

# Poland

Transcribed from Brownson's *Select Harmony*, 1785.

1. God of my life, look gent - ly down, Be-hold the pains I feel; But I am dumb be-fore thy throne, Nor dare dis - pute thy will.  
2. Dis-ea-ses are thy ser - vants, Lord, They come at thy command; I'll not at-tempt a mur - muring word A-against thy cha - stening hand.  
3. Yet I may plead with hum - ble cries, Re-move thy sharp re-bukes; My strength con-sumes, my spi - rit dies, Through thy re - pea - ted strokes.  
4. Crushed as a moth be - neath thy hand, We mol-der to the dust; Our fee - ble powers can ne'er with-stand, And all our beau - ty's lost.  
5. This mortal life de - cays a - pace, How soon the bubble's broke! A - dam and all his nu - merous race Are va - ni - ty and smoke.  
6. I'm but a so - jour - ner be - low, As all my fathers were; May I be well pre-pared to go, When I the sum - mons hear.  
7. But if my life be spared a - while, Before my last re - move, Thy praise shall be my busi - ness still, And I'll de - clare thy love.