Thy Mercies Fill the Earth, O Lord

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord, How

| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
good thy works ap- pear! O-

| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
pen mine eyes to read thy word, And

| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
see thy wonders there.

The other verses

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due:
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

4 When I confess'd my wandering ways,
Thou heardst my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

5 If God to me his statutes shew,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His laws shall rule my heart.

6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

7 In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go
Whence all my hopes I draw.

8 When I have learn'd my Father's will
I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips inspir'd with zeal
Shall loud pronounce his praise.

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); 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.