

Portland

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 92, Part 1) 88. 88. (L. M.)

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

B[♭] Major
Timothy Swan, 1801

5

Treble I
1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give
2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest, No mor - tal cares shall

Treble II
3. My heart shall tri - umph in my Lord, And bless his works, and
4. Fools ne - ver raise their thoughts so high; Like brutes they live, like

Tenor
5. But I shall share a glo - rious part When grace hath well re -
6. Sin (my worst en - e - my be - fore) Shall vex my eyes and

Bass
7. Then shall I see, and hear, and know All I de - sired or

10

Tr. I
thanks and sing. To show thy love by mor - ning light, And talk of
seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's

Tr. II
bless his word; Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep thy
brutes they die; Like grass they flou - rish, till thy breath Blast them in

T.
fined my heart; And fresh sup - plies of joy are shed, Like ho - ly
ears no more; My in - ward foes shall all be slain, Nor Sa - tan

B.
wished be - low; And eve - ry power find sweet em - ploy In that e -

15

Tr. I
all thy truth at night.
harp of sol - emn sound!

Tr. II
coun - sels! how di - vine!
ev - er - las - ting death.

T.
oil, to cheer my head.
break my peace a - gain.

B.
ter - nal world of joy.