

Joel Barlow, 1786  
(Psalm 88) 888. 888.

# Erie

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A minor  
Oliver Holden, 1800

Treble

Tenor

Bass

1. As lost in lone-ly grief. I tread The si-lent man-sions of the dead, Or to some throng'd as-sem-bly go;

Tr.

T.

B.

Through all a-like I rove a-lone, For-got-ten here, and there un-known, The change re-news my pier-cing woe.

2. O God of my salvation, hear  
My nightly groan, my daily prayer,  
That still employ my wasting breath;  
My soul, declining to the grave,  
Implores thy sovereign power to save  
From dark despair and lasting death.

3. Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul,  
And waves of sorrow o'er me roll,  
While dust and silence spread the gloom:  
My friends beloved in happier days,  
The dear companions of my ways,  
Descend around me to the tomb.

4. And why will God neglect my call?  
Or who shall profit by my fall,  
When life departs and love expires?  
Can dust and darkness praise the Lord?  
Or wake or brighten at his word,  
And tune the harp with heavenly choirs?

5. Yet, through each melancholy day,  
I've prayed to Thee and still will pray,  
Imploing still thy kind return —  
But O! My friends, my comforts, fled,  
And all my kindred of the dead  
Recall my wandering thoughts to mourn.