

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalm 73, Part 3


88. 88. (L. M.)


Burton


Transcribed from *The Musical Concert*, 1802.


E minor


Elisha West, 1802

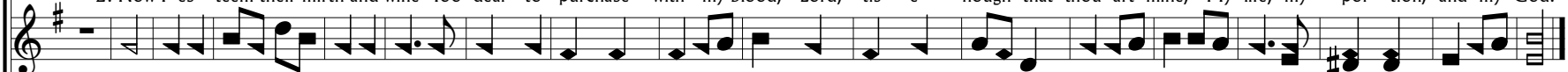
Tr. 
1. Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and mur - mur, and re - pine, To see the wick - ed placed on high, In pride and robes of honor shine!
2. Now let them boast how tall they rise, I'll ne - ver en - vy them a - gain; There they may stand with haugh - ty eyes, Till they plunge deep in endless pain.


C. 

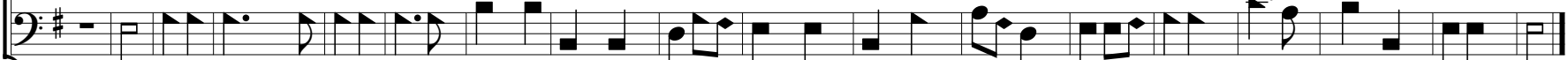
T. 
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2. Now let them boast how tall they rise, I'll ne - ver en - vy them a - gain; There they may stand with haugh - ty eyes, Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

B. 

Tr. 
1. But O their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanc - tu - a - ry taught me so; On slip - pery rocks I see them stand, And fie - ry bil - lows roll be - low.
2. Now I es - teem their mirth and wine Too dear to purchase with my blood; Lord, 'tis e - nough that thou art mine, My life, my por - tion, and my God.

C. 

T. 
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B. 

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2019

1. Measure 9, *Counter*: second note changed from G to F#, like *Treble*.
2. Measure 16, *Counter*: first note changed from F#-D to G-D.
3. Measure 33: D in *Treble* and *Tenor* sharpened, like *Counter*.