

O Thou Whose Justice Reigns on High
Isaac Watts, 1719.
Scottish Psalter, 1635.

O Thou whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th'oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.

The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is Thy Word.

In God most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

Shall they escape without Thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
O cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know Thy hand.

God counts the sorrows of His saints,
Their groans affect His ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

When to Thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

In Thee, most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, "How faithful is Thy Word,
How righteous all Thy ways!"

Thou hast secured my soul from death,
O set Thy prisoner free!
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employed for Thee.