

Where, Lord, shall I my refuge see?

Samuel Webbe Sr.
(1740-1816)

Text: James Merrick,
on Ps 39, vv. 9-14

God alone can afford Men Pardon and relief.
Their frail Nature is unable
to sustain the Effects of his Anger.

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Slow

Where, Lord, shall I my re- fuge see? On whom re - pose my hope but thee? O
But O, in thy ap - point - ed hour With draw thy rod; lest na - ture's pow'r, While
As when the fret - ting moths con - sume The la - bour of the cu - rious loom, The

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5

purge my guilt, nor let my foe, Ex - ult - ing, mock my height - ened woe. —
griefs on griefs my heart as - sail, Un - e - qual to the con - flict, fail. —
tex - ture fails, the dyes de - cay, And all its lus - tre fades a - way. —

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9

— Con - vinced that thy pa - ter - nal hand In - flicts but what my sins de - mand, I
— O how thy chas - tise - ments im - pair The hu - man form, how - e - ver fair! How
— Such, man, thy state! then hum - bled, own That va - ni - ty and thou are one; Thy -

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Where, Lord, shall I my refuge see? (Samuel Webbe Sr.)

14

speech - less sat; nor plain - tive word, Nor mur - mur from my lips was heard.
frail the stron - gest frame we see, If thou the sin - ner's fate de - cree!
self, when in the ba - lance weighed, A no - thing, and thy life a shade.

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Emendations: Bar 16, beat 4, alto part: A \flat is editorial (no accidental marked in the original).

The first stanza only of the text is underlaid in the source, with subsequent stanzas printed after the music: these have been underlaid editorially.