

Thou God of Love, Thou Ever Blessed
Isaac Watts, 1719.
English traditional.

Thou God of love, Thou ever blessed
Pity my suffering state;
When wilt Thou set my soul at rest
From lips that love deceit?

Hard lot of mine! My days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.

O might I fly to change my place
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!

Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong:
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

Should burning arrows smite thee through
Strict justice would approve;
But I had rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.