

Isaac Watts, 1717
(Psalm 39, Part 3) 86. 86. (C. M.)

Humility

Transcribed from *The Middlesex Harmony*, 1803.

A minor
Samuel Babcock, 1803

Tr. 5 10 15 20

T. 8

B.

1. God of my life, look gently down, Behold the pains I feel; But I am dumb before thy throne, Nor dare dispute thy will. But
2. Diseases are thy servants, Lord, They come at thy command; I'll not at - tempt a murmuring word Against thy chastening hand. I'll

3. Yet I may plead with humble cries, Remove thy sharp rebukes; My strength consumes, my spi - rit dies, Through thy repeated strokes. My
4. Crushed as a moth beneath thy hand, We moulder to the dust; Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand, And all our beau - ty's lost. Our

5. This mortal life decays a - pace, How soon the bubble's broke! A - dam and all his numerous race Are va - ni - ty and smoke. A -
6. I'm but a so - jour - ner be - low, As all my fathers were; May I be well prepared to go, When I the sum - mons hear. May
7. But if my life be spared a - while, Before my last re - move, Thy praise shall be my business still, And I'll de - clare thy love. Thy

1. 15 2.