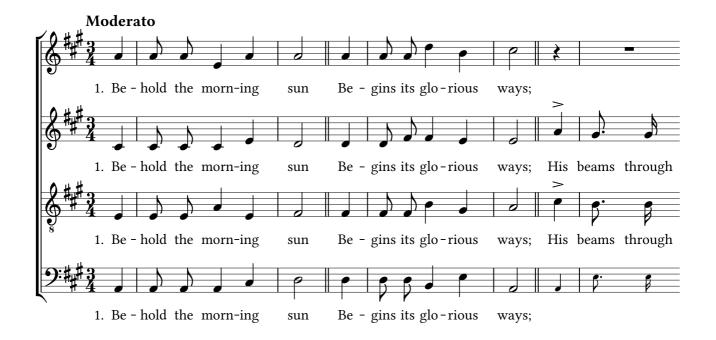
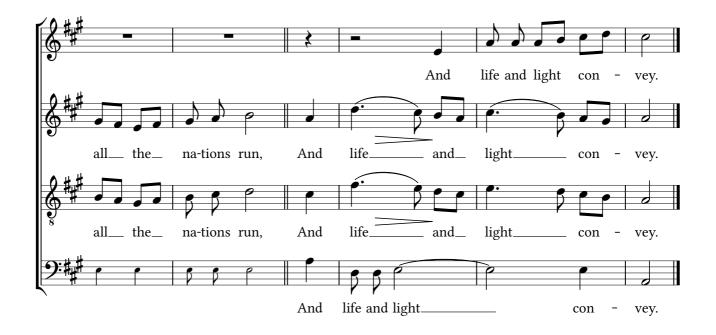
Behold the morning sun

Johann Friedrich Samuel Döring

Text: Isaac Watts





- 2. But where the gospel comes It spreads diviner light; It calls dead sinners from their tombs, For ever sure thy promise, Lord, And gives the blind their sight.
 - 3. How perfect is thy word! And all thy judgments just! And we securely trust.
- 4. My gracious God, how plain Are thy directions giv'n! O may I never read in vain, But find the path to heave'n!