

Sure There's a Righteous God  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.  
Music: Isaac Woodbury, 1852.

Sure there's a righteous God,  
Nor is religion vain;  
Though men of vice may boast aloud,  
And men of grace complain.  
I saw the wicked rise,  
And felt my heart repine,  
While haughty fools with scornful eyes  
In robes of honor shine.

Pampered with wanton ease,  
Their flesh looks full and fair;  
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,  
And grows without their care.  
Free from the plagues and pains  
That pious souls endure;  
Through all their life oppression reigns,  
And racks the humble poor.

Their impious tongues blaspheme  
The everlasting God;  
Their malice blasts the good man's name,  
And spreads their lies abroad.  
But I with flowing tears  
Indulged my doubts to rise;  
Is there a God that sees or hears  
The things below the skies?

The tumults of my thought  
Held me in hard suspense,  
Till to Thy house my feet were brought,  
To learn Thy justice thence.  
Thy Word with light and power  
Did my mistake amend;  
I viewed the sinner's life before,  
But here I learnt their end.

On what slippery steep  
The thoughtless wretches go;  
And O that dreadful fiery deep  
That waits their fall below!  
Lord, at Thy feet I bow,  
My thoughts no more repine;  
I call my God my portion now,  
And all my powers are Thine.