

Anne Steele, 1760

88. 88. (L. M.)


St. Alban's

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D minor


Oliver Holden, 1803

Treble



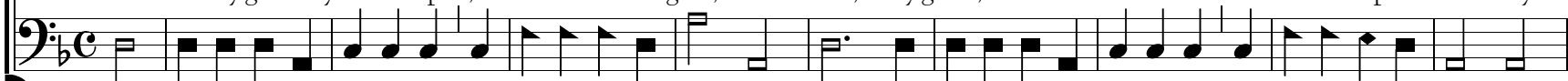
1. My God, when'er my longing heart Its grateful tribute would impart, In vain my tongue, with feeble aim, Attempts the glories of Thy

Tenor



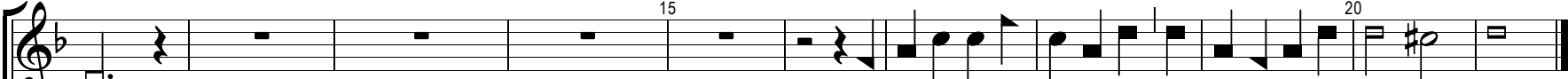
2. O let Thy grace my heart inspire, And raise each languid, weak desire; Thy grace, which condescends to meet The sinner prostrate at Thy

Bass



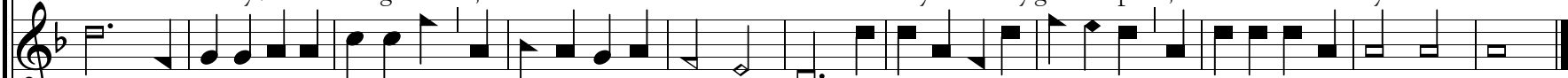
3. Thy name inspires the harps above With harmony, and praise, and love; That grace, which tunes th' immortal strings, Looks kindly down on mortal

Tr.



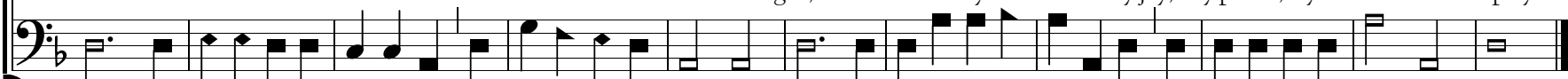
1. name. In vain my boldest thoughts arise, I sink to earth and lose the skies: Yet may I still Thy grace implore, And low in dust Thy name adore.

T.



2. feet. With humble fear let love unite And mix devotion with delight; Then shall Thy name be all my joy, Thy praise, my constant blest employ.

B.



3. things. O let Thy grace guide ev'ry song, And fill my heart and tune my tongue; Then shall the strain harmonious flow, And heav'n's sweet work begin below.