

- T**HE volume of my Father's grace
Does all my thirst assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
In almost every page.
- 2 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 3 Here consecrated water flows
To purge my love of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows:
No danger dwells therein.
- 4 Here is the judge that ends all strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this earthly vale.
- 5 O may Thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command,
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to Thy right hand.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748