

METRE 2 Isaac Watts

CROWLE C.M.

James Green

1. God of my life, look gently down, Be - hold the pains I feel; But I am dumb be - fore thy throne, Nor dare dis - pute thy will.

2. Dis - eas - es are thy ser-vants, Lord, They come at thy command; I'll not at - tempt a mur-m'ring word A - gainst thy chast - ning hand.

3. Yet I may plead with hum - ble cries, Re-move thy sharp re-bukes; My strength con-sumes, my spir - it dies, Through thy re - peat - ed strokes.

4. Crush'd as a moth be - neath thy hand, We mold - er to the dust; Our fee - ble pow'r's can ne'er withstand, And all our beau - ty's lost.

5. But if my life be spar'd a-while, Be - fore my last re-move, Thy praise shall be my bus' - ness still, And I'll de - clare thy love.