THE PLANT OF GOD'S PLANTING

(♩ = ca. 120)

C C7 F A7

Ex - cite in me, O Lord, an ar - dent thirst
I know that from thy fos - tering care pro - ceed,
Thy hand first drew me from the earth's green lap,

B♭ F G7 C C7

af - ter thy king - dom and its righ - teous - ness,
thou heaven - ly Gar - dener, Sow - er of the earth,
with light re - ceived me, and with soft dew fed,

F F7 B♭ F

and smite my ston - y heart, that tears may burst
the sprout - ing, growth, and rip - ening of the seed,
and when a storm be - fell me, the mis - hap

C7 F

of true re - pen - tance and of deep dis - tress.
through all its stag - es from its ear - - liest birth.
turned to my good, and raised my droop - - ing head.

C C7 F

A - las! the gar - - den of my heart is cum - bered
There's not a flower so mean, nor blade that grow - eth,
From day to day thy good - ness more a - maz - es,

D7 Gm D7 Gm G7 C C7

with hid - den tares and nox - ious weeds un - num - bered;
where - on thy love no ten - der care be - stow - eth;
and fills my heart with grat - i - tude and prais - es;

F C7 F A7 B♭

O cleanse thou me, that I may all my days
how sweet to think, Lord, that on thee de - pend
and thus I wel - come, purg - ing me from sin,

F C7 F

bring forth good fruit to thy e - ter - nal praise!
germ, blos - som, fruit, un - til my life shall end!
thy need - ful prun - ing and wise dis - ci - pline.

Words: Carl Johann Philipp Spitta. Translation: Richard Massie. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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