

Your mercies fill the earth, O Lord

from Psalm 119

CLAYPORT GATE
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Words: Isaac Watts (altd)
Music: David Lee

1. Your mer-cies fill the earth, O— Lord: how good— your works ap - pear!
2. I am a stran-ger here be - low, let not— your path be hid;
3. The gos-pel's com-fort, when I— bore va - ri - e - ty of grief,

In - struct my eyes to read your— word and see the bles - sings there.
but mark the road my feet should— go and be my con - stant guide.
helped me to love your law the— more and fly to its re - lief.

My— heart was fa - shioned— by your hand, my— ser - vice is your due;
When— I con - fessed to— wandering ways, my— grief was not in vain;
When— I have learned your— sta - tutes well, I'll— teach the world your ways;

O help me, Lord, to— un - der - stand the things— that I must do.
you grant the guid - ance— of your grace that I— not stray a - gain.
my thank - ful lips, in - spired with zeal, shall e - ver sing your praise.

Words: Isaac Watts (altd. Adrienne Tindall)
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This version, edited by Adrienne Tindall:

- 1 Your mercies fill the earth, O Lord:
how good your works appear!
Instruct my eyes to read your word
and see the blessings there.
My heart was fashioned by your hand,
my service is your due;
O help me, Lord, to understand
the things that I must do.
- 2 I am a stranger here below,
let not your path be hid;
but mark the road my feet should go
and be my constant guide.
When I confessed to wandering ways,
my grief was not in vain;
you grant the guidance of your grace
that I not stray again.
- 3 The gospel's comfort, when I bore
variety of grief,
helped me to love your law the more
and fly to its relief.
When I have learned your statutes well,
I'll teach the world your ways;
my thankful lips, inspired with zeal,
shall ever sing your praise.

Original version:

- 1 Thy Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord,
How good thy Works appear!
Open mine Eyes to read thy Word,
And see thy Wonders there.
- 2 My Heart was fashion'd by thy Hand,
My Service is thy Due;
O make thy Servant understand
The Duties he must do.
- 3 Since I'm a Stranger here below,
Let not thy Path be hid;
But mark the Road my Feet should go,
And be my constant Guide
- 4 When I confess'd my wand'ring Ways,
Thou heard'st my Soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy Grace,
Or I shall stray again.
- 5 If GOD to me his Statutes shew,
And heav'nly Truths impart,
His Works for Ever I'll pursue,
His Law shall rule my Heart.
- 6 This was my Comfort when I bore
Variety of Grief;
It made me learn thy Word the more,
And fly to that Relief.