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When Man Grows Bold in Sin
Isaac Watts, 1719.
Alexander Reinagle, 1866.

When man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
"He hath no fear of God within,
Nor fear before his eyes."

He walks awhile concealed
In a self flattering dream,
Till his dark crimes at once revealed
Expose his hateful name.

His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is vanished from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

He plots upon his bed
New mischiefs to fulfill;
He sets his heart, and hand, and head,
To practice all that's ill.

But there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce His fear;
His justice, hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

His truth transcends the sky,
In Heav'n His mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea His judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

How excellent His love,
Whence all our safety springs!
O never let my soul remove
From underneath His wings.

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