

Franklin

Transcribed from *Music in Miniature*, 1779.

1. Lord, how se - cure and blest are they Who feel the joys of par - doned sin! Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their
2. The day glides sweetly o'er their heads, Made up of in - nocence and love; And soft and si - lent as the shades Their

3. Quick as their thoughts their joys come on, But fly not half so swift away; Their souls are ev - er bright as noon, And
4. How oft they look to th'hea - venly hills, Where groves of li - ving pleasure grow! And lon - ging hopes and cheerful smiles Sit

5. They scorn to seek our golden toys, But spend the day and share the night In num - bering o'er the ri - cher joys That
6. While wretched we, like worms and moles, Lie gro - velling in the dust be - low: Al - migh - ty grace, re - new our souls, And

1. minds have heaven and peace with-in.
2. night - ly min - utes gent - ly move.

3. calm as sum - mer eve - nings be.
4. un - dis - turbed up - on their brow.

5. heaven pre - pares for their de - light.
6. we'll as - pire to glo - ry too.