Let Not Such a Thought E’er Pain Thee

Doh is F · 6/4 Tune: FREU DICH SEHR, O MEINE SEELE

| d - - - r - m - - - r - | d - t, - l, - - - s, - - - |
Let not such a thought e’er pain thee

| d - - - r - m - - - f - | m - - - r - - - d - - - |
As that thou art cast away,

| d - - - r - m - - - r - | d - t, - l, - - - s, - - - |
But within God’s Word restrain thee,

| d - - - r - m - - - f - | m - - - r - - - d - - - |
That far other- wise doth say.

| m - - - m - s - - - f - | m - r - m - - - _ _ _ _ |
E’en though thou un- righteous art,

| s - - - s - l - - - s - | f - m - r - - - _ _ _ _ |
True and faithful is God’s heart.

| m - - - s - f - - - m - | d - r - m - - - d - - - |
Hast thou death de- served forever?

| m - - - m - f - - - m - | r - d - t, - - - d - - - |
God’s appeased, de- spond thou never!

The other verses

2 Thou art, as is every other,
Tainted by the poison sin,
That the Serpent and our father
Adam, by the Fall, brought in.
But if God’s voice thou dost hear,
“Turn to Me, do good,” ne’er fear,
Be of good cheer, He thy yearning
Will regard, thy prayer ne’er spurning.

3 He is not a bear or lion
Thirsting only for thy blood,
Faithful is thy God in Zion,
Gentle ever is His mood.
God aye as a Father feels,
He’s afflicted by our ills;
Our misfortune sorrow gives Him,
And our dying ever grieves Him.

4 “Truly,” saith He, “as I’m living,
I the death of none desire,
But that men, themselves upgiving,
May be rescued from sin’s mire.”
When a prodigal returns,
God’s heart then with rapture burns,
Wills that not the least one even
Ever from His flock be driven.

5 Shepherd was so faithful never,
Seeking sheep that go astray.
Couldest thou God’s heart see ever
How He cares for them alway,
How it thirsts and sighs and burns
After him who from Him turns,
From His people’s midst doth wander,
Love would make thee weep and ponder.

6 God the good not only loveth,
Those who in His house now dwell,
But His heart compassion moveth
For those whom the Prince of hell
Hath enslaved, the cruel foe,
Who men's hearts with hate to glow
Makes 'gainst Him, who when He ever
Moves His foot, can make earth quiver.

7 Deep His love and most enduring,
His desire is ever great;
He is calling and alluring
Us to enter heaven's gate.
When they come, whoe'er they be,
Seeking now that liberty
From the devil's fangs be given,
Glad are all the hosts of heaven.

8 God and all those with Him dwelling,
'Fore whom heaven must hush its voice
When their Maker's praise forth telling,
O'er our penitence rejoice;
But what has been done amiss
Covered now and buried is,
All offense to Him we've given,—
All, yea all, is now forgiven.

9 From no lake so much is gushing,
No depth is so deep at all,
With such force no stream is rushing,
All compared with God is small;
Naught is like His grace so great,
That remits our mighty debt,
That He ever throweth over
All our lives e'en as a cover.

10 Soul, why art thou sad and dreary?
Rest now and contented be!
Why wilt thou thyself so weary
When there is no need for thee?
Though thy sins appear to thee
Like a vast and shoreless sea,
If with God's heart thou compare them,
'Twill a trifle seem to bear them.

11 Could we myriad worlds discover,
All sunk in apostasy,
Had the sins there o'er and over
Every one been done by thee,
Oh! still there were less by far
Than the light of grace so clear
Could on earth extinguish ever,
God from greater could deliver.

12 Of such wondrous love and favor
Open wide the door to me;
Everywhere and aye, my Savior,
Tasted be Thy grace by me.
Love me, Lord, and let me be
Nearer ever drawn to Thee
That I may embrace and love Thee,
Nevermore to anger move Thee.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune FREU DICH SEHR, O MEINE SEELE (From Trente Quatre Pseaumes de David, Geneva, 1551); words by Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676); translated by John Kelly (1833–1890). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.