

Firm Was My Health**Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.****Music: Sigismund Neukomm (1778-1858).**

Firm was my health, my day was bright,
And I presumed twould neer be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
Pleasure and peace shall neer depart.

But I forgot Thine arm was strong
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as Thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

I cried aloud to Thee, my God,
What canst Thou profit by my blood?
Deep in the dust can I declare
Thy truth, or sing Thy goodness there?

Hear me, O God of grace, I said,
And bring me from among the dead:
Thy Word rebuked the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning love removed my guilt.

My groans, and tears, and forms of woe
Are turned to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall neer be silent of Thy name;
Thy praise shall sound through earth and Heavn,
For sickness healed and sins forgivn.