

# North Bolton


Transcribed from *Harmony of Harmony*, 1802


1. When God re-vealed his gra-cious name, And changed my moun-ful state, My rap-ture seemed a  
 2. "Great is the work," my neigh-bors cried, And owned the power di-vine; "Great is the work," my  
 3. Let those that sow in sad-ness wait Till the fair har-vest come, They shall con-fess their


plea-sing dream, The grace ap-peared so great. The world be-held the glo-rious change, And  
 heart re-plied, "And be the glo-ry thine." The Lord can clear the dar-kest skies, Can  
 sheaves are great, And shout the bles-sings home. Though seed lie bu-ried long in dust, It

did thy hand con-fess; My tongue broke out in un-known strains, And sang sur-pri-sing  
 give us day for night; Make drops of sac-red sor-row rise to ri-vers of de-  
 shan't de-ceive their hope; The pre-cious grain can ne'er be lost, For grace in-sures the

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