

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 39:9-13) 86. 86. (C.M.)

Submission

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A minor
Oliver Holden, 1793

Tr. 1. God of my life, look gent-ly down, be-hold the pains I feel; But I am dumb be-fore Thy throne, But I am dumb be-fore Thy throne, nor dare dispute Thy will.

C. 2. Diseases are Thy servants, Lord, They come at Thy com-mand: I'll not attempt a murmering word, I'll not attempt a murmering word Against Thy chastening hand.

T. 3. Yet I may plead with humble cries, Re-move Thy sharp re-bukes; My strength consumes, my spirit dies, Through Thy repeated strokes.
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,

B. 4. Crushed as a moth beneath Thy hand, We molder to the dust; Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand, Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand, And all our beauty's lost.
5. This mor-tal life de-cays a-pace, How soon the bubble's broke! Adam and all his numerous race, Adam and all his numerous race, Are van-i-ty and smoke.
6. I'm but a so-journ-er be-low, As all my fathers were, May I be well pre-pared to go, May I be well prepared to go, When I the summons hear.
7. But if my life be spared a-while Be-fore my last re-move, Thy praise shall be my business still, Thy praise shall be my business still, And I'll declare Thy love.