

Help, Lord, for Men of Virtue Fail  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.  
Music: Anonymous.

Help, Lord, for men of virtue fail,  
Religion loses ground,  
The sons of violence prevail,  
And treacheries abound.

Their oaths and promises they break,  
Yet act the flatterers part;  
With fair, deceitful lips they speak,  
And with a double heart.

If we reprove some hateful lie,  
How is their fury stirred!  
Are not our lips our own? they cry;  
And who shall be our Lord?

Scoffers appear on every side,  
Where a vile race of men  
Is raised to seats of power and pride,  
And bears the sword in vain.

Lord, when iniquities abound,  
And blasphemy grows bold;  
When faith is hardly to be found,  
And love is waxing cold;

Is not Thy chariot hastening on?  
Hast Thou not givn this sign?  
May we not trust and live upon  
A promise so divine?

Yes, saith the Lord, now will I rise,  
And make oppressors flee;  
I shall appear to their surprise,  
And set My servants free.

Thy Word, like silver sevn times tried,  
Through ages shall endure;  
The men that in Thy truth confide  
Shall find the promise sure.