





Tr.  5 10

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

C. 

T.  8

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

B. 

Tr.  15 20 25


1. O let it not against me rise. Pi - ty my lan - gui - shing es - tate, And ease the sor - rows that I feel; The wounds thine  
2. When shall I make thy grace my song? I feel my flesh so near the grave, My thoughts are tempted to des - pair; But graves can

C. 


T.  8


1. O let it not against me rise. Pi - ty my lan - gui - shing es - tate, And ease the sor - rows that I feel; The wounds thine  
2. When shall I make thy grace my song? I feel my flesh so near the grave, My thoughts are tempted to des - pair; But graves can

B. 


Tr.  30 35

1. hea - vy hand hath made, O let thy gent - ler tou - ches heal! See  
2. ne - ver praise the Lord, For all is dust and si - lence there. De-

C. 


T.  8

1. hea - vy hand hath made, O let thy gent - ler tou - ches heal! See how I pass my  
2. ne - ver praise the Lord, For all is dust and si - lence there. De - part, ye temp - ters,


B. 

1. See how I pass my wea - ry days \_\_\_\_  
2. De - part, ye temp - ters, from my soul, \_\_\_\_


40

Tr. 


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

C. 


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

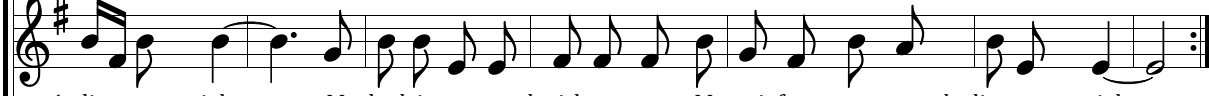
T. 

8  
 1. wea - ry days \_\_\_\_\_ In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night My bed is watered with my tears;  
 2. from my soul, \_\_\_\_\_ And all des-pai-ring thoughts, depart; My God, who hears my humble moan,


B. 

45


Tr. 

C. 

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

T. 

8

B. 

50

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.