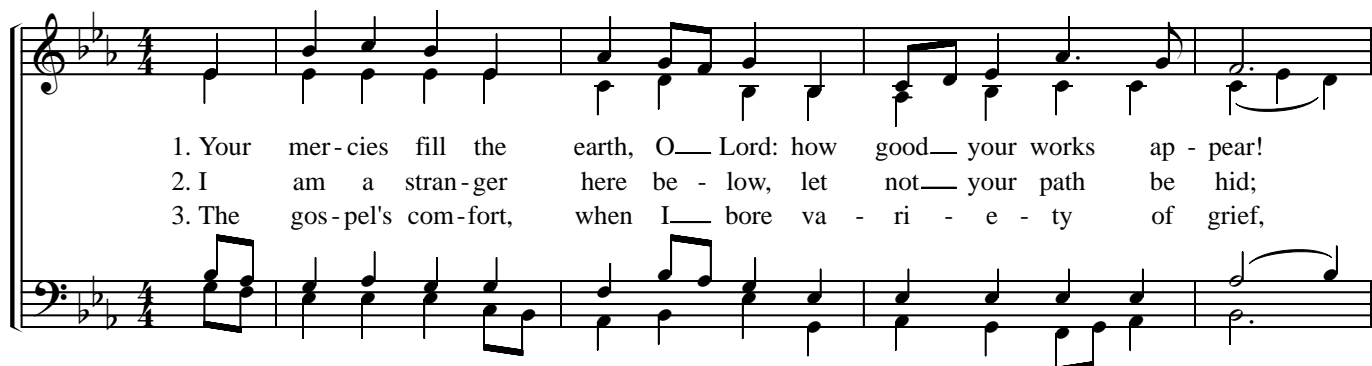


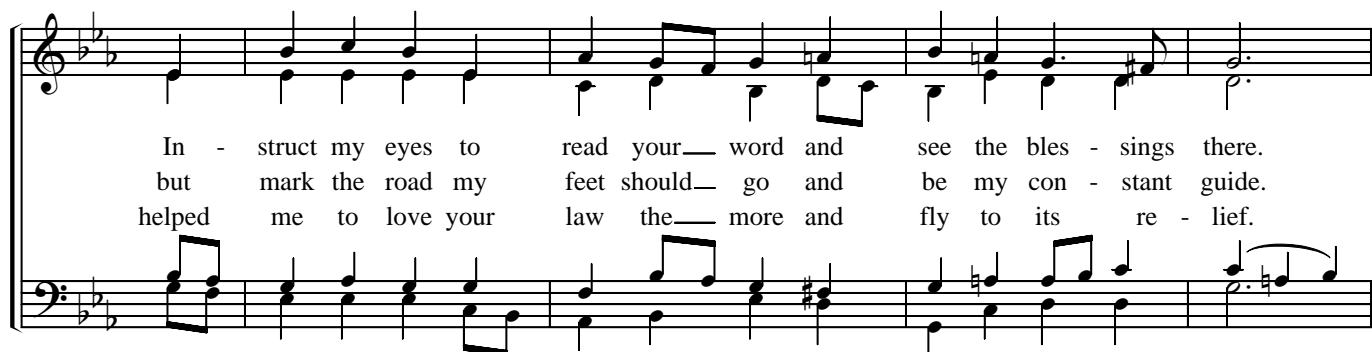
# Your mercies fill the earth, O Lord

Clayport Gate  
86 86 D (CMD)

Words: Isaac Watts  
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— wan-dering 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.