in arms abroad,

He dwells in heav'nly peace.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,

Beyond this world and time;

Where neither eyes nor ears have been,

Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

He wants no pomp nor royal throne

To raise his figure here;

Content and pleased to live unknown,

Till Christ, his life, appear.

He looks to Heav'ns eternal hill

To meet that glorious day;

But patient waits his Savior's will

To fetch his soul away.