

My God, in Whom Are All the Springs

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: William Boyd, 1864.

My God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

Up to the heavns I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends His angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threatning storm.

Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavns, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to Thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound His praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

High oer the earth His mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavns, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.