

Thy Mercies Fill the Earth, O Lord  
Isaac Watts, 1719.  
Early American tune.

Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord;  
How good Thy works appear!  
Open mine eyes to read Thy Word,  
And see Thy wonders there.

My heart was fashioned by Thy hand;  
My service is Thy due;  
O make Thy servant understand  
The duties he must do.

Since I'm a stranger here below,  
Let not Thy path be hid;  
But mark the road my feet should go,  
And be my constant guide.

When I confessed my wandering ways,  
Thou heard'st my soul complain;  
Grant me the teachings of Thy grace,  
Or I shall stray again.

If God to me His statutes show,  
And heav'nly truth impart,  
His work for ever I'll pursue,  
His law shall rule my heart.

This was my comfort when I bore  
Variety of grief;  
It made me learn Thy Word the more,  
And fly to that relief.

In vain the proud deride me now;  
I'll ne'er forget Thy law,  
Nor let that blessed Gospel go,  
Whence all my hopes I draw.

When I have learned my Father's will,  
I'll teach the world His ways;  
My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,  
Shall loud pronounce His praise.