Psalm 143

Lyricist: Isaac Watts

Richard St. Clair
(7 June 2024)

With energy but not fast (♩ = 92)

f

Soprano
Alto

1. My righ - teous Judge, my gra - cious God, Hear when I spread my
I de - rive a glimpse of hope To bear my sink - ing
thee I trust, to thee I sign, And lift my hea - vy

Tenor
Bass

5

hands a - broad And cry for suc - cour from thy throne, O make thy truth and
spi - rits up; I stretch my hands to God a - gain, And thirst like parch - èd
soul on high, For thee sit wait - ing all the day, And wear the tire - some

9

mer - cy known. Let judg - ment not a - gainst me pass; Be - hold thy ser - vant
lands for rain. For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn; When will thy smi - ling
hours a - way. Break off my fet - ters, Lord, and show Which is the path my
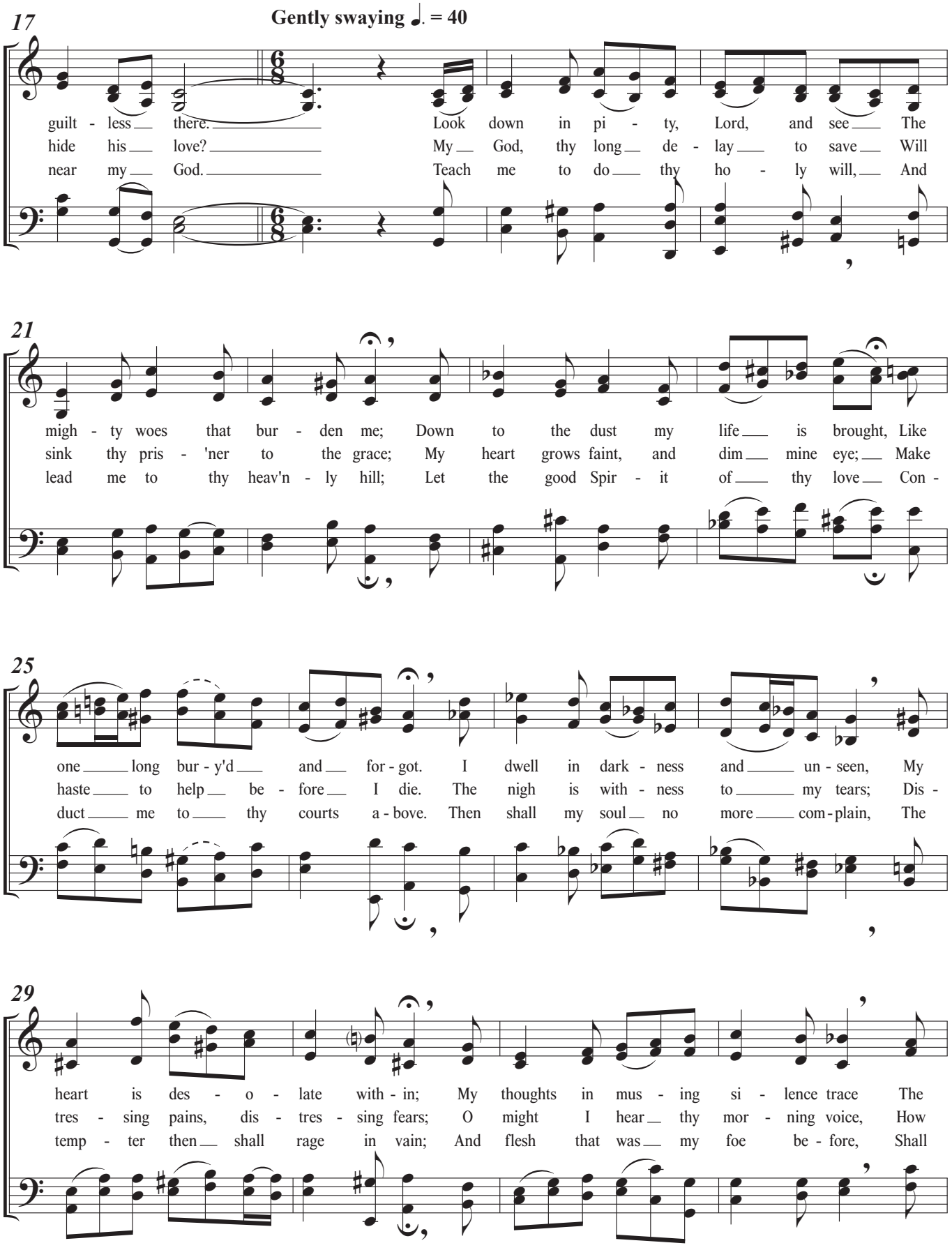
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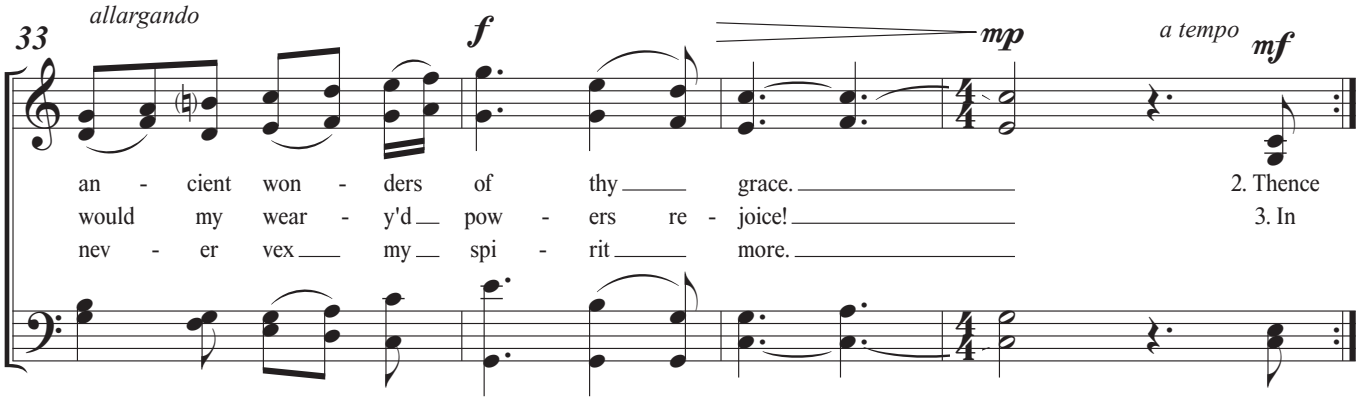
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rit.

pleads thy grace: Should jus - tice call us to thy bar, No man a - live is
face re - turn? Shall all my joys on earth re - move? And God for ev - er
feet should go; If snares and foes be - set the road, I flee to hide me

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17
Gently swaying ♩. = 40
guilt - less there. Look down in pi - ty, Lord, and see The
hide his love? My God, thy long de - lay to save Will
near my God. Teach me to do thy ho - ly will, And
21
migh - ty woes that bur - den me; Down to the dust my life is brought, Like
sink thy pris - 'ner to the grace; My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye; Make
lead me to thy heav'n - ly hill; Let the good Spir - it of thy love Con -
25
one long bur - y'd and for - got. I dwell in dark - ness and un - seen, My
haste to help be - fore I die. The nigh is with - ness to my tears; Dis -
duct me to thy courts a - bove. Then shall my soul no more com - plain, The
29
heart is des - o - late with - in; My thoughts in mus - ing si - lence trace The
tres - sing pains, dis - tres - sing fears; O might I hear thy mor - ning voice, How
temp - ter then shall rage in vain; And flesh that was my foe be - fore, Shall



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