

My Spirit Sinks Within Me, Lord
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: Johann Crger, 1640.

My spirit sinks with me, Lord,
But I will call Thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

Huge troubles with tumultuous noise
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll oer my head.

Yet will the Lord command His love,
When I address His throne by day,
Nor in the night His grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

Ill cast myself before His feet,
And say, My God, my heavnly rock,
Why doth Thy love so long forget
The soul that groans beneath Thy stroke?

Ill chide my heart that sinks so low,
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise Him, too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
Thy Word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to Thine heavnly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.