

Isaac Watts, 1709

(Hymn 114, Book 2) 86. 86. (C. M.)

Tis Finished

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G Major

Oliver Holden, 1800

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. I sing my Sa-vior's won-drous death, He con-quired when He fell;
2. His cross a sure foun-da-tion laid For glo-ry and re-nown;

1. 'Tis fin-ished, said His
2. When through the re-gions

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

10

1. The dread-ful work is
2. Sits our vic-to-rious

'Tis fin-ished, our Im-man-uel cries,
Ex-al-ted at His Fath-er's side

dy-ing breath, And shook the gates of hell.
of the dead He passed to reach the crown.

1. The dread-ful work is
2. Sits our vic-to-rious

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

15

20

done;
Lord;

Hence shall His sove-reign throne a-rise, His king-dom is be-gun, His king-dom is be-gun.
To heav'n and hell His hands di-vide The ven-geance or re-ward, The ven-geance or re-ward.

done;
Lord;