

Isaac Watts, 1717
(Psalm 56)

86. 86. (C. M.)

Digby

Transcribed from Swan's *New England Harmony*, 1801.

E minor, G major
Timothy Swan, 1801

Tr. 1. God counts the sorrows of his saints, Their groans af - fect his ears; Thou hast a book for my com - plaints, A bottle for my tears, A
2. When to thy throne I raise my cry, The wick - ed fear and flee; So swift is prayer to reach the sky, So near is God to me, So
3. In thee, most ho - ly, just, and true, I have re - posed my trust; Nor will I fear what man can do, The offspring of the dust, The

C. 1. A bottle for my tears, _____
2. So near is God to me, _____
3. The offspring of the dust, _____

T. 1. God counts the sorrows of his saints, Their groans af - fect his ears; Thou hast a book for my complaints, A bottle for my tears, _____ A bottle for my
2. When to thy throne I raise my cry, The wick - ed fear and flee; So swift is prayer to reach the sky, So near is God to me, _____ So near is God to
3. In thee, most ho - ly, just, and true, I have re - posed my trust; Nor will I fear what man can do, The offspring of the dust, _____ The offspring of the

B. 1. A bottle for my tears, _____ A
2. So near is God to me, _____ So
3. The offspring of the dust, _____ The

Tr. 1. bottle for my tears, A bottle for my tears.
2. near is God to me, So near is God to me.
3. offspring of the dust, The offspring of the dust.

C. 1. _____ A bot - tle for my tears.
2. _____ So near is God to me.
3. _____ The offspring of the dust.

T. 1. tears, A bot - tle for my tears.
2. me, So near is God to me.
3. dust, The off - spring of the dust.

B. 1. bottle for my tears, A bottle for my tears.
2. near is God to me, So near is God to me.
3. offspring of the dust, The offspring of the dust.

4. O Thou whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.

5. The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.

6. They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

7. Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
O cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand.

8. Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word,
How righteous all thy ways!"

9. Thou hast secured my soul from death,
O set thy prisoner free!
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.