Thou God of Love, Thou Ever Blest

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
Thou God of love, thou ever blest, Pi-

| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
ty my suffering state; When

| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
wilt thou set my soul at rest From

| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
lips that love de- ceit?

The other verses

2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.

3 O might I fly to change my place,
How would I chuse to dwell
In some wide lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell.

4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms;
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong:
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

6 Should burning arrows smite thee thro',
Strict justice would approve;
But I had rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); 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.