

Early, My God, Without Delay
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: Henry Gauntlett (1805-1876).

Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without Thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

Ive seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavnly hour,
That vision so divine.

Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when Thy richer grace I taste,
And in Thy presence dwell.

Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.

Thus till my last expiring day
Ill bless my God and king;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.