

Now I'm Convinced the Lord Is Kind
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: John Dykes, 1868.

Now I'm convinced the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere;
Yet once my foolish thoughts repined,
And bordered on despair.

I grieved to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
How pleasant and profane they live!
How peaceful is their death!

With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes,
They lay their fears to sleep;
Against the heav'ns their slanders rise,
While saints in silence weep.

In vain I lift my hands to pray,
And cleanse my heart in vain;
For I am chastened all the day,
The night renews my pain.

Yet while my tongue indulged complaints,
I felt my heart reprove
Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
And grieve the men I love.

But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
Till I retired to search Thy Word,
And learn Thy secrets there.

There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet
High mounted on a slippery place,
Beside a fiery pit.

I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at Thy frown he fell;
His honors in a dream were lost,
And he awakes in hell.

Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!
Thus to suspect Thy promised grace,
And think the wicked blessed.

Thus I was kept from full despair,
Upheld by power unknown;
That blessd hand that broke the snare
Shall guide me to Thy throne.