

Tuneful Harp

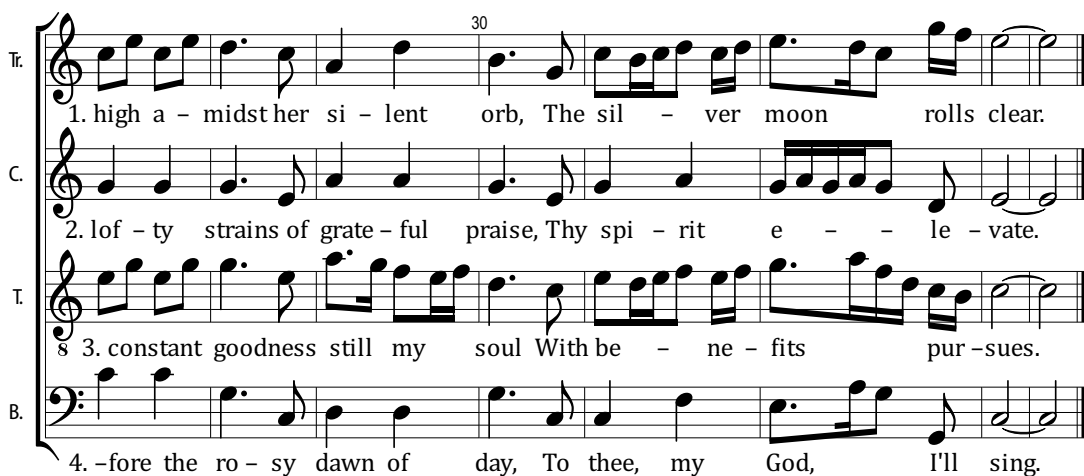
Transcribed from *The Hartford Collection*, 1807.



Tr. 1. Be - fore the ro - sy dawn of day, To thee, my God, I'll sing; A - wake, my soft and tune - ful
C. 2. While all the glittering star - ry lamps Are ligh - ted in the sky, And set their Ma - ker's great - ness
T. 3. A - gain the sky with gol - den beams Thy skill - ful hands a - dorn, And paint, with cheerful splen - dor
B. 4. For this I'll midnight vows to thee, With ear - ly incense bring; And ere the ro - sy dawn of



Tr. 1. lyre! A - wake, each charming string! A - wake! and let thy flo - wing strain Glide through the midnight air, While
C. 2. forth. To thy ad - mi - ring eye: While watchful an - gels round the just As night - ly guardians wait, In
T. 3. gay The fair a - scen - ding morn. And as the gloo - my night re - turns, Our smi - ling day re - news Thy
B. 4. day, Thy lof - ty prai - ses sing. A - wake, my soft and tune - ful lyre! A - wake each charming string! Be -



Tr. 1. high a - midst her si - lent orb, The sil - ver moon rolls clear.
C. 2. lof - ty strains of grate - ful praise, Thy spi - rit e - - le - vate.
T. 3. constant goodness still my soul With be - ne - fits pur - sues.
B. 4. -fore the ro - sy dawn of day, To thee, my God, I'll sing.