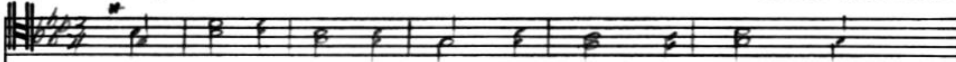


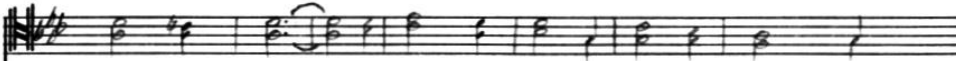
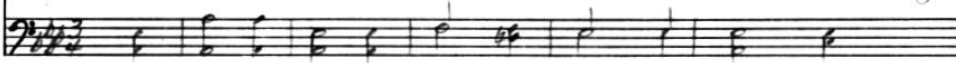
LORD, IN THE MORNING 5

Isaac Watts, ~~1719~~

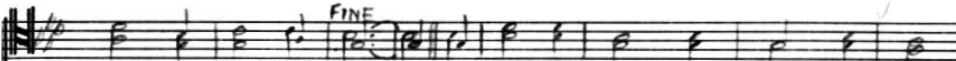
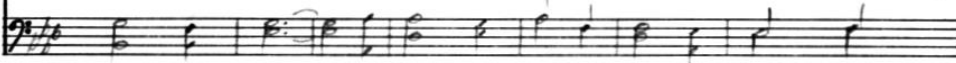
~~Arranged~~
Aaron Williams



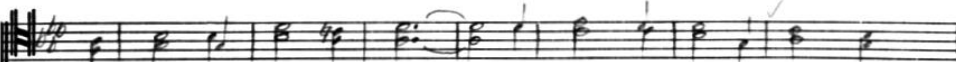
1. Lord, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice as-
2. The men that love and fear Thy name Shall see their



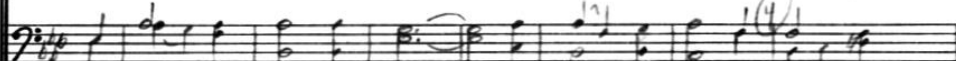
ced-ing high; To Thee will I di-rect my prayer, To
hopes ful-filled; The might-y God will com-pass them With



They lift up mine eye. 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
fa - vor as a shield. 3 O may Thy Spir - it guide my feet



To plead for all His saints, Pre-sent-ing at His Fa-ther's
In ways of right-eous-ness; Make ev-ery path of du - ty



throne Our songs and our com-plaints.
straight And plain be-fore my face.



DC al FINE

POT THIS WHERE IT BELONGS

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