

# Hamburg

Transcribed from *The Middlesex Harmony*, 1795.

Tr. "Rise," says the Prince of mer - cy, "Rise, \_\_\_\_ (With joy and pi - ty in his eyes) "Rise and be - hold my wounded veins: Here flows the

T. "Rise," says the Prince of mer - cy, "Rise, \_\_\_\_ (With joy and pi - ty in his eyes) "Rise and be - hold my wounded veins: Here flows the

B. "Rise," says the Prince of mercy, "Rise, (With joy and pi - ty in his eyes)

Tr. blood that washed thy stains, Here flows the blood that washed thy stains." "See my great Fa - ther reconciled," He said. And lo, the Fa - ther

T. blood that washed thy stains, Here flows the blood that washed thy stains." "See my great Fa - ther reconciled," He said. And lo, the Fa - ther

B. He said. And lo, the Fa - ther

Tr. smiled; The joy - ful che - rubs clapped their wings, And sounded grace, And sounded grace, And sounded grace on all their strings!

T. smiled; The joy - ful che - rubs clapped their wings, And sounded grace, And sounded grace, And sounded grace on all their strings!

B. smiled; And sounded grace, And sounded grace, on all their strings!