

WHEN I in awe and wonder stand
My being to survey,
I marvel, Lord, and own Thy hand,
That formed my human clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and soul possessed
When unborn nature grew;
Thy wisdom all my features traced,
And all my members drew.

3 My life in awe and wonder stands
The product of Thy skill;
And hourly blessings from Thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

4 Lord, when I count Thy mercies o'er,
I'm humbled in surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

5 These, on my heart, by night I keep,
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour of my last sleep
Find all my thoughts with Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748