

Isaac Watts, 1719  
(Psalm 115, Part 2)

10 10. 10 10. 10 10.

# Queensborough

Transcribed from *The New American Melody*, 1789.

C Major

Jacob French, 1789

Tr. 5 10

1. Not to our names, thou on - ly just and true, Not to our worth - less names is glo - ry due; Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice, claim

C. 2. Heav'n is thine higher court, there stands thy throne, And through the lo - wer worlds thy will is done; Our God framed all this earth, these heav'ns he spread;

T. 3. Be heav'n and earth amazed! 'Tis hard to say Which is more stu - pid, or their gods or they: O Is-rael, trust the Lord; he hears and sees,

B.

Tr. 15 20 25

1. Im-mor-tal honors to thy sove - reign name: Shine through the earth from heav'n, thy blest a - bode Nor let the heathens say, And where's your God?

C. 2. But fools adore the gods their hands have made: The knee - ling crowd, with looks de - vout, be - hold Their silver saviors, and their saints of gold.

T. 3. He knows thy sorrows and re - stores thy peace; His wor - ship does a thou - sand com - forts yield, He is thy help, and he thy hea - venly shield.

B.