

Lamentation

Isaac Watts, 1706

(*The Song of Angels Above*) No copyright. *Treble-Tenor-Bass* from *The Union Harmony*, 1793;

86. 86. (C. M.)

Edited and *Counter* written by B. C. Johnston, 2015..

C minor

Oliver Holden, 1792

1. Earth has de - tained me pris - oner long, And I've grown wea - ry now. My

heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue, There's no - thing here for

you, There's no - thing, No - thing here for you. My you.

2. Tired in my thoughts, I stretch me down,
And upward glance mine eyes;
Upward, my Father, to Thy throne,
And to my native skies.

3. There the dear Man, my Savior, sits,
The God, how bright He shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

4. Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

5. Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
Jesus, my love, they sing:
Jesus, the name of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

6. Hark, how, beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And speak, in most majestic sounds,
The godhead of the Son.

11. At his command the blind awake,
And feel the gladsome rays:
He bids the dumb attempt to speak,
They try their tongues in praise.

12. He shed a thousand blessings round
Wherever he turned his eye:
He spoke, and, at the sovereign sounds
The hellish legions fly.

19. Now let me rise and join their song,
And be an angel too:
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you!

20. I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise.
Oh for some heavenly notes, to bear
My spirit to the skies!