

(Psalm 103, Part 2) 66. 86. (S. M.)

Russell

Transcribed from *The New England Harmony*, 1801.

Timothy Swan, 1801

Tr.  1. Our days are as the grass, Or like the mor - ning flower; If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field It wi - thers in an hour.
 2. My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great, Whose anger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate.
 3. God will not always chide; And when his strokes are felt, His strokes are fe - wer than our crimes, And high - ter than our guilt.
 4. High as the heav'ns are raised A - bove the ground we tread, So far the ri - ches of his grace Our high - est thoughts exceed.

C.  1. Our days are as the grass, Or like the mor - ning flower; If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field It _____ withers in an hour, It withers in an hour.
 2. My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great, Whose anger is so slow to rise, So _____ ready to a - bate, So rea - dy to a - bate.
 3. God will not always chide; And when his strokes are felt, His strokes are fewer than our crimes, And lighter than our guilt, And lighter than our guilt.
 4. High as the heav'ns are raised A - bove the ground we tread, So far the ri - ches of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed, Our highest thoughts exceed.

T.  1. Our days are as the grass, Or like the mor - ning flower; If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field It wi - thers in an hour, It wi - thers in an hour.
 2. My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great, Whose anger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate, So rea - dy to a - bate.
 3. God will not always chide; And when his strokes are felt, His strokes are fewer than our crimes, And high - ter than our guilt, And high - ter than our guilt.
 4. High as the heav'ns are raised A - bove the ground we tread, So far the ri - ches of his grace Our high - est thoughts exceed, Our high - est thoughts exceed.

B.  1. Our days are as the grass, Or like the mor - ning flower; If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field It wi - thers in an hour, It wi - thers in an hour.
 2. My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great, Whose anger is so slow to rise, So rea - dy to a - bate, So rea - dy to a - bate.
 3. God will not always chide; And when his strokes are felt, His strokes are fewer than our crimes, And high - ter than our guilt, And high - ter than our guilt.
 4. High as the heav'ns are raised A - bove the ground we tread, So far the ri - ches of his grace Our high - est thoughts exceed, Our high - est thoughts exceed.

5. His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.

6. The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

7. He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

8. But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.