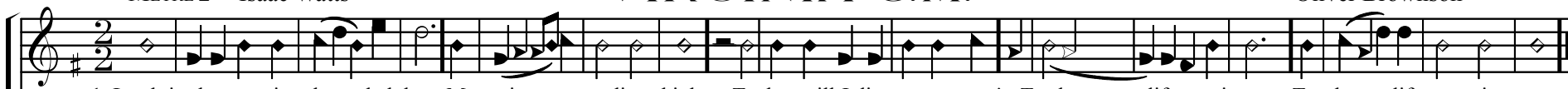


METRE 2 Isaac Watts

VIRGINIA C.M.

Oliver Brownson



1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high; To thee will I direct my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye, To thee lift up mine eye.



2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints, Presenting at his Father's throne Our songs and our complaints, Our songs and our complaints.

3. Thou art a God, be-fore whose sight The wick - ed shall not stand; Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight, Nor dwell at thy right hand, Nor dwell at thy right hand.



4. But to thy house will I re - sort, To taste thy mercies there; I will frequent thy holy court, And wor - ship in thy fear, And wor - ship in thy fear.

5. O may thy spir-it guide my feet In ways of righteousness, Make every path of duty straight And plain before my face, And plain be-fore my face.