

To God I Cried with Mournful Voice
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: Maurice Greene (1696-1755).

To God I cried with mournful voice,
I sought His gracious ear,
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And filled the night with fear.

Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refused relief;
I thought on God the just and wise,
But thoughts increased my grief.

Still I complained, and still oppressed,
My heart began to break;
My God, Thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.

My overwhelming sorrows grew,
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And called Thy judgments oer.

I called back years and ancient times
When I beheld Thy face;
My spirit searched for secret crimes
That might withhold Thy grace.

I called Thy mercies to my mind
Which I enjoyed before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?

Will He for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has He forgot His tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

But I forbid this hopeless thought;
This dark, despairing frame,
Remembring what Thy hand hath wrought;
Thy hand is still the same.

I'll think again of all Thy ways,
And talk Thy wonders oer;
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

Grace dwells with justice on the throne;
And men that love Thy Word
Have in Thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.