

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, 1698
(Psalm 120) 88. 88. 88.

Plymton

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B minor
William Billings, 1770

1. In deep distress I oft have cried, To God, who never yet denied To rescue me, oppressed with wrongs. Once
more, O Lord, deliverance send. From lying lips my soul defend; And from the rage of slandering tongues.

2. What little profit can accrue?
And yet what heavy wrath is due,
O thou perfidious tongue! To thee?
Thy sting upon thyself shall turn,
Of lastihg flames that fiercely burn.
The constant fuel thou shalt be.

3. But O! How wretched is my doom,
Who am a sojourner become
In barren Mesech's desert soil!
With Kedar's wicked tents enclosed,
To lawless savages exposed.
Who live on nought but theft and spoil.

4. My hapless dwelling is with those
Who peace and amity oppose,
And pleasure take in others' harms;
Sweet peace is all I court and seek;
But when to them of peace I speak,
they strait cry out: "To arms! To arms!"

*Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2015.
Re-scored from 2/2 to 2/4, with
longer notes at the end of each
line.*