Isaac Watts, 1706 (The Song of Angels Above) 86. 86. (C. M.)

Lamentation

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C minor Oliver Holden, 1792



- And upward glance mine eyes; Upward, my Father, to Thy throne, And to my native skies.
- 3. There the dear Man, my Savior, sits, The God, how bright He shines! And scatters infinite delights On all the happy minds.
- 4. Seraphs, with elevated strains,. Circle the throne around, And move and charm the starry plains With an immortal sound.
- 2. Tired in my thoughts, I stretch me down, 5. Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs; Jesus, my love, they sing: Jesus, the name of both our joys, Sounds sweet from every string.
 - 6. Hark, how, beyond the narrow bounds 19. Now let me rise and join their song, Of time and space they run, And speak, in most majestic sounds, The godhead of the Son.
 - 11.At his command the blind awake. And feel the gladsome rays: He bids the dumb attempt to speak, They try their tongues in praise.

- 12. He shed a thousand blessings round Wherever he turned his eye: He spoke, and, at the sovereign sounds The hellish legions fly.
- And be an angel too: My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,

Here's joyful work for you!

20. I would begin the music here, And so my soul should rise. Oh for some heavenly notes, to bear My spirit to the skies!