In Mercy, Not in Wrath, Rebuke

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
In mercy, not in wrath, rebuke Thy

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
feeble worm, my God! My

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
spirit dreads thine angry look, And

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
trembles at thy rod.

The other verses

2 Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
Regard my heavy groans;
O let thy voice of comfort speak,
And heal my broken bones!

3 By day my busy beating head
Is filled with anxious fears;
By night, upon my restless bed,
I weep a flood of tears.

4 Thus I sit desolate and mourn,
Mine eyes grow dull with grief;
How long, my Lord, ere thou return,
And bring my soul relief?

5 O come and show thy pow'r to save,
And spare my fainting breath;
For who can praise thee in the grave,
Or sing thy name in death?

6 Satan, my cruel envious foe,
Insults me in my pain;
He smiles to see me brought so low,
And tells me hope is vain,

7 But hence, thou enemy, depart!
Nor tempt me to despair;
My Savior comes to cheer my heart,
The Lord has heard my prayer.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.