My God! Till I Received Thy Stroke

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
My God! till I re- ceived thy stroke, How

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
like a beast was I! So

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
unaccustomed to the yoke, So

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
backward to com- ply.

The other verses

2 With grief my just reproach I bear,
Shame fills me at the thought;
How frequent my rebellions were!
What wickedness I wrought!

3 Thy merciful restraint I scorned
And left the pleasant road;
Yet turn me, and I shall be turned,
Thou art the Lord my God.

4 Is Ephraim banished from my thoughts,
Or vile in my esteem?
No, saith the Lord, with all his faults,
I shall remember him.

5 Is he a dear and pleasant child?
Yes, dear and pleasant still;
Though sin his foolish heart beguiled,
And he withstood my will.

6 My sharp rebuke has laid him low,
He seeks my face again;
My pity kindles at his woe,
He shall not seek in vain.

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); 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.