

LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye . . .

2 Up to the place where Christ is gone,
My advocate on high,
Presenting at the Father's throne,
Each song, and every sigh.

3 O holy Lord, before Whose sight
No evil ways shall stand,
Who has in sinners no delight,
Nor place at Thy right hand . . .

4 To this Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies here;
I'll pray within Thy holy court,
And worship and revere.

5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

6 All they that love and trust Thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
For Thou, O Lord, wilt compass them
With favour as a shield.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748†