

Lord, I Can Suffer Thy Rebukes

Isaac Watts, 1719.

From Mozart.

Lord, I can suffer Thy rebukes,
When Thou with kindness dost chastise;
But Thy fierce wrath I cannot bear:
O let it not against me rise.

Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel;
The wounds Thine heavy hand hath made,
O let Thy gentler touches heal!

See how I pass my weary days
In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night
My bed is watered with my tears;
My grief consumes, and dims my sight.

Look, how the powers of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When shall Thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make Thy grace my song?

I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair;
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.

Depart, ye tempters, from my soul;
And all despairing thoughts, depart;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.