Isaac Watts, 1717
Psalms 120
86. 86. (C. M.)
Transcribed from The Psalmodist's Assistant, 1806.
E minor
Abijah Forbush, 1806

Complaint

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Air*

1. Thou God of love, thou ever—blest, Pity my suffering state; When wilt thou set my soul to 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!

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

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

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.

Should burning arrows smite thee through Strict justice would ap prove; But I had rather spare my foe, And melt his heart with love.

*Melody.