Happy the Man Whose Cautious Feet

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
Happy the man whose cautious

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
feet Shun the broad way that

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
sinners go, Who hates the

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
place where atheists meet, And

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
fears to talk as scoffers do.

The other verses

2 He loves t' employ his morning light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord:
And spends the wakeful hours at night,
With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3 He like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heaven will shine with kindest beams
On every work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels crost;
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race;
The dreadful Judge with stern command
Divides him to a different place.

6 "Straight is the way my saints have trod,
"I blest the path and drew it plain;
"But you would choose the crooked road,
"And down it leads to endless pain.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.