

Treble

Tenor

Bass

1. Th'up - lif - ted eye and ben - ded knee Are but vain ho - mage, Lord, to Thee: In

Tr.

T.

B.

vain our lips Thy praise pro - long, The heart a stran - ger to the song.

2. Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal
The breaches of Thy precept heal?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain Thy smile?

3. The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to Thy will resigned,
To Thee a nobler offering yields
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.

4. Than floods of oil or floods of wine,
Ten thousand rolling to Thy shrine,
Or than if, to Thy altar led,
A first-born Son the victim bled.

5. "Be just and kind," the great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand:
This did Thy ancient prophets teach,
And this Thy sole-begotten preach.