

In the Morning I Will Raise

William Furness, 1840.

John Dykes, 1862.

In the morning I will raise
To my God the voice of praise;
With His kind protection blest,
Sweet and deep has been my rest.

In the morning I will pray
For His blessing on the day;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, I know not.

Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine with me, Lord, O shine.

Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in Thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep my eyes, O God, from tears,
Every step Thy grace attend,
And my soul from death defend.

Then when fall the shades of night,
All within shall still be light;
Thou wilt peace around diffuse,
Gently as the evening dews.