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1. O God, to whom revenge belongs, Proclaim thy wrath aloud; Let sovereign power redress our wrongs, Let jus-tice smite the proud.
2. He knows their impious thoughts are vain, And they shall feel his power; His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain In some sur-pri-sing hour.
3. Blest is the man thy hands chastise, And to his duty draw; Thy scourges make thy children wise When they for-get thy law.

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1. They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears:" When will the fools be wise? Can he be deaf who formed their ears? Or blind, who made their eyes?
2. But if thy saints deserve rebuke, Thou hast a gentler rod; Thy providences and thy book Shall make them know their God.
3. But God will ne'er cast off his saints, Nor his own promise break; He pardons his inheritance For their Redeemer's sake.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2021

These words substituted for those printed with the original: Philip Doddridge, 1755: "Indulgent God, with pitying eye."