

Isaac Watts, 1719  
(Psalm 73, Second Part 2) 66. 86. (S. M.)

# Pownal

Transcribed from *The New England Harmony*, 1801.

E minor  
Timothy Swan, 1801

Tr.  
1. Sure there's a right - eous God, Nor is re - li - gion vain; Though men of vice may boast a - loud, And men of grace com-plain.  
2. I saw the wick - ed rise, And felt my heart re-pine, While haughty fools with scorn-ful eyes In robes of ho - nor shine.

C.  
3. Pampered with wan - ton ease, Their flesh looks full and fair; Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas, And grows with - out their care.  
4. Free from the plagues and pains That pi - ous souls en-dure; Through all their life op-pres-sion reigns, And racks the hum-ble poor.

T.  
5. Their impious tongues blaspheme The ev - er - las - ting God; Their malice blasts the good man's name, And spreads their lies a - broad.  
6. But I with flo - wing tears In-dulged my doubts to rise; "Is there a God that sees or hears The things be - low the skies?"

B.  
7. The tumults of my thought Held me in hard suspense, Till to thy house my feet were brought, To learn thy jus - tice thence.  
8. Thy word with light and power Did my mis - take amend; I viewed the sin - ners' life be - fore, But here I learnt their end.  
9. On what a slip - pery steep The thoughtless wretches go; And O that dread - ful fie - ry deep That waits their fall be - low!  
10. Lord, at thy feet I bow, My thoughts no more repine; I call my God my portion now, And all my powers are thine.