

Isaac Watts, 1709
(Hymn 19, Book 3) 88. 88. (L. M.)

Medford

No copyright. Transcribed from The New-England Psalm-Singer, 1770.

B minor
William Billings, 1770

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. At Thy com - mand, our dear - est Lord, Here we at - tend Thy dy - ing

2. Our faith a - dores Thy bleed - ing love, And trusts for life in one who

3. Let the vain world pro - nounce it shame, And fling their scan - dals on the

4. With joy we tell the scof - fing age, He that was dead has left His

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

10

15

feast; Thy blood like wine a - dorns Thy board, And Thine own flesh feeds eve - ry guest.

died; We hope for heaven - ly crowns a - bove, From a re - deem - er cruc - i - fied.

cause; We come to boast our Sav - ior's name, And make our tri - umphs in His cross.

tomb; He lives a - bove their ut - most rage, And we are wait - ing till He come.