

Deep in Our Hearts Let Us Record

Isaac Watts, 1719.

John Dykes, 1861.

Deep in our hearts let us record

The deeper sorrow of our Lord;

Behold the rising billows roll,

To overwhelm His holy soul.

In long complaints He spends His breath,

While hosts of hell, and powers of death,

And all the sons of malice, join

To execute their cursed design.

Yet, gracious God, Thy power and love

Have made the curse a blessing prove;

Those dreadful sufferings of Thy Son

Atoned for sins which we had done.

The pangs of our expiring Lord

The honors of Thy law restored;

His sorrows made Thy justice known,

And paid for follies not His own.

O for His sake our guilt forgive,

And let the mourning sinner live;

The Lord will hear us in His name,

Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.