

Springs and Streams No Longer Bless  
From Psalm 107.  
William MacLagan, 1875.

Springs and streams no longer bless  
All the dry and thirsty land;  
Fertile fields in verdant dress  
God converts to desert sand;  
For that they who dwell therein  
Turn to wickedness and sin.

Once again the waters well,  
All the desert blossoms fair;  
There He makes the hungry dwell,  
There a city they prepare,  
Plant their vines and sow their fields,  
And the earth her increase yields.

Now He blesses them indeed,  
They are greatly multiplied;  
On the hills their cattle feed,  
Fast increasing, spreading wide;  
Then again they are brought low  
Through oppression, grief, and woe.

His contempt the princes taste:  
Driven out, they helpless fly,  
Wandering in the trackless waste;  
But He lifts the needy high,  
Where no evil shall annoy,  
And with children gives him joy.

When His righteous judgments come,  
Strong to bless and to destroy,  
All iniquity is dumb,  
All the righteous sing for joy;  
Who Jehovah wisely heed,  
In His works His mercy read.