

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to Heaven.

2 Lord, I have made Thy Word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
Here shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

3 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight;
While through Thy promises I'll rove
With ever fresh delight.

4 Here is a land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

5 The sole relief that mourners have,
This makes our sorrows blest;
Our glorious hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

*John Fawcett, 1739-1817,
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*