

Blest Is the Nation Where the Lord
Isaac Watts, 1707.
Alexander Reinagle, 1836.

Blest is the nation where the Lord
Hath fixed His gracious throne,
Where He reveals His heav'nly Word
And calls their tribes His own.

His eye with infinite survey
Does the whole behold;
He formed us all of equal clay
And knows our feeble mold.

Kings are not rescued by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor speed nor courage of a horse
Can the bold rider save.

Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
To hope for safety thence;
But holy souls from God obtain
A sure and strong defense.

God is their fear, and God their trust;
When plagues or famine spread,
His watchful eye secures the just
Among ten thousand dead.

Lord, let our hearts in Thee rejoice,
And bless us from Thy throne;
For we have made Thy Word our choice,
And trust Thy grace alone.