

# Whene'er I Take My Walks Abroad

Isaac Watts

When - e'er I take my walks a-broad, How ma - ny poor I see! What  
How ma - ny chil-dren in the street Half na - ked I be - hold! While  
While oth - ers ear - ly learn to swear, And curse, and lie, and steal, Lord,

shall I ren - der to my God For all His gifts to me? Not  
I am clothed from head to feet, And co - vered from the cold. While  
I am taught Thy name to fear, And do Thy ho - ly will. Are

more than oth - ers I de - serve, Yet God hath given me more: For  
some poor wret - ches scarce can tell Where they may lay their head, I  
these Thy fa - vors, day by day, To me a - bove the rest? Then

I have food, while oth - ers starve, Or beg from door to door.  
have a home where - in to dwell, And rest up - on my bed.  
let me love Thee more than they, And try to serve Thee best.

Tune: THY FAVORS, by Mitch Cervinka, 1999  
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