

Amidst Thy Wrath Remember Love  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.  
Music: Karl Harrington (1861-1953).

Amidst Thy wrath remember love,  
Restore Thy servant, Lord;  
Nor let a Fathers chastening prove  
Like an avengers sword.

Thine arrows stick within my heart,  
My flesh is sorely pressed;  
Between the sorrow and the smart,  
My spirit finds no rest.

My sins a heavy load appear,  
And oer my head are gone;  
Too heavy they for me to bear,  
Too hard for me tatone.

My thoughts are like a troubled sea,  
My head still bending down;  
And I go mourning all the day,  
Beneath my Fathers frown.

Lord, I am weak and broken sore,  
None of my powers are whole:  
The inward anguish makes me roar,  
The anguish of my soul.

All my desire to Thee is known,  
Thine eye counts every tear;  
And every sigh, and every groan,  
Is noticed by Thine ear.

Thou art my God, my only hope;  
My God will hear my cry;  
My God will bear my spirit up,  
When Satan bids me die.

My foot is ever apt to slide,  
My foes rejoice to seet;  
They raise their pleasure and their pride  
When they supplant my feet.

But Ill confess my guilt to Thee,  
And grieve for all my sin;  
Ill mourn how weak my graces be,  
And beg support divine.

My God, forgive my follies past,  
And be for ever nigh;  
O Lord of my salvation, haste,  
Before Thy servant die.