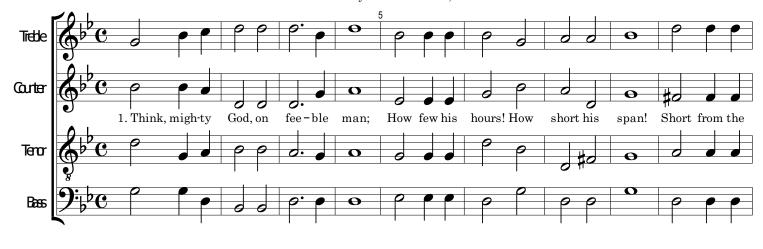
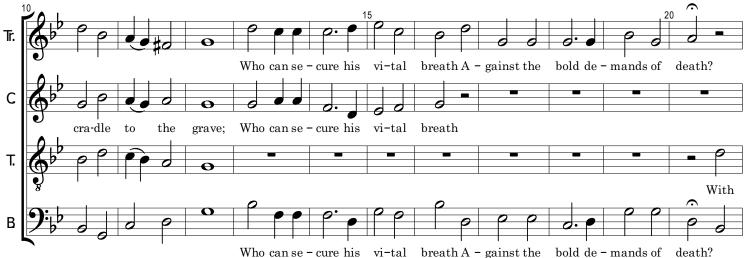
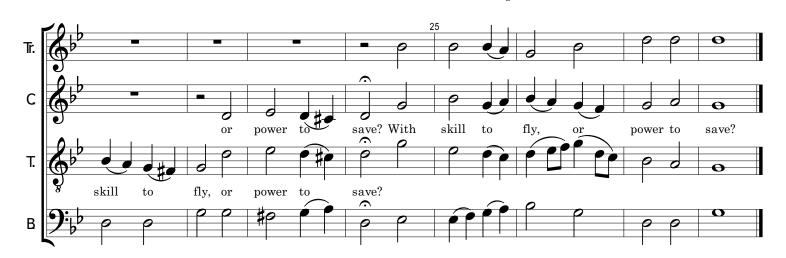
G minor Oliver Holden, 1803







- 2. Lord, shall it be for ever said,
 "The race of man was only made
 For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"
 Are not thy servants day by day
 Sent to their graves, and turned to clay?
 Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?
- 3. Hast thou not promised to thy Son And all his seed a heav'nly crown? But flesh and sense indulge despair: For ever blessed be the Lord, That faith can read his holy word, And find a resurrection there.
- 4. For ever blessed be the Lord, Who gives his saints a long reward For all their toil, reproach, and pain: Let all below and all above Join to proclaim thy wondrous love, And each repeat their loud Amen.