

My Spirit Looks to God Alone

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: William Aitken, 1912.

My spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is His throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on His salvation waits.

Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before His face:
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

Once has His awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard,
All power is His eternal due;
He must be feared, and trusted, too.

For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner on the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.