Complaint

Isaac Watts, 1717
Psalm 120

Transcribed from The Psalmodist's Assistant, 1806.

Air *

1. Thou God of love, thou ever blest, Pity my suffering state; When wilt thou set my soul at rest, From lips that love deceit?

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

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

4. New passions still their souls en-gage, And keep their malice strong: What shall be done to curb thy rage, O thou devouring tongue!

5. 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.

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