

# Alexandria

Tr. 1  
Tr. 2  
T.  
B.

1. My spi-rit sinks with-in me, Lord, But I will call thy name to mind, And times of past distress record, When I have found my God was kind, When I have

2. I'll cast my - self be - fore his feet, And say, My God, my hea - venly rock, Why doth thy love so long forget The soul that groans beneath thy stroke, The soul that

1. found my God was kind. Huge trou - bles with tu - mul - tuous noise Swell \_\_\_ like a sea, and round me spread; Thy water-spouts drown all my joys, And

2. groans be - neath thy stroke? I'll chide my heart that sinks so low, Why should my soul indulge her grief? Hope in the Lord, and praise him too; He

5 10 15 20 25 30 35

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2018.

1. Measure 19, *Tenor*: second note changed from D to B.
2. Measure 34, *Treble 2*: note changed from B to C.
3. Measure 62, *Treble 2*: second note changed from A to B.

Tr. 1

Tr. 2

T.

B.

40 45 50

1. ri - sing waves roll o'er my head, And ri - sing waves roll o'er \_\_\_\_\_ my head. Yet will the Lord command his love, When I address his

2. is my rest, my sure re - lief, He is my rest, my sure \_\_\_\_\_ relief. Thy light and truth shall guide me still, Thy word shall my best

Tr. 1

Tr. 2

T.

B.

55 60 65

1. 70 2.

1. throne by day, Nor in the night his grace remove; The night shall hear me sing \_\_\_\_\_ and pray, The night shall hear me sing \_\_\_\_\_ and pray. Nor

2. thoughts em - ploy, And lead me to thine heavenly hill, My God, my most ex - cee - ding joy, My God, my most ex - cee - ding joy. And