

God of My Childhood and My Youth

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Sylvanus Pond, 1836.

God of my childhood and my youth,  
The guide of all my days,  
I have declared Thy heavenly truth,  
And told Thy wondrous ways.

Wilt Thou forsake my hoary hairs,  
And leave my fainting heart?  
Who shall sustain my sinking years,  
If God my strength depart?

Let me Thy power and truth proclaim  
To the surviving age;  
And leave a savor of Thy name  
When I shall quit the stage.

The land of silence and of death  
Attends my next remove;  
O may these poor remains of breath  
Teach the wide world Thy love!

Thy righteousness is deep and high,  
Unsearchable Thy deeds;  
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,  
And all my praise exceeds.

Oft have I heard Thy threatenings roar,  
And oft endured the grief;  
But when Thy hand has pressed me sore,  
Thy grace was my relief.

By long experience I have known  
Thy sovereign power to save;  
At Thy command I venture down  
Securely to the grave.

When I lie buried deep in dust,  
My flesh shall be Thy care;  
These withering limbs with Thee I trust,  
To raise them strong and fair.