


Woodstock


Charles Wesley, 1742
(Isaiah 32:2)


76.76.78.76.


Treble-Tenor-Bass Transcribed from *Province Harmony*, 1809;
Counter by B. C. Johnston, 2018.

G Major Hezekiah Moors, 1809

Tr.  5

C. 


T.  8

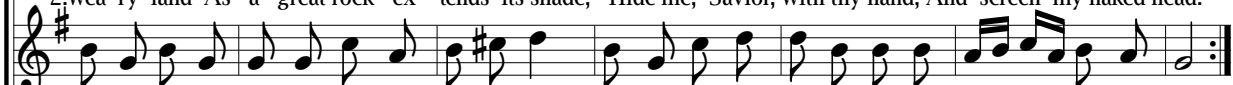
B. 


1. To the haven of thy breast, O Son of man, I fly: Be my refuge and my rest, For O! the storm is high: Save me from the
2. Welcome as the water spring To a dry barren place, O descend on me, and bring Thy sweet refreshing grace: O'er a parched and


3. In the time of my distress Thou hast my succor been, In my utter helplessness Restraining me from sin; O how swiftly
4. First and last in me perform The work thou hast begun, Be my shelter from the storm, My shadow from the sun; Sprinkle still the

5. Let thy merit as a cloud Still interpose be - tween, Plead th'attonement of thy blood Till I am cleansed from sin: Weary.parched with
6. Never shall I want it less When thou the gift hast given, Filled me with thy righteousness, And sealed the heir of heaven; I shall hang up -

Tr.  10 15

C. 

T. 

B. 

1. furious blast, A covert from the tempest be, Hide me, Jesus, till o'er-past The storm of sin I see.
2. wea-ry land As a great rock ex - tends its shade, Hide me, Savior, with thy hand, And screen my naked head.

3. didst thou move To save me in the trying hour! Still protect me with thy love, And shield me with thy power.
4. mer - cy-seat, And bring thy Father's anger down, Screen me, Jesus, from the heat And ter - ror of his frown.

5. thirst and faint Till thou th'a-bi-ding Spirit breathe, Every moment, Lord, I want The me - rit of thy death.
6. -on my God, Till I thy per-fect glo - ry see, Till the sprinkling of thy blood Shall speak me up to thee.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2018

1. Grace eighth note converted to normal eighth note in measure 4.
2. Counterpart written.