

In Anger, Lord, Rebuke Me Not
Isaac Watts, 1719.
From Rossini.

In anger, Lord, rebuke me not;
Withdraw the dreadful storm;
Nor let Thy fury grow so hot
Against a feeble worm.

My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppress'd;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they pass,
Till the slow morning rise.

Shall I be still tormented more?
Mine eye consum'd with grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thine hand afford relief?

He hears when dust and ashes speak,
He pities all our groans;
He saves us for His mercy's sake,
And heals our broken bones.

The virtue of His sov'reign Word
Restores our fainting breath;
For silent graves praise not the Lord,