

# Psalm 89

Tr. 5 10 15

1. Think, mighty God, on feeble man; How few his hours! how short his span! Short from the cradle to the grave; Who can secure his vital breath Against the

C. 2. Lord, shall it be for ever said, The race of man was on - ly made For sickness, sorrow, and the dust? Are not thy servants day by day Sent to their

3. Hast thou not promised to thy Son And all his seed a heavenly crown? But flesh and sense indulge des - pair: For ev - er blessed be the Lord, That faith can

T. 4. For ev - er blessed be the Lord, Who gives his saints a long re - ward For all their toil, reproach, and pain: Let all below and all above Join to pro -

B.

Tr. 20 25

1. bold demands of death, With skill to fly, or power to save?

C. 2. graves and turned to clay? Lord where's thy kindness to the just?

3. read his ho - ly word, And find a re - sur - rec - tion there.

T. 4. -claim thy wondrous love, And each repeat their loud Amen.

B.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2018

1. Measure 10, *Counter*: last note changed from G to G#, as in *Bass*.
2. Measure 23, *Tenor*: grace quarter note changed to normal quarter note.