

Newport

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Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. I send the joys of earth a - way; A - way, ye temp - ters of the mind!

2. Lord, I a - dore Thy match-less grace, That warned me of that dark a - byss,

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

False as the smooth, de - ceit - ful sea, And empty as the whistling wind. Your

That drew me from those treacherous seas, And bid me seek su - per - ior bliss. Now

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

streams were float - ing me a - long Down to the gulf of black des - pair, And while I

to the shin - ing realms a - bove I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes; O for the

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

lis - tened to your song, Your streams had e'en con - veyed me there.

pin - ions of a dove, To bear me to the up - per skies!