

Listen Peoples, While I Tell  
From Psalm 81.  
Marcus Wells, 1858.

Listen, peoples, while I tell  
What an elder race befell;  
Hearken to the solemn word,  
Learn obedience to the Lord.

Israel, erst from bondage freed,  
Chosen for a holy seed,  
Blessed with an unerring code,  
Worshipped one eternal God!

He their enemies subdued,  
Hearts by boundless bounties wooed,  
Fed them with the finest wheat,  
Milk and honey, purest treat!

Of as trouble raised its cry,  
Still was their protector nigh;  
From His secret place He came,  
Swift to rescue, slow to blame.

Long His pity had endured,  
Long their prosperous state secured;  
Till, impatient of reproof,  
Impious, they disowned His truth!

Then, abandoned to their lust,  
Sold to selfishness and dust,  
Soon a 'whelming tempest came;  
Swept away their place and name.