

Behold the Morning Sun
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: J. F. S. Doering.

Behold, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

But where the Gospel comes
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is Thy Word!
And all Thy judgments just!
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions givn!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to Heavn!

I hear Thy word with love,
And I would fain obey:
Send Thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold, presumptuous mind
I would not dare transgress.

Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

While with my heart and tongue
I spread Thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Savior and my God.