

O thou, from whom all goodness flows

O thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
in all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
good Lord, remember me.

When on my aching burdened heart
my sins lie heavily,
thy pardon grant, thy peace impart:
good Lord, remember me.

When trials sore obstruct my way,
and ills I cannot flee:
then let my strength be as my day:
good Lord, remember me.

If, for thy sake, upon my name
shame and reproaches be,
all hail reproach and welcome shame!
good Lord, remember me.

If worn with pain, disease and grief
this feeble body see;
grant patience, rest and kind relief:
good Lord, remember me.

When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
be this the prayer of my last breath:
good Lord, remember me.

Words: Thomas Haweis, 1791 or earlier;
as altered by Thomas Cotterill or James Montgomery, 1819
Music: Harington,
Meter: CM