Lord, in the Morning Thou Shalt Hear



To Thee will I di-rect my pray'r, To Thee lift up mine eye, Presenting at His Father's throne Our songs and our complaints,



- Thou art a God, before whose sight The wicked shall not stand;
 Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight, Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
- But to Thy house will I resort, To taste Thy mercies there;
 I will frequent Thy holy court, And worship in Thy fear.
- Oh, may Thy Spirit guide my feet In ways of righteousness!
 Make ev'ry path of duty straight And plain before my face.

Music: S. Hibbard, 1796 Text: Isaac Watts, 1719

- My watchful enemies combine
 To tempt my feet astray;

 They flatter, with a base design
 To make my soul their prey.
- Lord, crush the serpent in the dust, And all his plots destroy;
 While those that in Thy mercy trust, Forever shout for joy.
- The men that love and fear Thy name Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
 The mighty God will compass them With favor as a shield.

EXHORTATION (Hibbard) 8 6. 8 6. w/ repeat