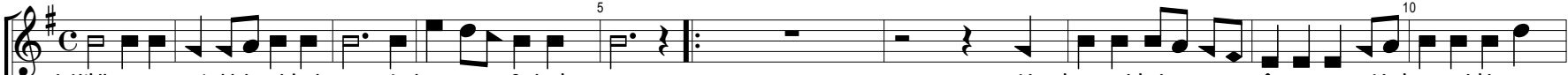


Washington

Transcribed from *The Musical Harmonist*, 1800.


A Major

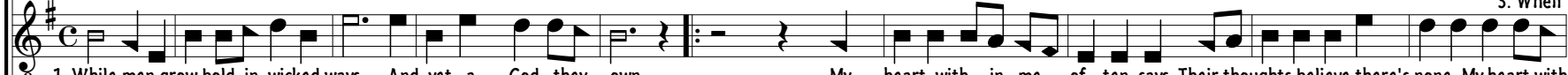
Stephen Jenks, 1800

Tr.  5 10

1. While men grow bold in wicked ways, And yet a God they own,
2. Their thoughts and ways at once declare, What-e'er their lips pro-fess,
3. What strange self-flattery blinds their eyes! But there's a hastening hour,

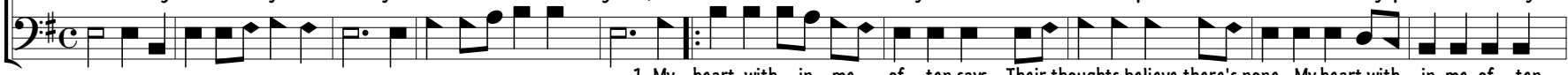
My heart with-in me of-ten says, My heart within me
God hath no wrath for them to fear, God has no wrath for
When they shall see with sore surprise When they shall see with

C. 


T.  8

1. While men grow bold in wicked ways, And yet a God they own,
2. Their thoughts and ways at once declare, What-e'er their lips profess,
3. What strange self-flattery blinds their eyes! But there's a hastening hour,


My heart with-in me of-ten says, Their thoughts believe there's none. My heart with-
God hath no wrath for them to fear, Nor will they seek his grace. God hath no
When they shall see with sore surprise The terrors of thy power. When they shall

B. 


1. My heart with-in me of-ten says, Their thoughts believe there's none. My heart with-in me of-ten
2. God hath no wrath for them to fear, Nor will they seek his grace. God hath no wrath for them to
3. When they shall see with sore surprise The terrors of thy power. When they shall see with sore sur-

Tr.  15 1. 2.


1. of-ten says, Their thoughts be-lieve there's none.
2. them to fear, Nor will they seek his grace.
3. sore sur-prise The terrors of thy power.

C. 

1. heart with-in me of-ten says, Their thoughts, be-lieve there's none.
2. hath no wrath for them to fear, Nor will they seek his grace.
3. they shall see with sore sur-prise The terrors of thy power.

T.  8

1. -in me of-ten says, Their thoughts, be-lieve there's none.
2. wrath for them to fear, Nor will they seek his grace.
3. see with sore sur-prise The terrors of thy power.

B. 

1. says, Their thoughts be-lieve there's none. My
2. fear, Nor will they seek his grace. God
3. -prise The terrors of thy power. When

4. Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep, unfathomed sea.

5. Above the heav'ns' created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

6. Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children choose to rest.

7. From thee, when creature-streams run low.
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

8. Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.

Originally published without words; these words suggested by Steel (1995)