

Lord, What a Thoughtless Wretch Was I  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.  
Music: Grenoble Antiphoner, 1753.

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,  
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,  
To see the wicked placed on high,  
In pride and robes of honor shine.

But O their end, their dreadful end!  
Thy sanctuary taught me so;  
On slippery rocks I see them stand,  
And fiery billows roll below.

Now let them boast how tall they rise,  
Ill never envy them again;  
There they may stand with haughty eyes,  
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!  
Just like a dream when man awakes;  
Their songs of softest harmony  
Are but a preface to their plagues.

Now I esteem their mirth and wine  
Too dear to purchase with my blood;  
Lord, tis enough that Thou art mine,  
My life, my portion, and my God.