







- 2. Why should I shrink at thy command, whose love forbids my fears?Or tremble at the gracious hand that wipes away my tears?
- 3. No, let me rather freely yield what most I prize to thee; who never hast a good withheld, or wilt withhold, from me.
- 4. Thy favour, all my journey through, thou art engaged to grant; what else I want, or think I do, 'tis better still to want.
- 5. Wisdom and mercy guide my way, shall I resist them both?A poor blind creature of a day, and crushed before the moth!
- 6. But ah! my inward spirit cries, still bind me to thy sway; else the next cloud that veils the skies, drives all these thoughts away.

Words: William Cowper. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
Copyright © 2012, 2017 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/295/