

# Yarmouth

Tr. 5 10

1. My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mercies are so great, Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, Whose  
 2. God will not al - ways chide; And when his strokes are felt, His strokes are fewer than our crimes, His  
 3. High as the heav'ns are raised A - bove the ground we tread, So far the ri - ches of his grace, So

C. 1. My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mercies are so great, Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, Whose  
 2. God will not al - ways chide; And when his strokes are felt, His strokes are fe - wer than our crimes, His  
 3. High as the heav'ns are raised A - bove the ground we tread, So far the ri - ches of his grace, So

T. 1. My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mercies are so great, Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate. Whose an - ger is so  
 2. God will not al - ways chide; And when his strokes are felt, His strokes are fewer than our crimes, And lighter than our guilt. His strokes are fewer  
 3. High as the heav'ns are raised A - bove the ground we tread, So far the ri - ches of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed. So far the ri - ches

B. 1. Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate. Whose an - ger is so  
 2. His strokes are fewer than our crimes, And ligh - ter than our guilt. His strokes are fewer  
 3. So far the ri - ches of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed. So far the ri - ches

Tr. 15 1. 2.

1. an - ger is so slow to rise, So rea - - dy to a - bate.  
 2. strokes are fewer than our crimes, And ligh - - ter than our guilt.  
 3. far the ri - ches of his grace Our high - - est thoughts ex - ceed.

C. 1. slow to rise, So rea - - dy to a - bate.  
 2. than our crimes, And ligh - - ter than our guilt.  
 3. of his grace Our high - - est thoughts ex - ceed.

T. 1. slow to rise, So rea - - dy to a - bate.  
 2. than our crimes, And ligh - - ter than our guilt.  
 3. of his grace Our high - - est thoughts ex - ceed.

B. 1. Whose  
 2. His  
 3. So

4. His power subdues our sins, 7. Our days are as the grass,  
 And his forgiving love Or like the morning flower;  
 Far as the east is from the west If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field  
 Doth all our guilt remove. It withers in an hour.

5. The pity of the Lord, 8. But thy compassions, Lord,  
 To those that fear his name, To endless years endure;  
 Is such as tender parents feel; And children's children ever find  
 He knows our feeble frame. Thy words of promise sure.

6. He knows we are but dust,  
 Scattered with every breath;  
 His anger, like a rising wind,  
 Can send us swift to death.