

Orange

Isaac Watts, 1719

(Psalm 63, Part 1) 86. 86. (C. M.)

Transcribed from Jenks and Griswold, *The American Compiler*, 1803.

C Major

Stephen Jenks, 1803

1. Ear - ly, my God, with - out de - lay, I haste to seek thy face: My thir-sty spi - rit faints a - way With -

2. I've seen thy glo - ry and thy power Through all thy tem - ple shine; My God, re-peat that heav'n-ly hour, That

3. Not life it - self, with all her joys, Can my best pas - sions move, Or raise so high my cheer-ful voice, As

out thy chee-ring grace. So pil-grims on the scor-ching sand Be - neath a bur-ning sky, Long for a coo - ling

vi - sion so di - vine. Not all the bles-sings of a feast Can please my soul so well, As when thy ri - cher

thy for - gi-ving love. Thus till my last ex - pi - ring day I'll bless my God and King; Thus will I lift my

stream at hand, And they must drink or die, And they must drink or die. So

grace I taste, And in thy pre - sence dwell, And in thy pre - sence dwell. Not

hands to pray, And tune my lips to sing, And tune my lips to sing. Thus