

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 32)

Exeter

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F Minor
William Billings, 1778

1. While I my in-ward guilt suppressed, No quiet could I find; Thy wrath lay burning in my breast, and racked my tortured mind.

2. Hap-py the man to whom his God No more imputes his sin, but, washed in the Redeemer's blood, Hath made his garments clean.

3. His spir-it hates de- ceit and lies, his words are all sin- cere; He guards his heart, he guards his eyes, To keep his conscience clear.

10 15

1. Then I confessed my troubled thoughts, My secret sins revealed; Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults, Thy grace ----- my par-don sealed.

2. This shall invite Thy saints to pray; When like a raging flood Temptations rise; our strength and stay Is my ----- for- giv- ing God

3. Happy beyond expression he Whose debts are thus discharged; And from the guilty bondage free, And feels ----- his soul enlarged.