

Rowland

Tr.  5 10 15

1. Lord, we have heard thy works of old, Thy works of power and grace, When to our ears our fathers told The wonders of their days:
 2. Yet have we not forgot our God, Nor falsely dealt with heaven, Nor have our steps declined the road Of duty thou hast given;
 3. Down to the dust our soul is bowed, And dies up-on the ground; Rise for our help, rebuke the proud, And all their powers confound.


C. 

T.  8

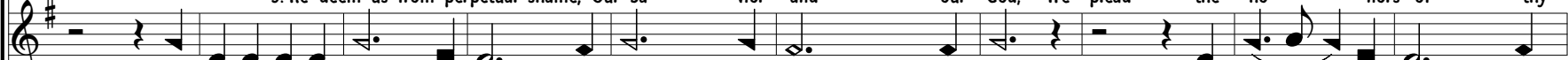
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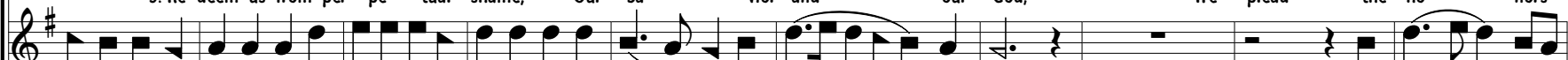
B. 

1. They saw thy beauteous
2. Tho' dragons all a-
3. Redeem us from per-


Tr.  20 25

1. They saw thy beauteous churches rise, The spreading gospel run; While light and glory from the
 2. Tho' dragons all around us roar With their destructive breath, And thine own hand has bruised us thy
 3. Redeem us from perpetual shame, Our Savior and our God; We plead the honors of thy


C. 

T.  8


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B. 


1. churches rise, They saw thy beauteous churches rise, The spreading gospel run; While
2. -round us roar, Tho' dragons all around us roar With their destructive breath, And
3. -pe-tual shame, Redeem us from perpetual shame, Our Savior and our God; We

Tr.  30 35


1. skies Through all their tem - ples shone, Through all their tem - ples shone, Through all their temples shone.
 2. sore Hard by the gates of death, Hard by the gates of death, Hard by the gates of death.
 3. name, The me - rits of thy blood, The me - rits of thy blood, The me - rits of thy blood.

C. 

1. from the skies Thru' all their tem - ples shone, Thru' all their temples shone.
 2. bruised us sore Hard by the gates of death, Hard by the gates of death.
 3. of thy name, The me - rits of thy blood, The me - rits of thy blood.

T. 

1. glo - ry from the skies, While light and glo - ry from the skies Thru' all their tem - ples shone, Thru' all their temples shone.
 2. hand has bruised us sore, And thine own hand has bruised us sore Hard by the gates of death, Hard by the gates of death.
 3. ho - nors of thy name, We plead the ho - nors of thy name, The me - rits of thy blood, The me - rits of thy blood.

B. 

1. light and glo - ry from the skies, While light and glo - ry from the skies Thru' all their temples shone.
 2. thine own hand has bruised us sore, And thine own hand has bruised us sore Hard by the gates of death.
 3. plead the ho - nors of thy name, We plead the ho - nors of thy name, The me - rits of thy blood.

Stanzas 1a, 2, and 3 by Isaac Watts, 1719.

Stanza 1b by Joel Barlow, 1786.