

Isaac Watts, 1707


(Hymn 48, Book 2) 86. 86. (C. M.)

Bashan


Transcribed from *Province Harmony*, 1809; *Counter* by B. C. Johnston, 2018.


D minor

Hezekiah Moors, 1809


Tr.  5 10

1. How vain are all things here below! How false, and yet how fair! Each pleasure hath its poison too, And every sweet a snare. The brightest things be -
 2. The fondness of a creature's love, How strong it strikes the sense! Thither the warm affections move, Nor can we call them thence. Dear Savior! let thy

C. 

T.  8

1. How vain are all things here below! How false, and yet how fair! Each pleasure hath its poison too, And every sweet a snare. The brightest things be -
 2. The fondness of a creature's love, How strong it strikes the sense! Thither the warm affections move, Nor can we call them thence. Dear Savior! let thy

B. 

Tr.  15

1. -low the sky Give but a flattering light; We should suspect some danger nigh Where we possess de - light.
 2. beauties be My soul's e - ter - nal food; And grace command my heart away From all cre - a - ted good.

C. 

T.  8

1. -low the sky Give but a flattering light; We should suspect some danger nigh Where we possess de - light.
 2. beauties be My soul's e - ter - nal food; And grace command my heart away From all cre - a - ted good.

B. 