

I Love the Volumes of Thy Word

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: Matthus Greiter, 1525.

I love the volumes of Thy Word;  
What light and joy those leaves afford  
To souls benighted and distressed!  
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,  
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,  
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

From the discoveries of Thy law  
The perfect rules of life I draw;  
These are my study and delight:  
Not honey so invites the taste,  
Nor gold that hath the furnace past  
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

Thy threatnings wake my slumbring eyes,  
And warn me where my danger lies;  
But tis Thy blessd Gospel, Lord,  
That makes my guilty conscience clean,  
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,  
And gives a free, but large reward.

Who knows the errors of his thoughts?  
My God, forgive my secret faults,  
And from presumptuous sins restrain:  
Accept my poor attempts of praise,  
That I have read Thy book of grace,  
And book of nature, not in vain.