

The Pity Of The Lord

BOYSTON S. M.

1. The pit - y of the Lord, To those that fear His name,
2. He knows we are but dust, Scat - tered with ev - 'ry breath;
3. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn - ing flow'r;
4. But Thy com - pas - sions, Lord, To end - less years en - dure;

Is such as ten - der par - ents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.
His an - ger, like a ris - ing wind, Can send us swift to death.
When blast - ing winds sweep o'er the field, It with - ers in an hour.
And chil - dren's chil - dren ev - er find Thy words of prom - ise sure. A - men.

Words: Isaac Watts (1719)

Music: Dr. Lowell Mason (1832)