

LEE. c.m.

Isaac Watts, 1707

Jesse P. Karlsberg, October 13, 2013

1. Not from the dust af-flic-tion grows, Nor trou-bles rise by chance; Yet we are born to cares and woes; A sad in-her-it-ance!

2. As sparks break out from burn-ing coals, And still are up-wards borne So grief is root-ed in our souls, And man grows lips to mourn.

3. Yet with my God I leave my cause, And trust his prom-ised grace; He rules me by his well-known laws Of love and right-ous-ness.