

Piedmont

Isaac Watts, 1717
(Psalm 69, Part 2)

86. 86. (C. M.)

Transcribed from *The Columbian Repository*, 1803.

G minor
Samuel Holyoke, 1803

Tr. 5 10

1. Now let our lips with ho - ly fear And mournful pleasure sing The suff'rings of our great high priest, The sorrows of our King.

C.

2. "Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son, Nor hide thy shining face; Why should thy fav'rite look like one For-sa - ken of thy grace?

3. "They tread my honor to the dust, And laugh when I complain; Their sharp in-sul-ting slan-ders add Fresh anguish to my pain.

T.

8 4. "I looked for pity, but in vain; My kindred are my grief: I ask my friends for comfort round, But meet with no re - lief.

B.

5. "Shine into my dis-tres-sed soul, Let thy compassions save; And though my flesh sink down to death, Redeem it from the grave.

Tr. 20 25

1. He sinks in floods of deep distress; How high the wa - ters rise! While to his heav'nly Father's ear He sends per-pe-tual cries,

C.

2. With rage they persecute the man That groans be - neath thy wound, While for a sac-ri-fice I pour My life up - on the ground,

3. All my reproach is known to thee, The scan - dal and the shame; Reproach has broke my bleeding heart, And lies defiled my name,

T.

8 4. With vinegar they mock my thirst, They give me gall for food; And sporting with my dying groans, They triumph in my blood,

B.

5. I shall arise to praise thy name, Shall reign in worlds un - known; And thy sal - va - tion, O my God, Shall seat me on thy throne.

Tr. 30 tr 35

1. While to his heav'nly Fa - ther's ear He sends per - pe - tual cries.

C.

2. While for a sac - ri - fice I pour My life up - on the ground.

3. Reproach has broke my bleeding heart, And lies de - filed my name.

T.

8 4. And sporting with my dy - ing groans, They tri - umph in my blood.

B.

5. And thy sal - va - tion, O my God, Shall seat me on thy throne."