

**I Set the Lord Before My Face**

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: Arthur Cottman, 1874.

I set the Lord before my face,  
He bears my courage up;  
My heart and tongue their joys express,  
My flesh shall rest in hope.

My spirit, Lord, Thou wilt not leave  
Where souls departed are;  
Nor quit my body to the grave,  
To see corruption there.

Thou wilt reveal the path of life,  
And raise me to Thy throne;  
Thy courts immortal pleasure give,  
Thy presence joys unknown.

Thus, in the name of Christ, the Lord,  
The holy David sung;  
And Providence fulfills the word  
Of his prophetic tongue.

Jesus, whom every saint adores,  
Was crucified and slain:  
Behold, the tomb its prey restores!  
Behold, He lives again!

When shall my feet arise and stand  
On Heavns eternal hills?  
There sits the Son at Gods right hand,  
And there the Father smiles.