

Who Will Arise and Plead My Right

Isaac Watts, 1719.

William Croft, 1708.

Who will arise and plead my right
Against my numerous foes,
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose?
Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustained my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.

"Alas! My sliding feet!" I cried;
Thy promise was my prop;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.
While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God my refuge rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.
Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.