

When God Is Nigh

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: Ignaz Pleyel, 1815.

When God is nigh, my faith is strong;  
His arm is my almighty prop:  
Be glad, my heart; rejoice, my tongue;  
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

Though in the dust I lay my head,  
Yet, gracious God, Thou wilt not leave  
My soul for ever with the dead,  
Nor lose Thy children in the grave.

My flesh shall thy first call obey,  
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;  
Then shalt Thou lead the wondrous way  
Up to Thy throne above the sky.

There streams of endless pleasures flow;  
And full discoveries of Thy grace,  
Which we but tasted here below,  
Spread heavnly joys through all the place.