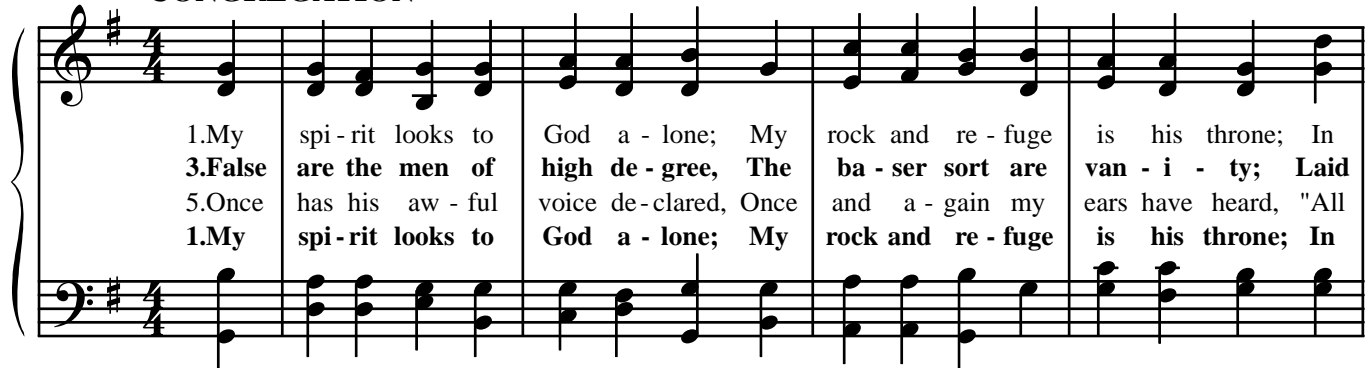


# Psalm 62

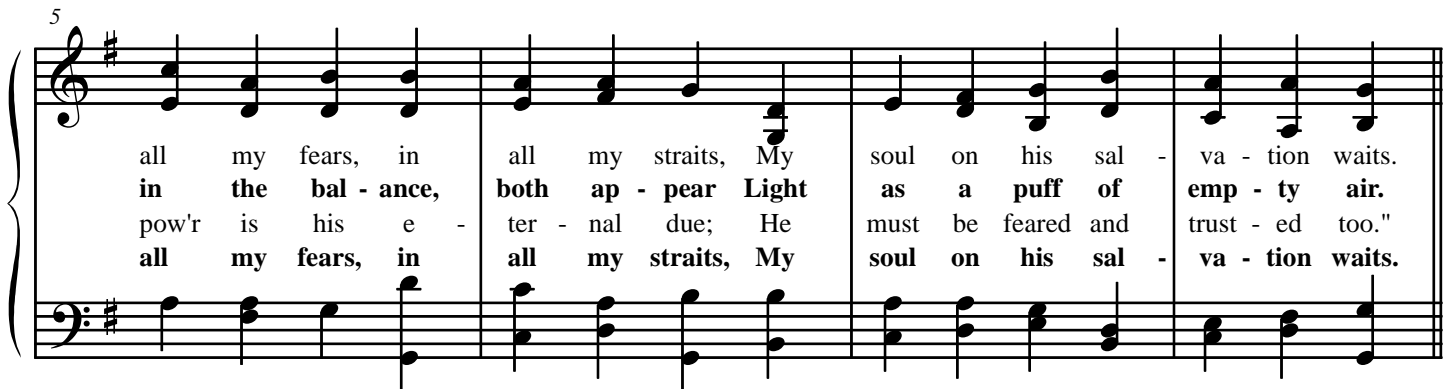
Metrical version by Isaac Watts

Tune: Tallis' Canon

## CONGREGATION

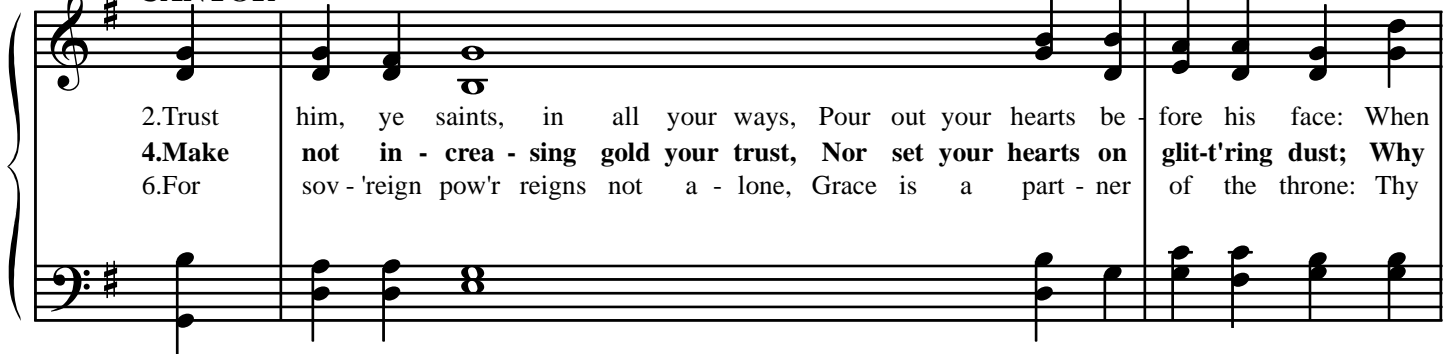


1. My spi-rit looks to God a-lone; My rock and re-fuge is his throne; In  
3. False are the men of high de-gree, The ba-ser sort are van-i-ty; Laid  
5. Once has his aw-ful voice de-clared, Once and a-gain my ears have heard, "All  
1. My spi-rit looks to God a-lone; My rock and re-fuge is his throne; In

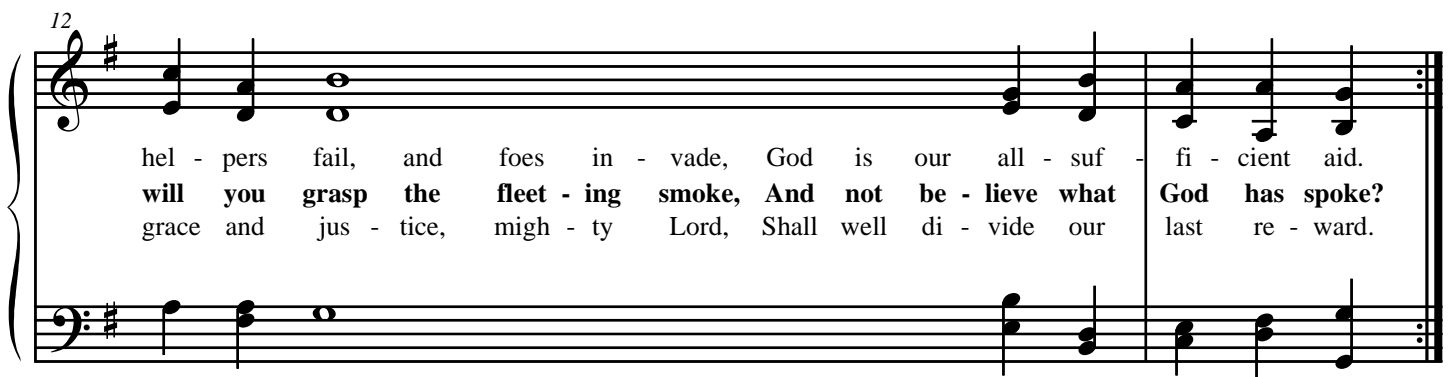


5  
all my fears, in all my straits, My soul on his sal-va-tion waits.  
in the bal-ance, both ap-pear Light as a puff of emp-ty air.  
pow'r is his e-ter-nal due; He must be feared and trust-ed too."  
all my fears, in all my straits, My soul on his sal-va-tion waits.

## 9 CANTOR



2. Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways, Pour out your hearts be-fore his face: When  
4. Make not in-crea-sing gold your trust, Nor set your hearts on glit-t'ring dust; Why  
6. For sov-'reign pow'r reigns not a-lone, Grace is a part-ner of the throne: Thy



12  
hel-pers fail, and foes in-vade, God is our all-suf-fi-cient aid.  
will you grasp the fleet-ing smoke, And not be-lieve what God has spoke?  
grace and jus-tice, migh-ty Lord, Shall well di-vide our last re-ward.