

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

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

My souls bowed down with heavy cares,  
My flesh with pain oppressed;  
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 consumed 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 mercys sake,  
And heals our broken bones.

The virtue of His sov'reign Word  
Restores our fainting breath;  
For silent graves praise not the Lord,  
Nor is He known in death.