

Father, I Bless Thy Gentle Hand

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: William Kirkpatrick.

Father, I bless Thy gentle hand;
How kind was Thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God!

Foolish and vain, I went astray
Ere I had felt Thy scourges, Lord;
I left my guide, and lost my way;
But now I love and keep Thy Word.

Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
Tis good to bear my Fathers stroke,
That I might learn His statutes well.

The law that issues from Thy mouth
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit formed my soul within;
Teach me to know Thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hopd in Thy Word,
And made Thy grace my only choice.