

I Lift My Soul to God

Isaac Watts, 1719.

William Monk, 1875.

I lift my soul to God,
My trust is in His name:
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

Sin, and the powers of hell,
Persuade me to despair:
Lord, make me know Thy covenant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For Thy salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever longing eyes.

Remember all Thy grace,
And lead me in Thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn His ways,
And every humble sinner find
The methods of His grace.

For His own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame:
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my redeemer's name.