God of the Morning, at Whose Voice

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
God of the morning, at whose voice The

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
cheerful sun makes haste to rise, And,

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
like a giant doth rejoice To

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
run his journey thro' the skies;

The other verses

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 O like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God my sun should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze,
To follow every wandering star.

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

6 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compar'd to this.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.