

# Submission

5

1. God of my life, look gently down, behold the pains I feel; But I am  
2. Dis-eases are Thy servants, Lord, They come at Thy command: I'll not at-  
3. Yet I may plead with humble cries, Remove Thy sharp rebukes; My strength con-  
4. Crushed as a moth beneath Thy hand, We mold-er to the dust; Our feeble  
5. This mortal life decays apace, How soon the bubble's broke! Ad-am and  
6. I'm but a so-journer below, As all my fathers were, May I be  
7. But if my life be spared a-while Be-fore my last re-move, Thy praise shall

10 15

1. dumb be-fore Thy throne, But I am dumb be-fore Thy throne, nor dare dis-pute Thy will.  
2. -tempt a murmuring word, I'll not attempt a murmuring word Against Thy chastening hand.  
3. -sumes, my spirit dies, My strength consumes, my spirit dies, Through Thy repeated strokes.  
4. powers can ne'er withstand, Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand, And all our beau-ty's lost.  
5. all his numerous race, Ad-am and all his numerous race, Are van-i-ty and smoke.  
6. well pre-pared to go, May I be well pre-pared to go, When I the summons hear.  
7. be my business still, Thy praise shall be my business still, And I'll de-clare Thy love.