

John Taylor, 1795  
77. 77. 77. 77.

# Beneficence

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C Major  
Oliver Holden, 1800

Treble

Tenor

Bass

8 1. Father of our feeble race, Wise, beneficent, and kind, Sped o'er nature's ample face, Flows Thy goodness unconfined.

Tr.

T.

B.

8 Musing in the silent grove, Or the busy walks of men, Still we trace Thy wondrous love, Claiming large returns again.

2. Lord, what offering shall we bring,  
At thine altars when we bow?  
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,  
Whence the kind affections flow;

Soft compassion's feeling soul,  
By the melting eye expressed;  
Sympathy, at whose control, .  
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

3. Willing hands, to lead the blind,  
Bind the wound, or feed the poor;  
Love, embracing all our kind,  
Charity, with liberal store:

Teach us, O thou heavenly King!  
Thus to show our grateful mind,  
Thus th' accepted offering bring,  
Love to Thee, and all mankind.