

Isaac Watts Ps. 73 Daniel Read

Treble  
1 Lord, what a thought-less wretch was I, To mourn and mur-mur  
3 Now let them boast how tall they rise, I'll nev - er en - vy

Alto

Tenor  
1 Lord, what a thought-less wretch was I, To mourn and mur-mur  
3 Now let them boast how tall they rise, I'll nev - er en - vy

Bass

7  
and re - pine, To see the wic - ked placed on high,  
them a - gain, There they may stand with haugh - ty eyes,

8  
and re - pine, To see the wic - ked placed on high,  
them a - gain, There they may stand with haugh - ty eyes,

12  
In pride and robes of hon - our shine.  
Till they plunge deep in end - less pain.

8  
In pride and robes of hon - our shine.  
Till they plunge deep in end - less pain.

2 But  
4 Their

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine too dear to purchase with my blood;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine, my life, my portion, and my God.

17

2 But O, their end, their dread-ful end, Thy sanc - tu - a - ry  
4 Their fan - cied joys, how fast they flee, Just like a dream when

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O, their end, their dread-ful end, Thy sanc - tu - a - ry  
fan-cied joys, how fast they flee, Just like a dream when

21

sanc - tu - a - ry taught me so, On  
like a dream when man a - wakes, Their

dread - ful end, Thy sanc - tu - a - ry taught me so, On  
fast they flee, Just like a dream when man a - wakes, Their

taught me so, On slip - p'ry rocks I  
man a - wakes, Their songs of soft - est

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man a - wakes, Their songs of soft - est

24

slip - p'ry rocks I see them stand, And fier - y bil-lows roll be - low.  
songs of soft - est har - mon - y Are but a pre-face to their plagues.

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har - mon - y Are but a pre - face to their plagues.

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