

**My God, How Endless Is Thy Love**

Words: Isaac Watts, ca. 1708.

Music: From Schumann, 1839.

My God, how endless is Thy love!  
Thy gifts are every evening new;  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distill like early dew.

Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,  
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;  
Thy sovereign Word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to Thy command,  
To Thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.