

# Digby

Tr. 1. God counts the sorrows of his saints, Their groans affect his ears; Thou hast a book for my complaints,  
 2. When to thy throne I raise my cry, The wick-ed fear and flee; So swift is prayer to reach the sky,  
 3. In thee, most ho-ly, just, and true, I have reposed my trust; Nor will I fear what man can do,

C. 1. God counts the sorrows of his saints, Their groans affect his ears; Thou hast a book for my complaints,  
 2. When to thy throne I raise my cry, The wick-ed fear and flee; So swift is prayer to reach the sky,  
 3. In thee, most ho-ly, just, and true, I have reposed my trust; Nor will I fear what man can do,

T. 1. God counts the sorrows of his saints, Their groans affect his ears; Thou hast a book for my complaints, A bottle  
 2. When to thy throne I raise my cry, The wick-ed fear and flee; So swift is prayer to reach the sky, So near is  
 3. In thee, most ho-ly, just, and true, I have reposed my trust; Nor will I fear what man can do, The offspring

B. 1. God counts the sorrows of his saints, Their groans affect his ears; Thou hast a book for my complaints, A bottle  
 2. When to thy throne I raise my cry, The wick-ed fear and flee; So swift is prayer to reach the sky, So near is  
 3. In thee, most ho-ly, just, and true, I have reposed my trust; Nor will I fear what man can do, The offspring

Tr. 1. A bottle for my tears, A bottle for my tears, A bottle for my tears.  
 2. So near is God to me, So near is God to me, So near is God to me.  
 3. The offspring of the dust, The offspring of the dust, The offspring of the dust.

C. 1. A bottle for my tears, \_\_\_\_\_ A bottle for my tears.  
 2. So near is God to me, \_\_\_\_\_ So near is God to me.  
 3. The offspring of the dust, \_\_\_\_\_ The offspring of the dust.

T. 1. for my tears, \_\_\_\_\_ A bottle for my tears, A bottle for my tears.  
 2. God to me, \_\_\_\_\_ So near is God to me, So near is God to me.  
 3. of the dust, \_\_\_\_\_ The offspring of the dust, The offspring of the dust.

B. 1. A bottle for my tears, \_\_\_\_\_ A bottle for my tears, A bottle for my tears.  
 2. So near is God to me, \_\_\_\_\_ So near is God to me, So near is God to me.  
 3. The offspring of the dust, \_\_\_\_\_ The offspring of the dust, The offspring of the dust.

4. O Thou whose justice reigns on high,  
And makes th' oppressor cease,  
Behold how envious sinners try  
To vex and break my peace.

7. Shall they escape without thy frown?  
Must their devices stand?  
O cast the haughty sinner down,  
And let him know thy hand.

5. The sons of violence and lies  
Join to devour me, Lord;  
But as my hourly dangers rise,  
My refuge is thy word.

8. Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,  
Thou shalt receive my praise;  
I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word,  
How righteous all thy ways!"

6. They wrest my words to mischief still,  
Charge me with unknown faults;  
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,  
And malice all their thoughts.

9. Thou hast secured my soul from death,  
O set thy prisoner free!  
That heart and hand, and life and breath,  
May be employ'd for thee.