

God of the Morning, at Whose Voice

Words: Isaac Watts, 1707.

Music: John Hatton, 1793.

God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

O like the sun may I fulfill
Thappointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavnly way.

But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this worlds wild maze,
To follow every wandring star.

Lord, Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatnings just, Thy promise sure,
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.