

Lord, Thou Hast Heard Thy Servant Cry
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: Daniel Prothero (1866-1934).

Lord, Thou hast heard Thy servant cry
And rescued from the grave;
Now shall he live; and none can die,
If God resolve to save.

Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand, that hath chastised him sore,
Defends him still from death.

Open the gates of Sion now,
For we shall worship there;
The house where all the righteous go
Thy mercy to declare.

Among thassemblies of Thy saints
Our thankful voice we raise
There we have told Thee our complaints,
And there we speak Thy praise.