

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

1. God of my life, look gently down, Be - hold the pains I feel; But
2. Di - sea - ses are thy ser - vants, Lord, They come at thy com - mand; I'll

T. 8

3. Yet I may plead with hum - ble cries, Re - move thy sharp re - bukes; My
4. Crushed as a moth be - neath thy hand, We mol - der to the dust; Our

B.

5. This mor - tal life de - cays a - pace; How soon the bub - ble's broke! A -
6. But I'm a so - jour - ner be - low, As all my fa - thers were; May
7. But if my life be spared a - while Be - fore my last re - move, Thy

Tr. 10 1. 15 2.

I am dumb be - fore thy throne, Nor dare dis - pute thy will, But
not at - tempt a mur - mering word a - gainst thy chas - tening hand., I'll

T. 8

strength con - sumes, my spi - rit dies, Through thy re - pea - ted strokes. My
fee - ble powers can ne'er with - stand, And all our beau - ty's lost. Our

B.

dam and all his num - erous race are va - ni - ty and smoke. A -
I be well pre - pared to go, When I the sum - mons hear. May
praise shall be my busi - ness still, And I'll de - clare thy love. Thy