

# My Spirit Looks to God Alone

Isaac Watts, from Psalm 62

My spi - rit looks to God a - lone; My rock and ref - uge is His throne;  
False are the men of high de - gree, The bas - er sort are van - i - ty;  
Once has His awe - some voice de - clared, Once and a - gain my ears have heard,

In all my fears, in all my straits, My soul on His sal - va - tion waits. Trust Him, ye  
Laid in the bal - ance both ap - pear Light as a puff of emp - ty air. Make not in -  
All power is His e - ter - nal due; He must be feared and trust - ed too. For sov - ereign

saints, in all your ways, Pour out your hearts be - fore His face; When help - ers fail, and  
- creas - ing gold your trust, Nor set your heart on glit - tering dust; Why will you grasp the  
power reigns not a - lone, Grace is a part - ner of the throne: Thy grace and just - ice,

foes in - vade, God is our all suff - i - cient aid. God is our all suff - i - cient aid.  
fleet - ing smoke, And not be - lieve what God hath spoke? And not be - lieve what God hath spoke?  
might - y Lord, Shall well pro - vide our last re - ward. Shall well pro - vide our last re - ward.