

## I Hate the Tempter and His Charms

Words: Isaac Watts, 1709.

Music: Arthur Cottman, 1872.

I hate the tempter and his charms,  
I hate his flattering breath;  
The serpent takes a thousand forms  
To cheat our souls to death.

He feeds our hope with airy dreams  
Or kills with slavish fear;  
And holds us still in wide extremes,  
Presumption or despair.

Now he persuades, How easy tis  
To walk the road to Heavn;  
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,  
They cannot be forgivn.

He bids young sinners, Yet forbear  
To think of God, or death;  
For prayer and devotion are  
But melancholy breath.

He tells the aged, they must die,  
And tis too late to pray;  
In vain for mercy now they cry,  
For they have lost their day.

Thus he supports his cruel throne  
By mischief and deceit,  
And drags the sons of Adam down  
To darkness and the pit.

Almighty God, cut short his power;  
Let him in darkness dwell;  
And that he vex the earth no more,  
Confine him down to hell.