Isaac Watts, 1706

A sight of heaven in sickness 86. 86. (C. M.)

Despondency

Transcribed from *The Harmonic Minstrelsey*, 1807.

G minor

Walter Janes, 1807

Tr.

1. Oft have I sat in se – cret sighs To feel my flesh de – cay; Then
2. But I for – bid my sor – rows now, Nor dares the flesh com – plain; Dis –

C.

3. My cheer–ful soul now all the day Sits wai – ting here and sings; Looks
4. Faith al – most chan – ges in – to light, While from a – far she spies Her

T.

5. Had but the pri – son walls been strong And firm, with – out a flaw, In
6. But now the e – ver – las – ting hills Through eve – ry chink ap – pear; And

B.

7. The shines of heav'n run sweet ly in At all the ga – ping flaws; Vi –
8. O may these walls stand tot – tering still, The brea – ches ne – ver close, If
9. O ra – ther let this flesh de – cay, The ru – ins wi – der grow, Till,

Tr.

groaned a – loud with frigh – ted eyes, To view the tot – tering clay, To
ea – ses bring their pro – fits too, The joy o'er – comes the pain, The

C.

through the ru – ins of her clay, And prac – ti – ces her wings, And
fair in – her – i – tance in light A – bove cre – a – ted skies, A –

T.

dark – ness she had dwelt too long And less of glo – ry saw, And
some – thing of the joy she feels While she's a pris – oner here, While

B.

sions of end – less bliss are seen, And na – tive air she draws, And
I must here in dark – ness dwell, And all this glo – ry lose! And
glad to see the en – larged way, I stretch my pin – ions through, I

Tr.

view the tot – tering clay.
joy o'er – comes the pain.

C.

prac – ti – ces her wings.
bove cre – a – ted skies.

T.

less of glo – ry saw.
she's a pris – oner here.

B.

na – tive air she draws.
all this glo – ry lose!
stretch my pin – ions through.