

**O** LORD, accept my prayers, my vows,  
Earnest and sweet in morning hours,  
And let my nightly worship rise  
Fragrant as evening sacrifice.

- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,  
From every rash and heedless word,  
Nor let my heart incline to rove  
Into the sins that worldlings love.
- 3 O may the righteous, when I stray,  
See and reprove my wandering way;  
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,  
Shall only heal and cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold *them* pressed with grief,  
I'll cry to Heav'n for their relief;  
And by my warm petitions prove,  
How much I prize their faithful love.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†*