'Twas from Thy Hand, My God, I Came

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
'Twas from thy hand, my God, I came, A

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
work of such a curious frame; In

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
me thy fearful wonders shine, And

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
each proclaims thy skill divine.

The other verses

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sovereign counsels fram'd,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
Was copy'd with unerring art.

4 At last, to shew my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame,
And in some unknown moment join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.

5 There the young seeds of thought began
And all the passions of the man:
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

6 Lord, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

7 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The numerous wonders of thy grace.

8 These on my heart are still impress'd,
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

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