

# Lord, I Can Suffer Thy Rebukes

Isaac Watts, Psalm 6

Lord, I can suf - fer Thy re - bukes, When Thou with kind - ness dost chas - tise; But  
See how I pass my wea - ry days In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night, My  
I feel my flesh so near the grave, My thoughts are temp - ted to des - pair; But

Thy fierce wrath I can - not bear, O let it not a - gainst me rise! Pi -  
bed is wa - tered with my tears; My grief con - sumes, and dims my sight. Look  
graves can nev - er praise the Lord, For all is dust and si - lence there. De -

- ty my lan - guish - ing es - tate, And ease the sor - rows that I feel; The  
- how the powers of na - ture mourn! How long, Al - might - y God, how long? When  
- part, ye temp - ters, from my soul, And all des - pair - ing thoughts de - part; My

wounds Thy hea - vy hand hath made, O let Thy gen - tler touch - es heal!  
shall Thine hour of grace re - turn? When shall I make Thy grace my song?  
God, who hears my hum - ble moan, Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

Tune: THY REBUKES, by Mitch Cervinka, 2000  
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