

Long Have I Sat Beneath the Sound

Isaac Watts, 1709.

Isaac Woodbury, 1842.

Long have I sat beneath the sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy Word!

Oft I frequent Thy holy place
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of Thy grace
My memory can retain!

My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art Thou known
By all the judgments of Thy rod,
And blessings of Thy throne!

How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

Great God! Thy sovereign power impart
To give Thy Word success;
Write Thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.

Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.