

O Happy Soul That Lives on High  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1721-4.  
Music: Daniel Read, 1785.

O happy soul that lives on high  
While men lie groveling here!  
His hopes are fixed above the sky,  
And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings,  
While peace and joy combine  
To form a life whose holy springs  
Are hidden and divine.

He waits in secret on His God,  
His God in secret sees;  
Let earth be all in arms abroad,  
He dwells in heavenly peace.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,  
Beyond this world and time;  
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,  
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

He wants no pomp nor royal throne  
To raise his figure here;  
Content and pleased to live unknown,  
Till Christ, his life, appear.

He looks to Heavns eternal hill  
To meet that glorious day;  
But patient waits his Saviors will  
To fetch his soul away.