

# Taunton

Isaac Watts, 1706

*Sincere praise*

66. 86. (S. M.)

Transcribed from *The Columbian Sacred Harmonist*, 1808.

A Major

Oliver Shaw, 1808

Tr. 5 10

1. Al - migh - ty Maker God! How wondrous is thy name! Thy glories how diffused abroad Thro' the creation's frame! Na - ture in eve - ry dress Her humble homage  
2. The lark mounts up the sky, With unambitious song, And bears her Maker's praise on high Upon her artless tongue. My soul would rise and sing To her Cre - a - tor

T.

3. The very songs I frame Are faithless to thy cause, And steal the honors of thy name To build their own applause. Cre - ate my soul a - new, Else all my worship's  
4. De - scend, celestial fire, And seize me from above; Melt me in flames of pure desire, A sac - ri - fice to love. Let joy and worship spend The remnant of our

B.

Tr. 15 20 1. 2.

1. pays, And finds a thousand ways t' express Thine undissembled praise. And finds a thousand ways t' ex - press Thine un - dis - sem - bled praise. Na -  
2. too; Fain would my tongue adore my King, And pay the worship due. Fain would my tongue adore my King, And pay the wo - rship due. My

T.

3. vain; This wretched heart will ne'er be true Until 'tis formed again. This wretched heart will ne'er be true Un - til 'tis formed again. Cre -  
4. days, And to my God, my soul, ascend, In sweet perfumes of praise. And to my God, my soul, as - cend, In sweet perfumes of praise. Let

B.