

Isaac Watts, 1709  
(Hymn 163, Book 2) 86. 86. (C. M.)

# Salem

Transcribed from *The Village Compilation*, 1806.

B minor  
Daniel Belknap, 1802

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. Dear Lord! behold our sore distress: Our sins attempt to reign; Stretch out thine arm of conquering grace, And let thy foes be slain.

2. Must we indulge a long despair? Shall our petitions die? Our mournings never reach thine ear, Nor tears affect thine eye?

3. He brought the Spirit's powerful sword To slay our deadly foes; Our sins shall die beneath thy word, And hell in vain oppose.

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

1. The li - on with his dreadful roar Af - frights thy feeble sheep; Re - veal the glory of thy power, And chain him to the deep.

2. If thou des - pise a mor - tal groan, Yet hear a Savior's blood; An Advocate so near the throne Pleads and prevails with God.

3. How boundless is our Father's grace, In height, and depth, and length! He makes his Son our righteousness, His Spirit is our strength.