

**How Fast Their Guilt and Sorrows Rise**  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.  
Music: German chorale.

How fast their guilt and sorrows rise  
Who haste to seek some idol-god!  
I will not taste their sacrifice,  
Their offerings of forbidden blood.

My God provides a richer cup,  
And nobler food to live upon:  
He for my life has offerd up  
Jesus, His best-belovd Son.

His love is my perpetual feast;  
By day His counsels guide me right;  
And be His name for ever blessed,  
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

I set Him still before mine eyes;  
At my right hand He stands prepared  
To keep my soul from all surprise  
And be my everlasting guard.