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And Will the God of Grace
Isaac Watts, 1719.
William Monk, 1875.

And will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold His peace,
And let His vengeance sleep?

Behold, what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread!
The men that hate thy saints and Thee
Lift up their threatening head.

Against Thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.

The noble and the base
Into Thy pastures leap;
The lion and the stupid ass
Conspire to vex Thy sheep.

"Come, let us join," they cry,
"To root them from the ground,
Till not the name of saints remain,
Nor memory shall be found."

Awake, almighty God,
And call Thy wrath to mind;
Give them like forests to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.

Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek Thy name;
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.

Then shall the nations know
That glorious, dreadful word,
Jehovah is Thy name alone,
And Thou the sovereign Lord.

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