


# Wenham

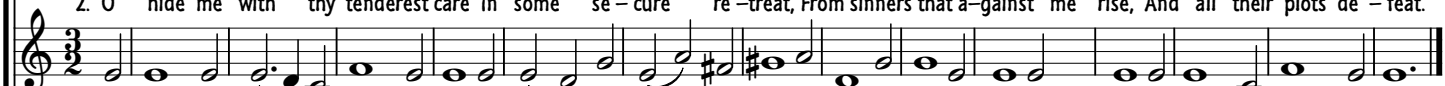
Transcribed from *Harmonia Americana*, 1791.

A minor

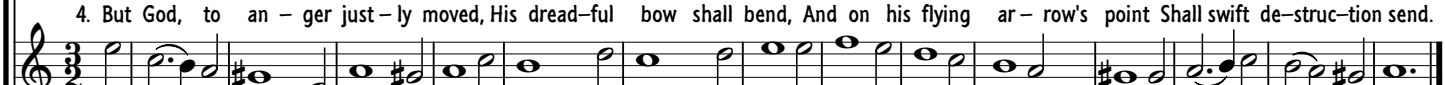
Samuel Holyoke, 1791

Tr.  5 10 15

1. Lord, hear the voice of my complaint, To my re-quest give ear; Preserve my life from cru-el foes, And free my soul from care.  
2. O hide me with thy tenderest care In some se-cure re-treat, From sinners that a-against me rise, And all their plots de-feat.

C. 

3. With ut-most di-li-gence and care Their wick-ed plots they lay; The deep designs of all their hearts Are on-ly to be-tray.  
4. But God, to an-ger just-ly moved, His dread-ful bow shall bend, And on his flying ar-row's point Shall swift de-struc-tion send.

T.  8

5. The world shall then God's power confess, And na-tions trem-bling stand, Convinced that 'tis the migh-ty work Of his a-ven-ging hand.  
6. While righteous men, whom God secures, In him shall glad-ly trust; And all the listening earth shall hear Loud triumphs of the just.

B. 