Lord, What a Thoughtless Wretch Was I

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

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| s  -  | d' -  s  -  l  -  l  -  | s  -  f  -  m  -  m  -  |
  Lord,    what a thoughtless          wretch was I, To

| f  -  m  -  r  -  s  -  | s  -  fe -  s  -  s  -  |
  mourn, and murmur,        and repine To

| d' -  r' -  m' -  d' -  | f' -  m' -  r' -  m' -  |
  see the wicked              plac'd on high, In

| d' -  l  -  s  -  d' -  | d' -  t  -  d' -  |
  pride and robes of          honour shine!
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The other verses

2 But O their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

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