

Lord, in the Morning Thou shalt Hear
Isaac Watts, 1719.
Samuel Stanley, 1796.

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

Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thine holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before my face

My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter, with a base design
To make my soul their prey.

Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in Thy mercy trust,
Forever shout for joy.

The men that love and fear Thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With favor as a shield.