

Isaac Watts, 1719 (Psalm 139)
88. 88. (L. M.).

Saybrook

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G minor
William Billings, 1779

Treble
1. My God, what in-ward grief I feel, When im-pious men trans-gress Thy will!

Counter
2. Does not my soul de-test and hate The sons of mal-ice and de-ceit?

Tenor
3. Lord, search my soul, try eve-ry thought; Though my own heart ac-cuse me not,

Bass
4. Dost sec-ret mis-chief lurk with-in? Do I in-dulge some un-known sin?

Tr.
I mourn to hear their lips pro-fane Take Thy tre-men-dous name in vain.

C.
Those that op-pose Thy laws and Thee, I count them en-em-ies to me.

T.
Of walk-ing in a false dis-guise, I beg the tri-al of Thine eyes.

B.
O turn my feet where-e'er I stray, And lead me in Thy per-fect way.