God Gives His Mercies to Be Spent

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
God gives his mercies to be spent; "Your

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
hoard will do your soul no good: Gold

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
is a blessing only lent, Re-

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
paid by giving others food.

The other verses

2 The world's esteem is but a bribe,
To buy their peace you fell your own;
The slave of a vain-glorious tribe,
Who hate you while they make you known.

3 The Joy that vain amusements give,
O! sad conclusion that it brings!
The honey of a crowded hive,
Defended by a thousand stings.

4 'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
That live upon her treach'rous smiles;
She leads them, blindfold, by her rules,
And ruins all whom she beguiles.

5 God knows the thousands who go down
From pleasure, into endless woe;
And with a long despairing groan
Blaspheme their Maker as they go.

6 O fearful thought! be timely wise;
Delight but in a Savior's charms;
And God shall take you to the skies,
Embraced in everlasting arms.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune WINCHESTER NEW (From "Musikalisches Handbuch", Hamburg, 1690); words by William Cowper (1731–1800). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.