

Anonymous Author, First published in
George Whitefield's *Collection*, 1758

55. 65.

Claradon

Transcribed from Swan's *New England Harmony*, 1801.

G minor

Timothy Swan, 1801

Tr.
1. O come let us join, To - ge - ther com-bine, To praise our dear Savior, our Master di-vine; Him let us adore, Who covered with gore, Late hang-ed on Calvary, both wounded and poor.
2. He worthy is blessed By spi - rits at rest, Who once in this desert, his Godhead confessed. The heavenly spheres, Who saw him in tears, Yea every strong angel, his person reveres.

C.
3. The prophets who told His sufferings of old, Sing now sweet thanksgivings, on psalteries of gold. The fathers to whom He showed he would come, Now in his pavilion take up their long home.
4. The spirits of men; Who for him were slain, From Abel the righteous, share now in his reign. The 'postles who stood, Resisting to blood, For Jesus' gospel, re - jice in their God.

T.
5. The confessors too, Them pro - stra - ting low, Cast down their bright miters, and thankfully bow. O church of the Lamb, Here met do the same, With saints and with angels, bless Jesus' name.
6. My soul, bear a part, For ransomed thou art, By Je - sus' blood-shedding, his burial and smart. To him that was slain, The scorned Nazarene, Be glory and honor, let all say A - men.

B.