

Newton

Tr. 1. My Sa-vior God, no voice but thine These dy-ing hopes can raise; Speak thy sal-va-tion

C. 2. Sal-va-tion! O me-lo-dious sound To wret-ched dy-ing men! Sal-va-tion, that from

T. 3. But O! may a de-gen-erate soul Sin-ful and weak as mine, Pre-sume to raise a

B.

Tr. to my soul, And turn its tears to praise. My Sa-vior God this bro-ken voice Trans-

C. God pro-ceeds, And leads to God a-gain! Res-cued from hell's e-ter-nal gloom, From

T. trem-bling eye To bles-sings so di-vine? The lus-ter of so bright a scene My

B.

Tr. por-ted shall pro-claim, And call on all th'an-ge-lic harps To sound so sweet a name. My

C. fiends and fires and chains; Raised to a par-a-dise of bliss, Where love with go-ry reigns! Res-

T. fee-ble heart o'er-bears; And un-be-lief al-most per-verts The pro-mise in-to tears. The

B.