

**M**Y Saviour and almighty Friend,  
When I begin to praise,  
It seems Thy mercies have no end!  
I'm overwhelmed by grace.

- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,  
Thy goodness I adore;  
And since I knew Thy kindness first,  
I speak Thy praises more.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen  
Repeated year by year;  
I view the days that yet remain,  
And trust them to Thy care.
- 4 I'll sound Thy praises all the length  
Of this my pilgrim road,  
And speak with boldness in Thy strength  
Of my Redeemer God.
- 5 Cast me not off when strength declines,  
And life's last trials arise;  
But round me make Thy glory shine  
Till this Thy servant dies.
- 6 Awake, my soul, thy fervent powers,  
To such a glorious song,  
Which floods with joy the darkest hours,  
And moves thee all day long.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.†*