

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Arrayed in mortal flesh
 The Covenant Angel stands,
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in His hands;
Commissioned from His Father's throne
To make His grace to mortals known.

3 I love my Shepherd's voice;
 His watchful eye shall keep
 My wandering soul among
 The thousands of His sheep:
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
And gently bears the tender lambs.

4 Be Thou my counsellor,
 My pattern, and my guide;
 And through this desert land
 Still keep me near Thy side:
O, let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way!

5 Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down:
 My Captain leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

PTO

6 Should all the hosts of death,
 And powers of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful forms
 Of rage and malice on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748