

Thee Will I Love, O Lord, My Strength

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Johann Cruger, 1640.

Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defense;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
Which none but they that feel can tell;
While I was hurried to despair.

In my distress I called my God,
When I could scarce believe Him mine:
He bowed His ear to my complaint,
Then did His grace appear divine.

With speed He flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing He rode;
Awful and bright as lightning shone
The face of my deliverer, God.

Temptations fled at His rebuke,
The blast of His almighty breath;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.

Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their rage;
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still,
In all the wars that devils wage.

My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to His mercy and His power.