

# Arnon

Transcribed from Swan's *New England Harmony*, 1801.

**Treble**

1. Great God, to thy almighty love, What honors shall we raise? Not all the rap-tured songs a - bove Can render equal praise. \_\_\_\_\_ Can ren - der e - qual praise.  
2. Ye humble souls, approach your God With songs of sacred praise; For he is good, im - men - sely good, And kind are all his ways. \_\_\_\_\_ And kind are all his ways.  
3. All nature owns his guardian care. In him we live and move; But no - bler ben - e - fits de - clare The won - ders of his love. \_\_\_\_\_ The won - ders of his love.  
4. He gave his son, his on - ly son, To ran - som re - bel worms; 'Tis here he makes his goodness known In its di - vi - nest forms. \_\_\_\_\_ In its di - vi - nest forms.  
5. To this dear refuge, Lord, we come, 'Tis here our hope re - lies; A safe defense, a peace - ful home, When storms of trouble rise. \_\_\_\_\_ When storms of trou - ble rise.  
6. Thy eye beholds, with kind regard. The souls who trust in thee; Their humble hope thou wilt re - ward. With bliss di - vine - ly free. \_\_\_\_\_ With bliss di - vine - ly free.

**Counter**

1. Great God, to thy almighty love, What honors shall we raise? \_\_\_\_\_ Not all the raptured songs above Can ren - der e - qual praise.  
2. Ye humble souls, approach your God With songs of sacred praise; \_\_\_\_\_ For he is good, immensely good, And kind are all his ways.  
3. All nature owns his guardian care. In him we live and move; \_\_\_\_\_ But no - bler be - ne - fits de - clare The won - ders of his love.  
4. He gave his son, his on - ly son, To ran - som re - bel worms; \_\_\_\_\_ 'Tis here he makes his goodness known In its di - vi - nest forms.  
5. To this dear refuge, Lord, we come, 'Tis here our hope re - lies; \_\_\_\_\_ A safe defense, a peace - ful home, When storms of trou - ble rise.  
6. Thy eye beholds, with kind regard. The souls who trust in thee; \_\_\_\_\_ Their humble hope thou wilt reward. With bliss di - vine - ly free.

**Tenor**

1. Great God, to thy almighty love, What honors shall we raise? Not all the rap-tured songs a - bove Can render equal praise. \_\_\_\_\_ Can ren - der e - qual praise.  
2. Ye humble souls, approach your God With songs of sacred praise; For he is good, im - men - sely good, And kind are all his ways. \_\_\_\_\_ And kind are all his ways.  
3. All nature owns his guardian care. In him we live and move; But no - bler ben - e - fits de - clare The wonders of his love. \_\_\_\_\_ The won - ders of his love.  
4. He gave his son, his on - ly son, To ran - som re - bel worms; 'Tis here he makes his goodness known In its di - vi - nest forms. \_\_\_\_\_ In its di - vi - nest forms.  
5. To this dear refuge, Lord, we come, 'Tis here our hope re - lies; A safe defense, a peace - ful home, When storms of trouble rise. \_\_\_\_\_ When storms of trou - ble rise.  
6. Thy eye beholds, with kind regard. The souls who trust in thee; Their humble hope thou wilt re - ward. With bliss di - vine - ly free. \_\_\_\_\_ With bliss di - vine - ly free.

**Bass**

1. Great God, to thy almighty love, What honors shall we raise? \_\_\_\_\_ Not all the raptured songs above Can ren - der e - qual praise.  
2. Ye humble souls, approach your God With songs of sacred praise; \_\_\_\_\_ For he is good, immensely good, And kind are all his ways.  
3. All nature owns his guardian care. In him we live and move; \_\_\_\_\_ But no - bler be - ne - fits de - clare The won - ders of his love.  
4. He gave his son, his on - ly son, To ran - som re - bel worms; \_\_\_\_\_ 'Tis here he makes his goodness known In its di - vi - nest forms.  
5. To this dear refuge, Lord, we come, 'Tis here our hope re - lies; \_\_\_\_\_ A safe defense, a peace - ful home, When storms of trou - ble rise.  
6. Thy eye beholds, with kind regard. The souls who trust in thee; \_\_\_\_\_ Their humble hope thou wilt reward. With bliss di - vine - ly free.