Behold, The Morning Sun

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719
Music: G. F. Handel

1. Behold, the morning sun Begins his glorious way!
2. But where the Gospel comes, It spreads diviner light;
3. My gracious God, how plain Are Thy directions giv'n!
4. I hear Thy word with love, And I would fain obey;

His beams thru all the nations run, And life and light convey.
It calls dead sinners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.
O may I never read in vain, But find the path to heav'n.
Send Thy good Spirit from above, To guide me, lest I stray. Amen.