

Claradon

Transcribed from Swan's *New England Harmony*, 1801.

G minor
Timothy Swan, 1801

Tr. 1. O come let us join, To - ge - ther com-bine, To praise our dear Savior, our Mas-ter di-vine; Him let us a - dore, Who
2. He worthy is blest By spi - rits at rest, Who once in this desert, his Godhead confessed. The heavenly spheres, Who

C. 3. The prophets who told His sufferings of old, Sing now sweet thanksgivings, on psalt'ries of gold. The fathers to whom He
4. The spirits of men; Who for him were slain, From Abel the righteous, share now in his reign. The 'postles who stood, Re -

T. 5. The confessors too, Them pro-stra-ting low, Cast down their bright miters, and thankfully bow. O church of the Lamb, Here
6. My soul, bear a part, For ran-somed thou art, By Je-sus' blood-shedding, his burial and smart. To him that was slain, The

B.

5 10

Tr. 1. covered with gore, Late hang-ed on Calvary, both wounded and poor.
2. saw him in tears, Yea every strong angel, his per - son re - veres.

C. 3. showed he would come, Now in his pa-vi-lion take up their long home.
4. -sisting to blood, For Jesus' gospel, re - joice in their God.

T. 5. met do the same, With saints and with angels, bless Je - sus' name.
6. scorned Nazarene, Be glo-ry and ho-nor, let all say A - men.

B.

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