

# Inspiration\*

Transcribed from *The New American Melody*, 1789.

Tr. C. T. B.

Twas by an or-der from the Lord The an-cient pro-phets spoke his word; His

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Spi-rit did their tongues in - spire, And warmed their hearts with hea - venly

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fire. The works and won-ders which they wrought Con - firmed the mes-sa - ges they brought;

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The pro-phet's pen suc - ceeds his breath,  
The pro - phet's pen suc - ceeds his breath, To  
The pro - phet's pen suc - ceeds his breath,  
The pro - phet's pen suc - ceeds his breath,

Tr. C. T. B.

35

save the ho-ly words from death. Great God, mine eyes with plea-sure look On the deat  
Let the mine false rap-tures of the mind Be lost, and

Tr. C. T. B.

40

vo-lume of thy book; There my Re-dee-mer's face I see, And read his name who  
va-nish in the wind; Here I can fix my hope se-cure; This is thy word, and

Tr. C. T. B.

1. 2.

died for me. must en-dure. died for me. must en-dure.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2018

\*Title changed from *Britain*, and these words substituted for original words.