

How Heavy Is the Night

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.

Music: Henry Coward, 1889.

How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with His reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven:
But in His righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks thaccursd chain.

Lord, we adore Thy ways
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, Thy healing grace,
And Thine atoning blood.