

Firm Was My Health

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Sigismund Neukomm(1778-1858)

Firm was my health, my day was bright,
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

But I forgot Thine arm was strong
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as Thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

I cried aloud to Thee, my God,
What canst Thou profit by my blood?
Deep in the dust can I declare
Thy truth, or sing Thy goodness there?

"Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
"And bring me from among the dead:"
Thy Word rebuked the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning love removed my guilt.

My groans, and tears, and forms of woe
Are turned to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of Thy name;
Thy praise shall sound through earth and Heav'n,
For sickness healed and sins forgiv'n.