

5

Tr. 1. In anger, Lord, re-buke 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 pi-ties all our groans; He saves us for his mercy's sake, And heals our broken bones. The

10 15

Tr. 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*).