

O That Thy Statutes Every Hour

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Jeremiah Clark, 1707.

O that Thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power
And daily peace I find.

To meditate Thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget Thy Word;
Thy Word is all my joy.

How would I run in Thy commands
If Thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and Thy name;
I'll speak Thy Word, tho' kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right;
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love His ways,
And must obey His will.