

# Franklin

Transcribed from *Music in Miniature*, 1779.

1. Lord, how se - cure and blest are they, Who feel the  
2. The day glides sweet - ly o'er their heads, Made up of

3. Quick as their thoughts their joys come on, But fly not  
4. How oft they look to th'hea - venly hills, Where groves of

5. They scorn to seek our gol - den toys, But spend the  
6. While wret - ched we, like worms and moles, Lie gro - velling

joys of par - doned sin! Should storms of wrath shake earth and  
in - no - cence and love; And soft and si - lent as the

half so swift a - way; Their souls are ev - er bright as  
li - ving plea - sure grow! And lon - ging hopes and cheer - ful

8 day and share the night In - num - bering o'er the ri - cher  
in the dust be - low: Al - migh - ty grace, re - new our

15 sea, Their minds have heaven and peace with - in.  
shades Their night - ly min - utes gent - ly move.

noon, And calm as dis - sum - mer eve - nings be.  
smiles Sit un - dis - turbed up - on their brow.

8 joys souls, That heaven pre - pares for their de - light.  
And we'll as - pire to glo - ry too.