

WARRINGTON.

L.M.

R. HARRISON, 1748-1810.



1 GREAT God, indulge my humble  
claim ;

Be Thou my hope, my joy, my  
The glories that compose Thy name  
Stand all engaged to make me  
blest.

2 Thou Great and Good, Thou Just and  
Wise,

Thou art my Father and my God ;  
And I am Thine, by sacred ties,  
Thy son, Thy servant bought with  
blood.

3 With fainting heart and lifted hands,  
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling waterbrook.

4 With early feet I love to appear  
Among Thy saints, and seek Thy  
face ;

Oft have I seen Thy glory there,  
And felt the power of sovereign  
grace.

5 Should I from Thee, my God, remove  
Life could no lasting bliss afford ;  
My joy, the sense of pardoning love,  
My guard, the presence of my Lord.

6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or  
praise ;

This work shall make my heart  
rejoice,  
And fill the circle of my days.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.