

O God, My Refuge, Hear My Cries

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: Chethams Psalmody, 1718.

O God, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

Their rage is leveled at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hopes in God.

With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
I groan with every breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.

O were I like a feathered dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home;
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

Vain hopes, and vain inventions all
To scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

By morning light I'll seek His face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night shall hear me ask His grace,
Nor will He long deny.

God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If He command their aid.

I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon His Word,
That saints shall never fall.

My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread His praise;
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.