

Air*

Tr.
T.
B.

1. Thou God of love, thou ev - er - blest, Pi - ty my suffering state; When wilt thou set my soul at rest From lips that love de - ceit?
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!

Tr.
T.
B.

Hard lot of mine! my days are cast A - mong the sons of strife, Whose never - ceasing brawlings waste My gol - den hours of life.
New passions still their souls en - gage, And keep their mal - ice strong: What shall be done to curb thy rage, O thou de - vour - ing tongue!

Tr.
T.
B.

Peace is the blessing that I seek, How lovely are its charms! I am for peace; but when I speak, They all de - clare 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.