God of My Life, Look Gently Down

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
God of my life, look gently down, Be-

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
hold the pains I feel; But

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
I am dumb be- fore thy throne, Nor

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
dare dispute thy will.

The other verses

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word
Against thy chastening hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies
Thro' thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5 This mortal life decays apace,
How soon the bubble's broke!
Adam and all his numerous race
Are vanity and smoke.

6 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were,
May I be well prepar'd to go
When I the summons hear.

7 But if my life be spar'd awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.