

Isaac Watts, 1719  
(Psalm 124)

88. 88. (L. M.)

# Massachusetts

Transcribed from *The New American Melody*, 1789.

G Major

Jacob French, 1789

Tr. 5 10 15 20

1. Had not the Lord, may Israel say, Had not the Lord maintained our side, When men, to make our lives a prey, Rose, \_\_\_\_\_ Rose \_\_\_\_\_ like the swelling of the tide.  
2. The swelling tide had stopped our breath, So fiercely did the waters roll, We had been swallowed deep in death; Proud, \_\_\_\_\_ Proud \_\_\_\_\_ waters had \_\_\_\_\_ o'erwhelmed our soul.

C.

3. We leap for joy, we shout and sing, Who just escaped the fatal stroke; So flies the bird with cheerful wing, When, \_\_\_\_\_ When \_\_\_\_\_ once the fowler's snare is broke.

T. 8

4. For ever blessed be the Lord, Who broke the fowler's cursed snare, Who saved us from the murdering sword, And, \_\_\_\_\_ And \_\_\_\_\_ made our lives \_\_\_\_\_ and souls his care.  
5. Our help is in Jehovah's name, Who formed the earth and built the skies: He that upholds that wondrous frame Guards, \_\_\_\_\_ Guards \_\_\_\_\_ his own church \_\_\_\_\_ with watchful eyes.

B.