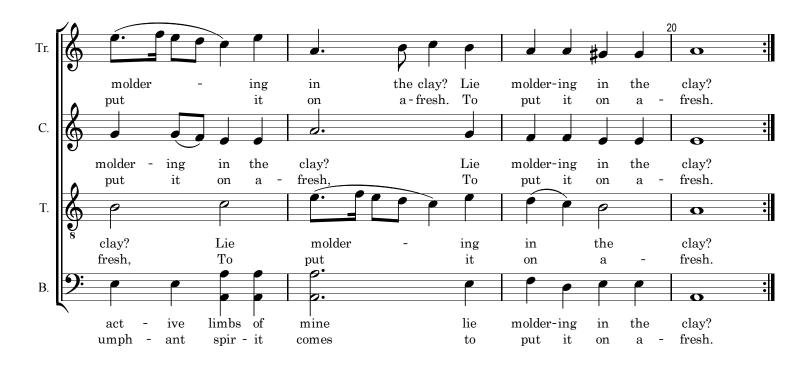
Isaac Watts, 1709 (Book 2, Hymn 110) 66. 86. (S. M.)

Maryland

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A minor William Billings, 1778





3. God my Redeemer lives, And often from the skies Looks down, and watches all my dust, Till he shall bid it rise.

4. Arrayed in glorious grace Shall these vile bodies shine, And every shape, and every face, Look heav'nly and divine.

5. These lively hopes we owe To Jesus' dying love; We would adore His grace below, And sing his power above.

6. Dear Lord, accept the praise Of these our humble songs, Till tunes of nobler sound we raise With our immortal tongues.