

Will God Forever Cast Us Off?

Isaac Watts, from Psalm 74

legato

Am **Em** **F**

Will God for ev - er cast us
 Lift up thy feet and march in
 How are the seats of wor - ship
 How long, e - ter - nal God, how
 What strange de - liv' - rance hast thou
 Is not the world of na - ture
 And shall the sons of earth and

Am **C** **Em**

off? His wrath for ev - er
 haste, A - loud our ru - in
 broke! They tear the build - ings
 long Shall men of pride blas -
 shown In a ges long be -
 thine, The dark ness and the
 dust That sa cred power blas -

Am **Bdim**

smoke A - gainst the
 calls; See what a
 down, And he that
 - pheme? Shall saints be
 - fore! And now no
 day? Didst thou not
 - pheme? Will not thy

Dm **Am** **Em**

peo - ple of his love, His
 wide and fear - ful waste Is
 deals the heav - jest stroke Pro
 made their end - less song, And
 o - ther God we own, No
 bid the morn - ing shine, And
 hand that formed them first A-

Am **Em7** **Am**

lit - tle cho - sen flock? Think
 made with in thy walls. Where
 - cures the chief re - nown. No
 bear im - mor - tal shame? Canst
 o - ther God a - dore. Thou
 mark the sun his way? Hath
 - venge things in name? Our

D **A** **G** **A** **Bm** **G** **D**

of the tribes so dear - ly bought With their Re - deem - er's blood;
 once thy chur - ches prayed and sang, Thy foes pro - fane - ly roar;
 pro - phet speaks to calm our woes, But all the se - ers mourn;
 thou for ev - er sit and hear Thine ho - ly name pro - faned?
 didst di - vide the rag - ing sea By thy re - sist - less might,
 not thy power formed ev - ery coast, And set the earth its bounds,
 foes would tri - umph in our blood, And make our hope their jest;

Dm **Em** **Am** **F** **Am** **Em** **Am**

Nor let thy Zi - on be for - got, Where once thy glo - ry stood.
 O - ver thy gates their en - signs hang, Sad to - kens of their power.
 There's not a soul a - mongst us knows The time of thy re - turn.
 And still thy jea - lous - y for - bear, And still with - hold thine hand?
 To make thy tribes a won - drous way, And then se - cure their flight
 With sum - mer's heat, and win - ter's frost, In their per - pe - tual rounds?
 Plead thy own cause, Al - might - y God, And give thy child - ren rest