

Nahum Tate and


Nicholas Brady, 1698 (Psalm 120) 88. 88. 88.


Crete


Transcribed from *The Middlesex Harmony*, 1803.


A minor


Samuel Babcock, 1803

Tr.  1. In deep distress I oft have cried To God, who never yet de - nied To rescue me, oppressed with wrongs. Once more, O Lord, de-live-rance
2. What little profit can accrue? And yet what heavy wrath is due, O thou perfidious tongue! To thee? Thy sting up - on thy-self shall

T.  3. But O! how wretched is my doom, Who am a so - jour - ner be - come In barren Mesech's desert soil! With Kedar's wicked tents en -
4. My hapless dwelling is with those Who peace and am-i - ty op - pose, And pleasure take in others' harm: Sweet peace is all I court and

B. 

Tr.  20 send. From lying lips my soul de - fend, And from the rage of slandering tongues. And from the rage of slandering tongues.
turn, Of lasting flames that fiercely burn. The con - stant fuel sure - ly thou be. The con - stant fuel sure - ly thou be.

T.  8 -closed, To lawless sa - va - ges ex - posed, Who live on naught but theft and spoil. Who live on naught but theft and spoil.
seek; But when to them of peace I speak, They strait cry out, "To arms! To arms!" They strait cry out, "To arms! To arms!"

B. 