

Will God for Ever Cast Us Off?

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: John Dykes, 1875.

Will God for ever cast us off?

His wrath for ever smoke

Against the people of His love,

His little chosen flock?

Think of the tribes so dearly bought

With their Redeemers blood;

Nor let Thy Zion be forgot,

Where once Thy glory stood.

Lift up Thy feet and march in haste,

Aloud our ruin calls;

See what a wide and fearful waste

Is made within Thy walls.

Where once Thy churches prayed and sang,

Thy foes profanely roar;

Over Thy gates their ensigns hang,

Sad tokens of their power.

How are the seats of worship broke!

They tear the buildings down,

And he that deals the heaviest stroke

Procures the chief renown.

With flames they threaten to destroy

Thy children in their nest;

Come, let us burn at once, they cry,

The temple and the priest.

And still, to heighten our distress,

Thy presence is withdrawn;

Thy wonted signs of power and grace,

Thy power and grace are gone.

No prophet speaks to calm our woes,

But all the seers mourn;

Theres not a soul amongst us knows

The time of Thy return.

How long, eternal God, how long

Shall men of pride blaspheme?

Shall saints be made their endless song,

And bear immortal shame?

Canst Thou for ever sit and hear

Thine holy name profaned?

And still Thy jealousy forbear,

And still withhold Thine hand?

What strange deliverance hast Thou shown

In ages long before!

And now no other god we own,

No other god adore.

Thou didst divide the raging sea

By Thy resistless might,

To make Thy tribes a wondrous way,

And then secure their flight.

Is not the world of nature Thine,

The darkness and the day?

Didst Thou not bid the morning shine,

And mark the sun his way?

Hath not Thy power formed every coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summers heat, and winters frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme?
Will not Thy hand that formed them first
Avenge Thine injured name?

Think on the covenant Thou hast made,
And all Thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade,
And vex Thy mourning dove.

Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead Thy own cause, Almighty God,
And give Thy children rest.