

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalms 7

86. 86. (C. M.)

# Walbridge

Transcribed from *The Columbian Repository*, 1803.

G minor

Samuel Holyoke, 1803

Tr  
1. My trust is in my heavenly Friend, My hope in thee, my God; Rise, and my help - less life de - fend From those that seek my blood.  
2. If I had e'er provoked them first, Or once a - bused my foe, Then let him tread my life to dust, And lay mine ho - nor low.

T  
3. Let sinners, and their wicked rage, Be humbled to the dust; Shall not the God of truth en - gage To vin - di - cate the just?  
4. For me their ma - lice digged a pit, But there themselves are cast; My God makes all their mischief light On their own heads at last.

B

Tr  
15  
20  
25  
1. With in - so - lence and fu - ry they My soul in pieces tear, As hungry li - ons rend the prey, When no de - li - verer's near.  
2. A - rise, my God, lift up thy hand, Their pride and power control; A - wake to judgment, and command De - li - verance for my soul.

T  
3. He knows the heart, he tries the reins, He will de - fend th'up-right; His sharpest arrows he or - dains A - gainst the sons of spite.  
4. That cruel, per - se - cu - ting race Must feel his dreadful sword: A - wake, my soul, and praise the grace And jus - tice of the Lord.

B

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2020

Measure 27, *Treble*: last lower note changed from F to F#.