Lord, If Thine Eyes Survey Our Faults

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: ST ANNE

| s - | m - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - s - |
Lord, if thine eyes sur- vey our faults, And

| d' - s - l - fe - | s - - - - - t - |
justice grow se- vere, Thy

| d' - l - r' - t - | d' - l - t - s - |
dreadful wrath ex- ceeds our thoughts, And

| l - d' - r' - t - | d' - - - - - |
burns beyond our fear.

The other verses

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
By one offence to thee
Adam with all his sons have lost
Their immortality.

3 Life like a vain amusement flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten,
And all beyond that short account
is sorrow, toil, and pain.

5 Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag those poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.

6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne!

7 Our souls would learn the heavenly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

Tune ST ANNE by William Croft (1678–1727); 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.