

# London Gallery Quire 103

New Version of Tate and Brady (1696)

When I pour out my soul in prayer  
Psalm 102 vv. 1-3, 11, 12

Ps 102 by Thomas White (1808)  
Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=80]

Soprano

1. When I pour out my soul in pray'r, Do thou, O Lord, at - tend;  
2. O hide not thou thy glo - rious face In times of deep dis - tress;  
3. Each clou - dy por - tion of my life, Like scat - tered smoke, ex - pires;  
4. My days, just hast - 'ning to their end, Are like an eve - ning shade;  
5. But thy e - ter - nal state, O Lord, No length of time shall waste;

Alto

Tenor  
[Air]

1. When I pour out my soul in pray'r, Do thou, O Lord, at - tend;  
2. O hide not thou thy glo - rious face In times of deep dis - tress;  
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Bass

7

S

To thy e - ter - nal throne of grace Let my sad cry as - cend. - cend  
In - cline thine ear, and when I call, My sor - rows soon re - dress. - dress.  
My shri - velled bones are like a hearth That's parched with con - stant fires. fires.  
My beau - ty does, like wi - thered grass, With wan - ing lus - tre fade. fade.  
The me - m'ry of thy won - drous works From age to age shall last. last.

A

T

To thy e - ter - nal throne of grace Let my sad cry as - cend. - cend  
In - cline thine ear, and when I call, My sor - rows soon re - dress. - dress.  
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B