

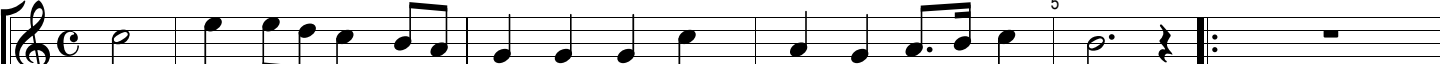
Goshen

C Major

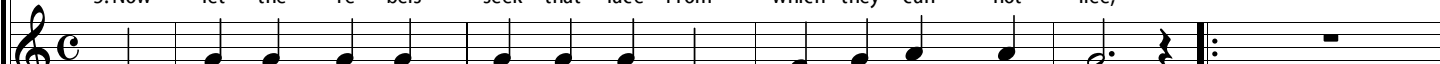
Philip Doddridge, 1755 86. 86. (C. M.)


Transcribed from *The Evangelical Harmony*, 1800.

Attributed to Daniel Belknap, 1800

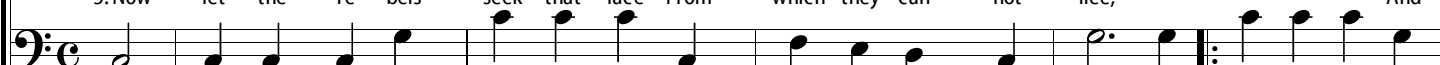
Tr.  5

1. He comes, the ro - yal con-queror comes, His le - gions fill the sky;
 2. Ye re - bel hosts, how vain your rage A - gainst this sove - reign Lord;
 3. Bring forth, he cries, those sons of pride, That scorned my gen - tle sway,
 4. Tre - men-dous scene of wrath di - vine! How wide the ven - geance spreads!
 5. Now let the re - bels seek that face From which they can - not flee;


C. 

T. 

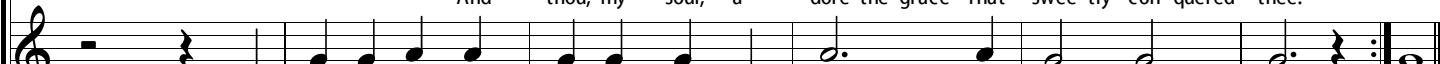
1. He comes, the ro - yal con-queror comes, His le - gions fill the sky; An -
 2. Ye re - bel hosts, how vain your rage A - gainst this sove - reign Lord; What
 3. Bring forth, he cries, those sons of pride, That scorned my gen - tle sway, To
 4. Tre - men-dous scene of wrath di - vine! How wide the ven - geance spreads! His
 5. Now let the re - bels seek that face From which they can - not flee; And

B. 

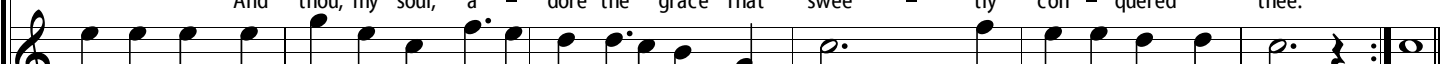
An - ge - lic trum-pets
 What mad-ness bears you
 To prove the arm they
 His poin-ted darts of
 And thou, my soul, a -

Tr.  10 1. 2.

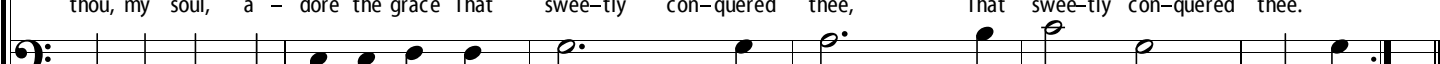
An - ge - lic trum-pets rend the tombs, And loud pro-claim him nigh.
 What mad-ness bears you on t'en-gage The ter-rors of his sword?
 To prove the arm they once de - fied Om - ni - po - tent to slay.
 His poin-ted darts of light-ning shine Round their de-fense-less heads.
 And thou, my soul, a - dore the grace That swee - tly con - quered thee.

C. 

An - ge - lic trum-pets rend the tombs, And loud pro - claim him nigh.
 What mad-ness bears you on t'en - gage The ter - rors of his sword?
 To prove the arm they once de - fied Om - ni - po - tent to slay.
 His poin-ted darts of light-ning shine Round their de - fense - less heads.
 And thou, my soul, a - dore the grace That swee - tly con - quered thee.

T. 

ge - lic trum-pets rend the timbs, And loud pro - claim him nigh, And loud pro-claim him nigh.
 mad-ness bears you on t'en-gage The ter-rors of his sword? The ter-rors of his sword?
 prove the arm they once de - fied Om - ni - po - tent to slay, Om - ni - po - tent to slay.
 poin-ted darts of light-ning shine Round their de - fense - less heads, Round their de-fense-less heads.
 thou, my soul, a - dore the grace That swee - tly con - quered thee, That swee - tly con - quered thee.

B. 

rend the tombs, And loud pro-claim him nigh, And loud pro-claim him nigh. An-
 on t'en-gage The ter-rors of his sword? The ter-rors of his sword? What
 once de - fied Om - ni - po - tent to slay. Om - ni - po - tent to slay. To
 light-ning shine Round their de-fense-less heads, Round their de-fense-less heads. His
 dore the grace That swee - tly con - quered thee, That swee - tly con - quered thee. And