While Men Grow Bold in Wicked Ways

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
While men grow bold in wicked ways! And

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
yet a God they own, My

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
heart within me often says, "Their

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
thoughts believe there's none."

The other verses

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare
(Whate'er their lips profess)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.

3 What strange self-flattery blinds their eyes!
But there's an hastening hour
When they shall see with sore surprise
The terrors of thy power.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Tho' mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.

5 Above the heavens' created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.

6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children choose to rest.

7 From thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

8 Tho' all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes
Thy presence makes eternal day
Where clouds can never rise.

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); 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.