

Isaac Watts, 1707
Hymn 98, Book 1

66. 86. (S. M.)

Vienna

Transcribed from *The Musical Concert*, 1802.

A minor

Elisha West, 1802

1. How heavy is the night That hangs upon our eyes, Till Christ with his reviving light Over our souls a - rise! Till Christ with his reviving light Over our souls arise! Till
2. Our guilty spirits dread To meet the wrath of heaven; But in his righteousness arrayed We see our sins for-given. But in his righteousness arrayed We see our sins forgiven. But

3. Un-ho-ly and impure Are all our thoughts and ways; His hands infected nature cure With sanc-ti-fy-ing grace. His hands infected nature cure With sanc-ti-fy-ing grace. His

4. The powers of hell agree To hold our souls in vain; He sets the sons of bondage free, And breaks the cursed chain. He sets the sons of bondage free And breaks the cursed chain. He

5. Lord, we adore thy ways To bring us near to God; Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace, And thine atoning blood. Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace And thine atoning blood. Thy

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2020

1. The original does not mark beginning of the repeat; estimated at measure 10.
2. These words substituted for the original words, from Watts' Hymn 114 of Book 2: *Welcome, sweet day of rest.*