


Isaac Watts, 1717  
(Psalm 6)  
88. 88. 88. 88. 88. 88.

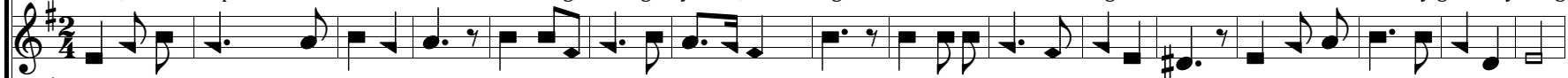
# Crostic


Treble-Tenor-Bass Transcribed from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805;  
Counter by B. C. Johnston, 2017

E minor  
Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805

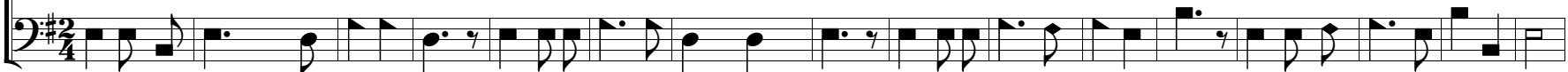
Tr.  5 10 15


1. Lord, I can suf - fer thy rebukes, When thou with kindness dost chastise; But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear: O let it not a-against me rise.  
2. Look, how the powers of nature mourn! How long, Al-migh-ty God, how long? When shall thine hour of grace return? When shall I make thy grace my song?

C. 


T. 


1. Lord, I can suf - fer thy rebukes, When thou with kindness dost chastise; But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear: O let it not a-against me rise.  
2. Look, how the powers of nature mourn! How long, Al-migh-ty God, how long? When shall thine hour of grace return? When shall I make thy grace my song?

B. 


Tr.  20 25 30

1. Pi - ty my lan - gui - shing es - tate, And ease the sor-rows that I feel; The wounds thine heavy hand hath made, O let thy gent-ler tou - ches heal!  
2. I feel my flesh so near the grave, My thoughts are temp-ted to des-pair; But graves can never praise the Lord, For all is dust and si - lence there.

C. 

T. 

1. Pi - ty my lan - gui - shing es - tate, And ease the sor-rows that I feel; The wounds thine heavy hand hath made, O let thy gent-ler tou - ches heal!  
2. I feel my flesh so near the grave, My thoughts are temp-ted to des-pair; But graves can never praise the Lord, For all is dust and si - lence there.

B. 

35 40

Tr. 

1. See how I pass my wea-ry days In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night My bed is watered with my tears; My  
 2. De-part, ye temp- ters, from my soul, And all despairing thoughts, depart; My God, who hears my humble moan, Will

C. 

1. My wea-ry days In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night My bed is watered with my tears; My  
 2. Gone from my soul, And all despairing thoughts, depart; My God, who hears my humble moan, Will

T. 

1. See how I pass my wea- ry days \_\_\_\_\_ In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night My bed is watered with my tears; My  
 2. De - part, ye temp- ters, from my soul, \_\_\_\_\_ And all des-pai-ring thoughts, depart; My God, who hears my humble moan, Will

B. 

1. See how I pass my wea - ry days \_\_\_\_\_ In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night  
 2. De-part, ye temp- ters, from my soul, \_\_\_\_\_ And all des-pai-ring thoughts, depart;


45 50

Tr. 

1. grief consumes, and dims my sight. \_\_\_\_\_ My bed is watered with my tears; My grief consumes, and dims my sight. \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. ease my flesh, and cheer my heart. \_\_\_\_\_ My God, who hears my humble moan, Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart. \_\_\_\_\_

C. 

T. 

B. 

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2017

1. Counter part written.
2. These words substituted for original words.
3. Measure 41, *Tenor*: last note changed from D to D#.
4. Measure 49, *Tenor*: first note originally quarter-note, changed to eighth-note.