

Isaac Watts, 1709
(Hymn 91, Book 2) 86. 86. (C. M.)

Hope

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E Major
Oliver Holden, 1793

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. O, the delights, the heavenly joys, The glories of the place, Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams of His o'er-flowing grace. Sweet

2. Princes to his imperial name Bend their bright sceptres down; Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice To see him wear the crown. Arch-

3. Those soft, those blessed feet of his, That once rude iron tore, High on a throne of light they stand, And all the saints adore. His

4. Lord, how our souls are all on fire To see thy bless'd abode! Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise To our incarnate God! And

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

1. majesty and awful love Sit smiling on His brow; And all the glorious ranks above At humble distance bow, At humble distance bow. Sweet bow.

2. - angels sound his lofty praise Through every heav'nly street, And lay their highest honors down Submissive at his feet, Submissive at his feet. Arch- feet.

3. head, the dear majestic head That cruel thorns did wound, See what immortal glories shine, And circle it around! And circle it around! His -round!

4. while our faith enjoys this sight, We long to leave our clay, And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord, To fetch our souls away, To fetch our souls away. And -way