

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 repine, While haughty fools with scornful 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 oppression reigns, And racks the hum-ble poor.

T.

5. Their impious tongues blaspheme The everlasting God; Their malice blasts the good man's name, And spreads their lies a-broad.
6. But I with flo-wing tears Indulged 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.