

That Man Is Blest Who Stands in Awe
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: Franz Haydn (1732-1809).

That man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves His sacred law:
His seed on earth shall be renowned;
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An unexhausted treasury,
And with successive honors crowned.

His liberal favors he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
A generous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs
And thus hes just to all mankind.

His hands, while they his alms bestowed,
His glories future harvest sowed;
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

Beset with threatenng dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground;
His conscience holds his courage up:
The soul thats filled with virtues light,
Shines brightest in afflictions night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart that fixed on God relies,
Though waves and tempests roar around:
Safe on the rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drowned.

The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony,
To find their expectations crossed;
They and their envy, pride, and spite,
Sink down to everlasting night,
And all their names in darkness lost.