Behold, The Morning Sun
THACHER S. M.

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.

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