

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

Concord

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A minor
William Billings, 1770

Tr.

1. How long wilt thou conceal thy face? My God, how long de - lay? When shall I feel those heav'nly rays That chase my fears away?
2. How long shall my poor laboring soul Wrestle and toil in vain? Thy word can all my foes con - trol, And ease my raging pain.

C.

3. See how the prince of darkness tries All his mal - ic - ious arts: He spreads a mist a - round my eyes, And throws his fie - ry darts.
4. Be thou my sun, and thou my shield, My soul in safe - ty keep; Make haste, be - fore mine eyes are sealed In death's e - ter - nal sleep.

T.

5. How would the tempter boast aloud If I be - come his prey! Be - hold, the sons of hell grow proud At Thy so long de - lay.
6. But they shall fly at thy rebuke, And Sat - an hide his head; He knows the ter - rors of thy look, And hears thy voice with dread.

B.

7. Thou wilt display that sovereign grace, Where all my hopes have hung; I shall employ my lips in praise, And victory shall be sung.

5 10 15