

The God of Our Salvation Hears

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Virgil Taylor, 1850.

The God of our salvation hears
The groans of Zion mixed with tears;
Yet when He comes with kind designs,
Through all the way His terror shines.

On Him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.

Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frightened souls to God,
When tempests rage and billows roar
At dreadful distance from the shore.

He bids the noisy tempests cease;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains, established by His hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.

Behold His ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly;
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

At His command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.

Seasons and times obey His voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

'Tis from His watery stores on high
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth His enriching drops dispense.

The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the valleys yield;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighboring hills repeat their joys.

The pastures smile in green array;
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb
Each in His language speaks Thy name.

Thy works pronounce Thy power divine;
O'er every field Thy glories shine;
Through every month Thy gifts appear;

