

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 119, Part 5)

86. 86. (C. M.)


Landsgrove

Transcribed from *Province Harmony*, 1809.

A Major

Hezekiah Moors, 1809

Tr.  5 10

C. 

T.  8

B. 

1. How did thy word my heart en-gage, How well employ my tongue;
2. No treasures so en - rich the mind; Nor shall thy word be sold
3. When nature sinks and spi - rits droop, Thy pro-mi-ses of grace

And in my tiresome pil - gri - mage, Yields
For loads of sil - ver well re - fined, Nor
Are pil - lars to sup - port my hope, And

1. How did thy word my heart en-gage, How well employ my tongue;
2. No treasures so en - rich the mind; Nor shall thy word be sold
3. When nature sinks and spi - rits droop, Thy pro-mi-ses of grace

And in my tiresome pil - gri - mage, Yields me a hea-venly song,
For loads of sil - ver well re - fined, Nor heaps of choi - cest gold,
Are pil - lars to sup - port my hope, And there I write thy praise,

1. How did thy word my heart en-gage, How well employ my tongue;
2. No treasures so en - rich the mind; Nor shall thy word be sold
3. When nature sinks and spi - rits droop, Thy pro-mi-ses of grace

And in my tiresome pil - gri - mage, Yields me a heavenly song,
For loads of sil - ver well refined, Nor heaps of choicest gold.
Are pillars to sup - port my hope, And there I write thy praise,

Tr.  1. 15 2.

C. 

T.  8

B. 

1. me a heavenly song.
2. heaps of choi-cest gold.
3. there I write thy praise.

1. me a heavenly song.
2. heaps of choi-cest gold.
3. there I write thy praise.

1. And
2. For
3. Are

1. And in my tiresome pilgrimage, And in my tiresome pil - gri - mage, Yields me a heavenly song,
2. For loads of silver well refined, For loads of sil - ver well re - fined, Nor heaps of choicest gold,
3. Are pillars to support my hope, Are pil - lars to sup - port my hope, And there I write thy praise, And