

Litchfield

Transcribed from Brownson's *Select Harmony*, 1783.

Treble

1. 'Twas from thy hand, my God, I came, A work of such a curious frame; In me thy fear-ful won-ders
 2. I could sur-vey the o-cean o'er, And count each sand that makes the shore, Be-fore my swif-test thoughts could
 3. These on my heart are still impressed, With these I give my eyes to rest; And at my wa-king hour I

Counter

In me thy fearful won-ders
 Be-fore my swif-test thoughts could
 And at my waking hour I

Tenor

1. 'Twas from thy hand, my God, I came, A work of such a curious frame; In me thy fearful won-ders shine, And
 2. I could sur-vey the o-cean o'er, And count each sand that makes the shore, Be-fore my swif-test thoughts could trace The
 3. These on my heart are still impressed, With these I give my eyes to rest; And at my waking hour I find God

Bass

In me thy fearful won-
 Be-fore my swif-test thoughts
 And at my waking hour

Tr.

15 shine, And each pro-claims thy skill di-vine, And each pro-claims thy skill di-vine.
 trace The num-erous won-ders of thy grace. The num-erous won-ders of thy grace.
 find God and his love pos-sess my mind, God and his love pos-sess my mind.

C.

won-ders shine, And each pro-claims thy skill di-vine.
 thoughts could trace The num-erous won-ders of thy grace.
 hour I find God and his love pos-sess my mind.

T.

each pro-claims thy skill di-vine, And Each pro-claims thy skill di-vine,
 numerous won-ders of thy grace. The num-erous won-ders of thy grace.
 and his love pos-sess my mind, God and his love pos-sess my mind.

B.

- ders shine, And each pro-claims thy skill di-vine. In
 _ could trace The num-erous won-ders of thy grace. Be-
 _ I find God and his love pos-sess my mind. And