

# Goshen

Philip Doddridge, 1755 86. 86. (C. M.)

Transcribed from *The Evangelical Harmony*, 1800.

C Major

Attributed to Daniel Belknap, 1800

Tr. 5 10 1. 2.

1. He comes, the royal Conqueror comes, His legions fill the sky;  
 2. *Ye rebel hosts, how vain your rage Against this sovereign Lord;*  
 3. Bring forth, he cries, those sons of pride, That scomed my gentle sway,  
 4. *Tremendous scene of wrath divine! How wide the vengeance spreads!*  
 5. Now let the rebels seek that face From which they cannot flee;

Angelic trumpets rend the tombs, And loud proclaim him nigh.  
*What madness bears you on t'engage The terrors of his sword?*  
 To prove the arm they once defied Om-ni-po-tent to slay.  
*His pointed darts of lightning shine Round their defenseless heads.*  
 And thou, my soul, adore the grace, That sweetly conquered thee.

C.

1. He comes, the royal Conqueror comes, His legions fill the sky;  
 2. *Ye rebel hosts, how vain your rage Against this sovereign Lord;*  
 3. Bring forth, he cries, those sons of pride, That scomed my gentle sway,  
 4. *Tremendous scene of wrath divine! How wide the vengeance spreads!*  
 5. Now let the rebels seek that face From which they cannot flee;

An-ge-lic trumpets rend the tombs, And loud proclaim him nigh.  
*What madness bears you on t'engage The ter - rors of his sword?*  
 To prove the arm they once defied Om - ni - po - tent to slay.  
*His pointed darts of lightning shine Round their de - fense - less heads.*  
 And thou, my soul, adore the grace, That swee - tly con - quered thee.

T.

1. He comes, the royal Conqueror comes, His legions fill the sky;  
 2. *Ye rebel hosts, how vain your rage Against this sovereign Lord;*  
 3. Bring forth, he cries, those sons of pride, That scomed my gentle sway,  
 4. *Tremendous scene of wrath divine! How wide the vengeance spreads!*  
 5. Now let the rebels seek that face From which they cannot flee;

Angelic trumpets rend the tombs, And loud proclaim him nigh. And loud proclaim him nigh.  
*What madness bears you on t'engage The terrors of his sword? The terrors of his sword?*  
 To prove the arm they once defied Om-ni-po-tent to slay. Om-ni-po-tent to slay.  
*His pointed darts of lightning shine Round their defenseless heads. Round their defenseless heads.*  
 And thou, my soul, adore the grace, That sweetly conquered thee. That sweetly conquered thee.

B.

1. He comes, the royal Conqueror comes, His legions fill the sky; Angelic trumpets rend the tombs, And loud proclaim him nigh. And loud pro - claim him nigh. An-  
 2. *Ye rebel hosts, how vain your rage Against this sovereign Lord; What madness bears you on t'engage The terrors of his sword? The ter - rors of his sword? What*  
 3. Bring forth, he cries, those sons of pride, That scomed my gentle sway, To prove the arm they once defied Om-ni-po-tent to slay. Om - ni - po - tent to slay. To  
 4. *Tremendous scene of wrath divine! How wide the vengeance spreads! His pointed darts of lightning shine Round their defenseless heads. Round their de - fense - less heads. His*  
 5. Now let the rebels seek that face From which they cannot flee; And thou, my soul, adore the grace, That sweetly conquered thee. That swee - tly con - quered thee. And