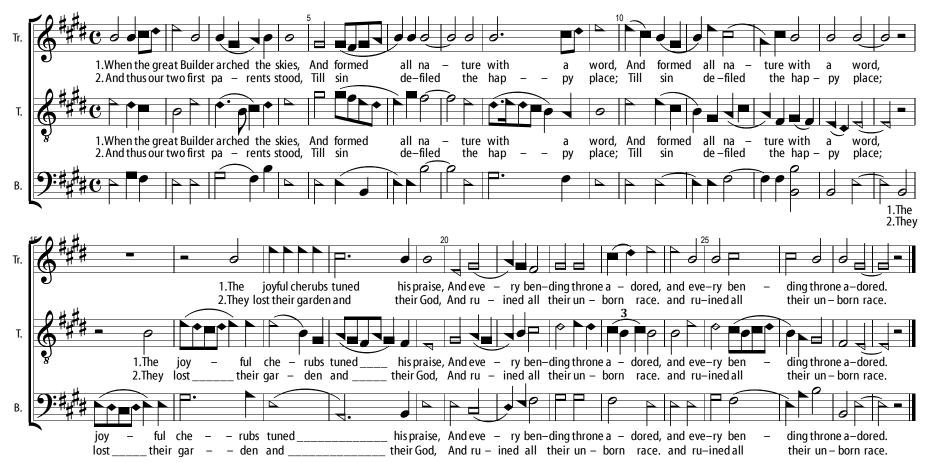
Citation

Transcribed from *The Sacred Musician*, 1804.

E Major Ebenezer Child, 1804



- 3. So sprung the plague from Adam's bower, And spread destruction all abroad; Sin, the cursed name, that in one hour Spoiled six days' labor of a God!
- 4. Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief, That such a foe should seize thy breast; Fly to thy Lord for quick relief; Oh may he slay this treach'rous guest!
- 5. Then to thy throne, victorious King, Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise! Thine everlasting arm we sing; For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.