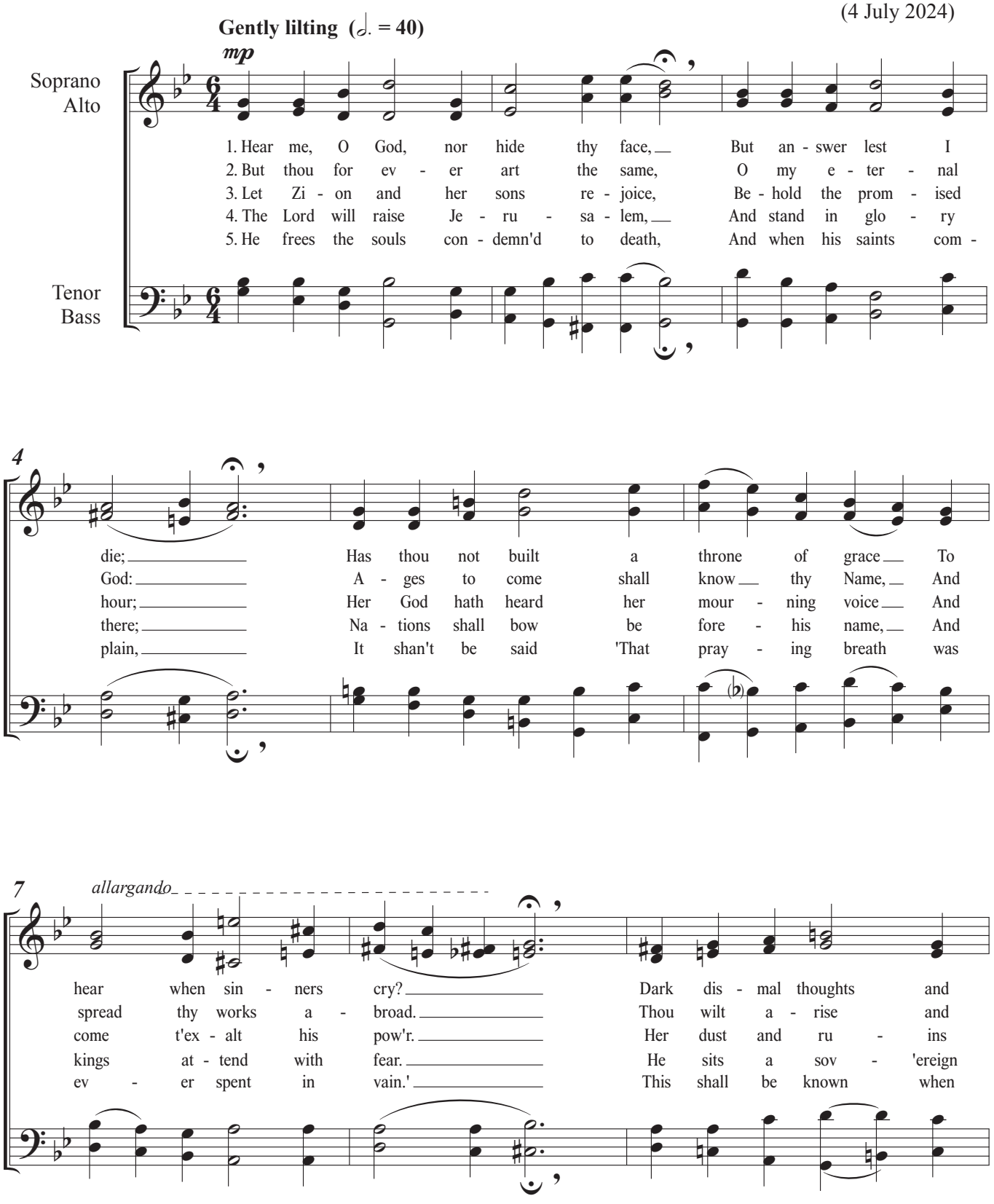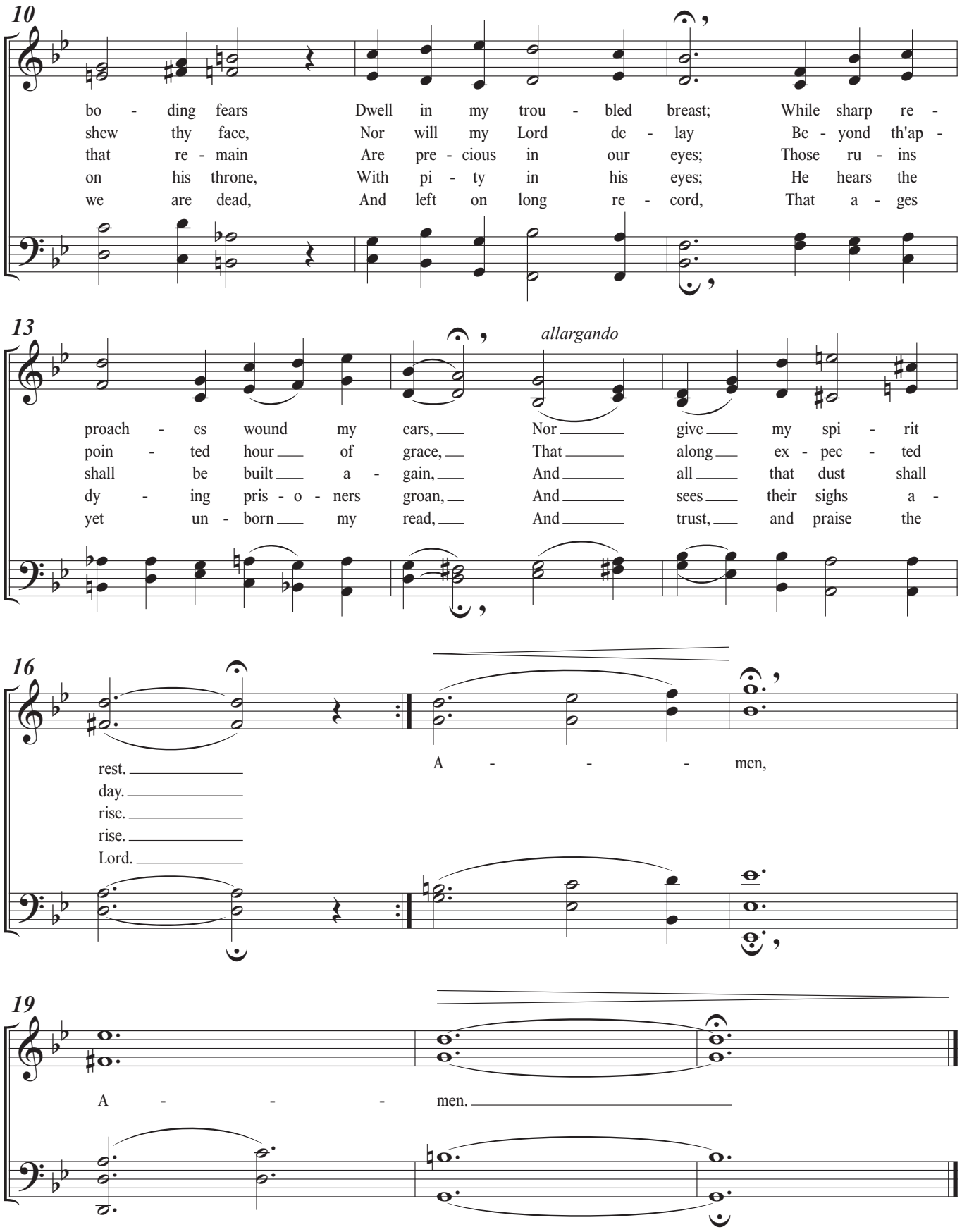
Psalm 102

Lyricist: Isaac Watts

Richard St. Clair
(4 July 2024)



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10
bo - ding fears Dwell in my trou - bled breast; While sharp re -
shew thy face, Nor will my Lord de - lay Be - yond th'ap -
that re - main Are pre - cious in our eyes; Those ru - ins
on his throne, With pi - ty in his eyes; He hears the
we are dead, And left on long re - cord, That a - ges
13
allargando
proach - es wound my ears, Nor give my spi - rit
poin - ted hour of grace, That along ex - pec - ted
shall be built a - gain, And all that dust shall
dy - ing pris - o - ners groan, And sees their sighs a -
yet un - born my read, And trust, and praise the
16
rest.
day.
rise.
rise.
Lord.
A - - - men,
19
A - - - men.