

# Castleton

Tr. 5

1. In anger, Lord, rebuke me not; Withdraw the dreadful storm; Nor let thy fury grow so hot A - gainst a fee - ble worm. My

T. 2. Sorrow and pain wear out my days, I waste the night with cries, Counting the minutes as they pass, Till the slow morning rise. Shall

B. 3. He hears when dust and ashes speak, He pities all our groans; He saves us for his mercy's sake, And heals our broken bones. The

Tr. 10 15

1. soul bowed down with heavy cares, My flesh with pain oppressed; My couch is witness to my tears, My tears forbid my rest.

T. 2. I be still tormented more? Mine eye consumed with grief? How long, my God, how long before Thine hand afford re - lief?

B. 3. virtue of his sovereign word Restores our fainting breath; For silent graves praise not the Lord, Nor is he known in death.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2020

1. Top line ("Air") and second line switched.
2. Measure 7, *Treble* and *Tenor*: grace eighth-notes replaced by normal eighth-notes.
3. Second C assumed to be C# in measures 7 (*Tenor*) and 14 (*Treble*).