

Dread Sovereign! Let My Evening Song
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707-9.
Music: William Havergal, 1847.

Dread Sovereign! let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

What have I done for Him that died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To Thy dear cross I flee;
And to Thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by Thee.

Sprinkled afresh by pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviors breast.