

Isaac Watts, 1706

A sight of heaven in sickness

86. 86. (C. M.)

Despondency

Transcribed from *The Harmonic Minstrelsey*, 1807.

G minor

Walter Janes, 1807

Tr.
5 10 15

1. Oft have I sat in secret sighs To feel my flesh de - cay; Then groaned aloud with frighted eyes, To view the tottering clay, To view the tottering clay.
2. But I forbid my sorrows now, Nor dares the flesh complain; Diseases bring their profits too, The joy o'er-comes the pain, The joy o'er-comes the pain.

C.
3. My cheerful soul now all the day Sits waiting here and sings; Looks through the ruins of her clay, And prac-ti-ces her wings, And prac-ti-ces her wings.
4. Faith almost changes in-to light, While from afar she spies Her fair in-he-ri-tance in light A - bove cre - a - ted skies, Above cre - a - ted skies.

T.
8

5. Had but the prison-walls been strong And firm, without a flaw, In darkness she had dwelt too long And less of glo - ry saw, And less of glo - ry saw.
6. But now the e - ver - las-ting hills Through every chink appear; And something of the joy she feels While she's a prisoner here, While she's a prisoner here.

B.

7. The shines of heaven run sweetly in At all the ga - ping flaws; Vi - sions of endless bliss are seen, And native air she draws, And native air she draws.
8. O may these walls stand tottering still, The breaches never close, If I must here in darkness dwell, And all this glory lose! And all this glo - ry lose!
9. O rather let this flesh de-cay; The ru-ins wi-der grow, Till, glad to see the enlarged way, I stretch my pinions through, I stretch my pinions through.