

My God, Accept My Early Vows

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Anonymous, before 1875.

My God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in Thine house;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite, and reprove my wandering way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to Heav'n for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.