In Anger, Lord, Rebuke Me Not

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

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| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
  In      anger, Lord, re-      buke me not, With-

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
  draw the dreadful      storm; Nor

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
  let thy fury      grow so hot A-

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
  gainst a feeble      worm.
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The other verses

2 My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppress'd;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they pass,
Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still tormented more?
Mine eye consum'd with grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thine hand afford relief?

5 He hears when dust and ashes speak,
He pities all our groans,
He saves us for his mercy's sake
And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of his sovereign word
Restores our fainting breath;
For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); 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.