

Gift

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C Major
Oliver Holden, 1803

Treble

1. Of all the gifts Thine hand be - stows, Thou giv - er of all good,

Counter

2. Faith too, the blood re - ceiv - ing grace, From that same hand we gain;

Tenor

3. Till Thou Thy teach - ing power ap - ply, Our hearts re - fuse to see;

Bass

4. Blind to the mer - its of Thy Son, What mis - ery we en - dure!
5. We praise Thee, and would praise Thee more, To Thee our all we owe;

Tr.

10 Not heaven it - self a rich - er knows Than my Re - deem-er's blood.

C.

Else, sweet-ly as it suits our case, That gift had been in vain.

T.

8 And weak, as a dis - temp - ered eye, Shut out the view of Thee.

B.

Yet fly that hand, from which a - lone, We could ex - pect a cure.
The pre-cious Sav - ior, and the power That makes Him pre-cious too.

15