

Happy the Man Whose Cautious Feet  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.  
Music: George Cooper, 1836.

Happy the man whose cautious feet  
Shun the broad way that sinners go,  
Who hates the place where atheists meet,  
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

He loves to employ the morning light  
Amongst the statutes of the Lord;  
And spends the wakeful hours of night,  
With pleasure, pondering oer His Word.

He, like a plant by gentle streams,  
Shall flourish in immortal green;  
And Heavn will shine with kindest beams  
On evry work his hands begin.

But sinners find their counsels crossed:  
As chaff before the tempest flies,  
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,  
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

In vain the rebel seeks to stand  
In judgment with the pious race;  
The dreadful Judge, with stern command,  
Divides him to a different place.

Straight is the way My saints have trod;  
I blessed the path, and drew it plain;  
But you would choose the crooked road,  
And down it leads to endless pain.