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1. Lord, if thou dost not soon appear, Virtue and truth will fly a - way; A faithful man among us here Will scarce be found, if thou de - lay.  
2. The whole discourse when neighbors meet, Is filled with trifles loose and vain; Their lips are flat - tery and deceit And their proud language is profane.

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3. But lips that with deceit abound Shall not maintain their triumph long; The God of vengeance will confound The flattering and blaspheming tongue.  
4. Yet shall our words be free they cry; Our tongues shall be controlled by none: Where is the Lord will ask us why? Or say our lips are not our own?  
5. The Lord who sees the poor oppressed, And hears th'oppressor's haughty strain, Will rise to give his children rest, Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

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6. Thy word, O Lord, though often tried, Void of deceit shall still ap - pear; Not sil - ver, sev'n times pu - ri - fied From dross and mixture, shines so clear.  
7. Thy grace shall in the darkest hour Defend the holy soul from harm; Though when the vilest men have power, On every side will sinners swarm.

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