Isaac Watts, 1719 (Psalm 69)

88. 88. (L. M.)

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2. In long complaints he spends his breath, While hosts of hell, and powers of death, And all the sons of malice, join To execute their cursed design.

3. Yet, gracious God, thy power and love Has made the curse a blessing prove; Those dreadful suffrings of thy Son Atoned for sins which we had done. 4. The pangs of our expiring Lord The honors of thy law restored; His sorrows made thy justice known, And paid for follies not his own.

5. O for his sake our guilt forgive, And let the mourning sinner live; The Lord will hear us in his name, Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.