

Concord

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 13) 86. 86. (C. M.)

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A minor
William Billings, 1770

1. How long wilt Thou con - ceal Thy face? My God, how long de -
2. How long shall my poor labor - ing soul Wrestle and toil in

3. See how the prince of dark - ness tries All his mal - ic - ious
4. Be Thou my sun, and Thou my shield, My soul in safe - ty

5. How would the temp - er boast a - loud If I be - come his
6. But they shall fly at Thy re - buke, And Sa - tan hide his

7. Thou wilt dis - play that sove - reign grace, Where all my hopes have

10 15

1. - lay? When shall I feel those heav'n - ly rays That chase my fears a - way?
2. vain? Thy word can all my foes con - trol, And ease my rag - ing pain.

3. arts: He spreads a mist a - round my eyes, And throws his fie - ry darts.
4. keep; Make haste, be - fore mine eyes are sealed In death's e - ter - nal sleep.

8 5. prey! Be - hold, the sons of hell grow proud At Thy so long de - lay.
6. head; He knows the ter - rors of Thy look, And hears Thy voice with dread.

7. hung; I shall em - ploy my lips in praise, And victory shall be sung.