

Tr. 1. How hea - vy is the night That hangs up - on our eyes, Till Christ with his re - vi - ving light O -
2. Our guil - ty spi - rits dread To meet the wrath of heaven; But is his right - eous - ness ar - rayed We

C. 3. Un - ho - ly and im - pure Are all our thought and ways; His hands in - fec - ted na - ture cure With

T. 4. The powers of hell a - gree To hold our souls in vain; He sets the sons of bon - dage free, And
5. Lord, we a - dore thy ways To bring us near to God; Thy sove - reign power, thy hea - ling grace, And

B.

Tr. ver our souls a - rise! Till Christ with his re - vi - ving light O - ver our souls a - rise! Till
see our sing for - given. But in his right - eous - ness ar - rayed We see our sing for - given. But

C. sanc - ti - fy - ing grace. His hands in - fec - ted na - ture cure With sanc - ti - fy - ing grace. His

T. 8 breaks the cur - sed chain. He sets the sons of bon - dage free, And breaks the cur - sed chain. He
thine a - ton - ing blood. Thy sove - reign power, thy hea - ling grace, And thine a - ton - ing blood. Thy

B.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2020

1. The original does not mark beginning of the repeat; estimated at measure 10.
2. These words substituted for the original words, from Watts' Hymn 114 of Book 2: *Welcome, sweet day of rest.*