

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 71) 86. 86. (C. M.)

Stoughton

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A Major
William Billings, 1770

1. My Sav - ior, my al - migh - ty Friend, When I begin Thy praise, Where will the growing numbers end, The numbers of Thy grace?

2. Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.

3. My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in Thy strength,
To see my Father God.

4. When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.

5. How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.

6. My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Savior and my God;
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And drowned them in his blood.

7. Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.