

# Great God, indulge my humble claim

Paraphrased by Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Somerset, anon.

Edited by Francis Roads

Psalm 63

[♩=120]

Soprano/  
Tenor  
[Air]

1. Great God, in - dulse my hum - ble claim, Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest; The  
2. *With heart, and eyes, and lif - ted hands, For thee I long, to thee I look, As*  
3. Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste, Nor all the joys our sen - ses know, Could  
4. *A - midst the wake - ful hours of night, When bu - sy cares af - flict my head, One*

Bass

Keyboard

9

ST

glo - ries that com - pose thy name Stand all en - gaged to make me blest. Thou great and  
*tra - ve - lers in thir - sty lands Pant for the cool - ing wa - ter brook. With ear - ly*  
make me so di - vine - ly blest, Or raise my cheer - ful pas - sions so. My life it -  
*thought of thee gives new de - light, And adds re - fresh - ment to my bed. I'll lift my*

B

Kbd.

18

ST

good, thou just and wise, Thou art my Fa - ther and my God; And I am thine by  
*feet I love t'ap - pear A - mong thy saints, and seek Thy face; Oft have I seen thy*  
self with - out thy love No taste of plea - sure could af - ford; 'Twould but a tire - some  
*hands, I'll raise my voice, While I have breath to pray or praise; This work shall make my*

B

Kbd.

27

ST

sa - cred ties; Thy son, thy ser - vant, bought with blood.  
*glo - ry there, And felt the pow'r of sov - 'reign grace.*  
bur - den prove, If I were ba - nished from the Lord.  
*heart re - joice, And spend the rem - nant of my days.*

B

Kbd.

Edited from Bishop's *A Supplement to the New Psalm-Book* (London, 1725) BL A.1231.jj

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