Now I'm Convinc'd the Lord Is Kind

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: ST ANNE

| s - | m - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - s - |
Now I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind To

| d' - s - l - fe - | s - - - - - t - |
men of heart sin- cere, Yet

| d' - l - r' - t - | d' - l - t - s - |
once my foolish thoughts repin'd And

| l - d' - r' - t - | d' - - - - - |
border'd on de- spair.

The other verses

2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
"How pleasant and profane they live!
"How peaceful is their death!

3 "With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes
"They lay their fears to sleep;
"Against the heavens their slanders rise,
"While saints in silence weep.

4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,
"And cleanse my heart in vain,
"For I am chasten'd all the day,
"The night renews my pain.'

5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I felt my heart reprove;
"Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
"And grieve the men I love."

6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
Till I retir'd to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.

7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet
High mounted on a slippery place,
Beside a fiery pit.

8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy frown he fell;
His honours in a dream were lost,
And he awakes in hell.

9 Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!
Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,
And think the wicked blest.

10 Yet I was kept from full despair,
Upheld by power unknown;
That blessed hand that broke the snare
Shall guide me to thy throne.

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.