

'Tis by the Faith of Joys to Come

Isaac Watts, 1707-9.

John Hatton, 1793.

'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at Heav'n our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.