

My Savior and My King
Isaac Watts, 1719.
Harvey Camp.

My Savior and my king,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is Thine.

Now make Thy glory known,
Gird on Thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty to spread
The conquests of Thy Word.

Strike through Thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts to obey,
While justice, meekness, grace and truth,
Attend Thy glorious way.

Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And Thy victorious Gospel proves
A scepter in Thy hand.

Thy Father and Thy God
Hath without measure shed
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
To anoint Thy sacred head.

Behold, at Thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.

Fair bride, receive His love,
Forget thy father's house;
Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows.

O let Thy God and king
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall His honors sing
In palaces of joy.