My God! How Perfect Are Thy Ways

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
My God! how perfect are thy ways! But

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
mine polluted are; Sin

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
twines itself a- bout my praise, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
slides into my prayer.

The other verses

2 When I would speak what thou hast done
To save me from my sin;
I cannot make thy mercies known
But self-applause creeps in.

3 Divine desire, that holy flame
Thy grace creates in me;
Alas! impatience is its name,
When it returns to thee.

4 This heart, a fountain of vile thoughts,
How does it overflow?
While self upon the surface floats
Still bubbling from below.

5 Let others in the gaudy dress
Of fancied merit shine;
The Lord shall be my righteousness
The Lord for ever mine.

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); words by William Cowper (1731–1800). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.