

Let Sinners Take Their Course

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: William Monk, 1875.

Let sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
Ill spend my daily breath.

My thoughts address His throne
When morning brings the light;
Ill seek His blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath Thine angry rod.

Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust Thy name,
Nor learn to do Thy will.

But I with all my cares
Will lean upon the Lord:
Ill cast my burdens on His arm,
And rest upon His Word.

His arm shall well sustain
The children of His love;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.