Now by the Bowels of My God

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
Now by the bowels of my

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
God, His sharp distress, his

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
sore complaints, By his last

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
groans, his dying blood, I

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
charge my soul to love the saints.

The other verses

2 Clamour, and wrath, and war be gone,
Envy and spite for ever cease,
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Thro' all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our numerous faults
For the clear sake of Christ his Son.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); 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.