

Isaac Watts, 1706
Come, Lord Jesus
88. 88. (L. M.)

Desire of Nations

No copyright. *Treble-Tenor-Bass* from *Plain Psalmody*, 1800;
Counter by B. C. Johnston, 2015..

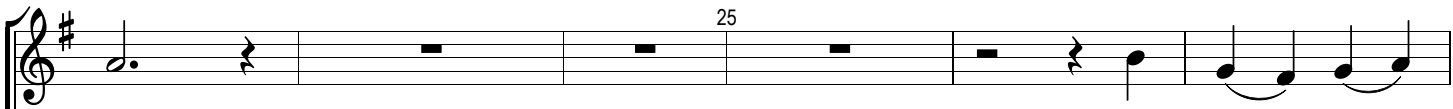
G Major
Oliver Holden, 1800

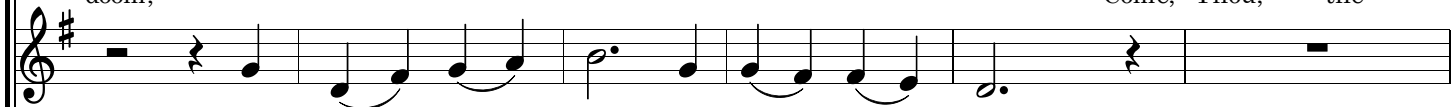
1. Ye heav'n-ly gates, loose all your chains; — Let the e-ter-nal pil-lars bow; Blest Sav-ior,

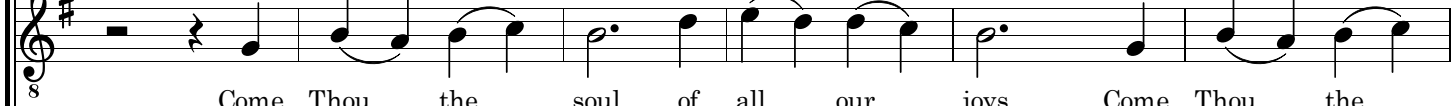
And make the cry-stal moun-tains flow.
cleave the star - ry plains,
And make the cry-stal moun-tains flow. Hark! How Thy


Hark! How Thy saints u - nite their cries, And pray and wait the gen - eral
Hark! How Thy saints u - nite their cries,
saints u - nite their cries, —
nite their cries, u - nite their cries, And pray and wait the gen - eral

25

Tr. 

C. 


T. 

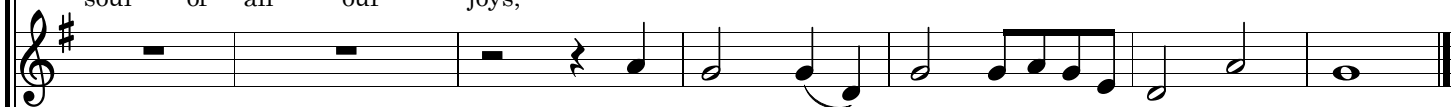
B. 


doom; Come, Thou, the


8 Come, Thou, the soul of all our joys, Come, Thou, the

30

Tr. 

C. 

T. 

B. 

soul of all our joys, Thou, the de - sire of _____ na - tions, come.

8 soul of all our joys,

2. Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,
Thou absent love, Thou dear unknown,
Thou fairest of ten thousand fairs.

3. O for a shout of violent joys
To join the trumpet's thundering sound!
The angel herald shakes the skies,
Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.

4. Jesus, the God of might and love,
New molds our limbs of cumbrous clay;
Quick as seraphic flames we move;
Active, and young, and fair, as they.

Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint;
Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for Thee;
And every limb, and every joint,
Stretches for immortality.

Ye slumbering saints, a heavenly host
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs:
Let every sacred sleeping dust
Leap into life, for Jesus comes.

Our airy feet with unknown flight,
Swift as the motions of desire,
Run up the hills of heavenly light,
And leave the weltering world in fire.