

Essex

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F Major
 Oliver Holden, 1797

1. Go, wor - ship at Im - man - uel's feet, See in His face what
 2. The whole cre - a - tion can af - ford But some faint shad - ows
 3. Is He com - pared to wine or bread? Dear Lord, our souls would

won - ders meet; Earth is too nar - row to ex - press His worth, His
 of my Lord; Na - ture, to make His beau - ties known, Must min - gle
 thus be fed That flesh, that dy - ing blood of Thine Is bread of

glo - ry, or His grace, His worth, His glo - ry, or His grace.
 col - ors not her own, Must min - gle col - ors not her own.
 life, is heav'n - ly wine, Is bread of life, is heav'n - ly wine.

4. Is he a tree? The world receives
 Salvation from his healing leaves;
 That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
 Is David's root and offspring too.

8. Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
 And heal the plague of sin and death
 These waters all my soul renew,
 And cleanse my spotted garments too.

12. Is he a door? I'll enter in
 Behold the pastures large and green,
 A paradise divinely fair;
 None but the sheep have freedom there.

16. Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
 His course is joy and righteousness;
 Nations rejoice when he appears
 To chase their clouds and dry their tears.

5. Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
 Such fragrancy in all her fields:
 Or if the lily he assume,
 The valleys bless the rich perfume.

9. Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross;
 But the true gold sustains no loss:
 Like a refiner shall he sit,
 And tread the refuse with his feet.

13. Is he designed the corner-stone,
 For men to build their heav'n upon?
 I'll make him my foundation too,
 Nor fear the plots of hell below.

17. O let me climb those higher skies,
 Where storms and darkness never rise!
 There he displays his power abroad,
 And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

6. Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
 Supplies the boughs with life and fruit
 O let a lasting union join
 My soul the branch to Christ the vine!

10. Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
 The Rock of ages never moves;
 Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
 Attend us all the desert through.

14. Is he a temple? I adore
 Th' indwelling majesty and power
 And still to this most holy place,
 Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.

18. Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
 Nor heav'n, his full resemblance bears;
 His beauties we can never trace,
 Till we behold him face to face.

7. Is he the head? Each member lives,
 And owns the vital powers he gives;
 The saints below and saints above
 Joined by his Spirit and his love.

11. Is he a way? He leads to God,
 The path is drawn in lines of blood;
 There would I walk with hope and zeal,
 Till I arrive at Zion's hill.

15. Is he a star? He breaks the night
 Piercing the shades with dawning light;
 I know his glories from afar,
 I know the bright, the morning star.