

Tuneful Harp

Transcribed from *The Hartford Collection*, 1807.



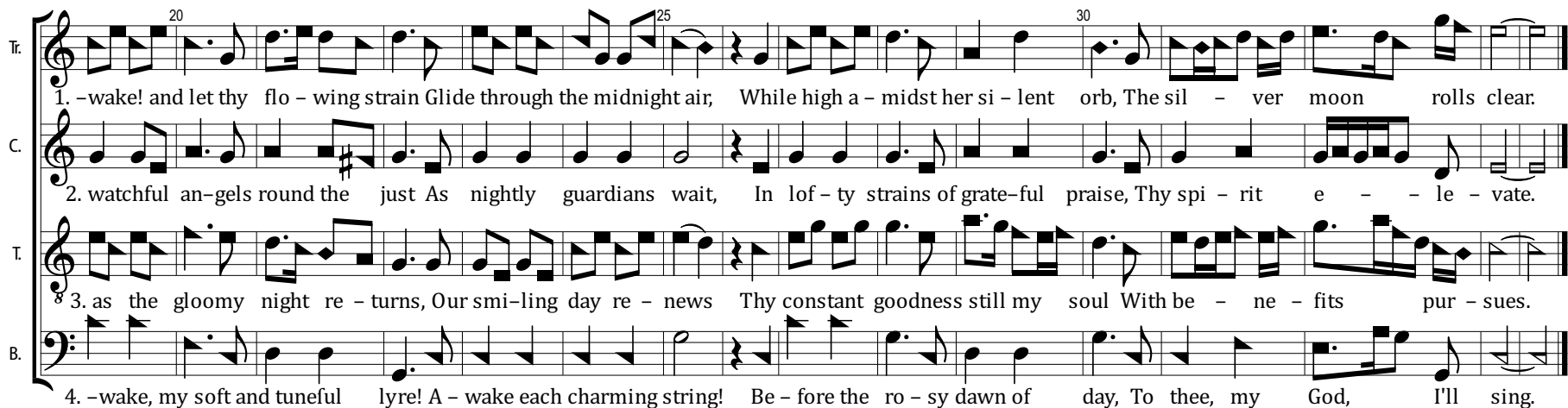
Tr. 5 10 15

1. Be - fore the ro - sy dawn of day, To thee, my God, I'll sing; A - wake, my soft and tune - ful lyre! Awake, each charming string! A -

C. 2. While all the glittering star - ry lamps Are ligh - ted in the sky, And set their Ma - ker's great - ness forth. To thy ad - mi - ring eye: While

T. 3. A - gain the sky with gol - den beams Thy skill - ful hands a - dorn, And paint, with cheerful splen - dor gay, The fair a - scen - ding morn. And

B. 4. For this I'll midnight vows to thee, With ear - ly incense bring; And ere the ro - sy dawn of day, Thy lof - ty prai - ses sing. A -



Tr. 20 25 30

1. -wake! and let thy flo - wing strain Glide through the midnight air, While high a - midst her si - lent orb, The sil - ver moon rolls clear.

C. 2. watchful an - gels round the just As nightly guardians wait, In lof - ty strains of grate - ful praise, Thy spi - rit e - - le - vate.

T. 3. as the gloomy night re - turns, Our smi - ling day re - news Thy constant goodness still my soul With be - ne - fits pur - sues.

B. 4. -wake, my soft and tuneful lyre! A - wake each charming string! Be - fore the ro - sy dawn of day, To thee, my God, I'll sing.