How Long Wilt Thou Conceal Thy Face

Doh is D · 4/4 Tune: CAITHNESS

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| d - | m - f - s - d - | t, - d - r - m - |
  How     long wilt thou con-       ceal thy face? My

| f - s - l - l - | s - - - - - s - |
  God, how long de-       lay? When

| l - t - d' - m - | f - s - l - s - |
  shall I feel those       heavenly rays That

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
  chase my fears a-       way?
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The other verses

2 How long shall my poor labouring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.

3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts,
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

4 Be thou my sun and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.

5 How would the tempter boast aloud
If I become his prey!
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay.

6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look
And hears thy voice with dread.

7 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
Where all my hopes have hung;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And victory shall be sung.

Tune CAITHNESS (Scottish Psalter); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.