

Louisiana

No copyright. Transcribed from *The Union Harmony*, 1796.

D minor
Oliver Holden, 1796

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. How full of an-guish is the thought, How it dis-tracts and tears my

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

heart, If God at last, my sove-reign Judge, Should frown and bid my soul de-part. If

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

God at last, my sove-reign Judge, should frown and bid my soul de-part.

2. Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home;
For I have learned no other rest.

4. Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heav'nly prize;
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

6. My God! And can an humble child,
That loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exiled,
Without the pity of thine eye?

3. I cannot live contented here
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heav'n, without thy presence there,
Would be a dark and tiresome place.

5. The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ my love.

7. Impossible! For thine own hands
Have tied my heart so fast to thee;
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art thy friends must be.