

Lord, in Thy Sight, O Let My Prayer
From Psalm 141.
Henry Greatorex, 1851.

Lord, in Thy sight, O let my prayer
Like morning incense rise;
My lifted hands accepted be
An evening sacrifice.

From hasty language curb my tongue,
And let a constant guard
Still keep the portal of my lips
With wary silence barred.

From wicked men's designs and deeds
My heart and hands restrain;
Nor let me share their evil works,
Or their unrighteous gain.

Let upright men reprove my faults,
And I shall think them kind;
Like healing oil upon my head
I their reproof shall find.