

North River

5

Treble

1. In anger, Lord, re - buke me not; Withdraw the dread - ful storm;
 2. My soul's bowed down with hea - vy cares, My flesh with pain oppressed;

Counter

3. Sor - row and pain wear out my days, I waste the night with cries,
 4. Shall I be still tor - ment - ed more? Mine eye consumed with grief?

Tenor

8 5. He hears when dust and ash - es speak, He pit - ies all our groans;
 6. The vir - tue of His sovereign word Re - stores our faint - ing breath;

Bass

10

Tr.

1. Let not Thy fu - ry grow so hot, A - gainst a feeb - le worm.
 2. My couch is wit - ness to my tears, My tears for - bid my rest.

C.

3. Counting the min - utes as they pass, Till the slow morn - ing rise.
 4. How long, my God, how long be - fore Thine hand af - ford re - lief?

T.

8 5. He saves us for His mercy's sake, And heals our brok - en bones.
 6. For sil - ent graves praise not the Lord, Nor is He known in death.

B.