

Consider All My Sorrows, Lord
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: Amzi Chapin, 1813.

Consider all my sorrows, Lord,
And Thy deliverance send;
My soul for Thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

Yet I have found tis good for me
To bear my Fathers rod;
Afflictions make me learn Thy law,
And live upon my God.

This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins
I read Thy Word, I run Thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Had not Thy Word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrows weight,
Had sunk amongst the dead.

I know Thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from Thy faithful care.

Before I knew Thy chastening rod
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep Thy Word
Nor wander from Thy way.