

Happy the Man to Whom His God

Isaac Watts, 1719.

American melody.

Happy the man to whom his God

No more imputes his sin,

But, washed in the Redeemer's blood,

Hath made his garments clean!

Happy beyond expression he

Whose debts are thus discharged;

And from the guilty bondage free,

He feels his soul enlarged.

His spirit hates deceit and lies,

His words are all sincere;

He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,

To keep his conscience clear.

While I my inward guilt suppressed,

No quiet I could find;

Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,

And racked my tortured mind.

Then I confessed my troubled thoughts,

My secret sins revealed;

Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,

Thy grace my pardon sealed.

This shall invite Thy saints to pray;

When like a raging flood

Temptations rise, our strength and stay

Is a forgiving God.