

Isaac Watts, 1709
(Hymn 91, Book 2)
86. 86. (C. M.)

Hope

No copyright. Transcribed from The Union Harmony, 1793.

E Major
Oliver Holden, 1793

Treble
Counter
Tenor
Bass

Where
1.0 the de - lights, the heaven - ly joys, The glo - ries of the place,
Where
10
Je - sus sheds the bright - est beams Of His o'er - flow - ing grace,
Sweet ma - jes - ty and aw - ful love Sit smil - ing on His
Je - sus sheds the bright - est beams Of His o'er - flow - ing grace.
15 20
1. 2.
brow; And all the glor - ious ranks a - bove At hum - ble dis - tance bow, At hum - ble dis - tance bow. Sweet bow.

2. Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.
Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heav'nly street,
And lay their highest honors down
Submissive at his feet.

3. Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.
His head, the dear majestic head
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around!

4. Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy bless'd abode!
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God!
And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay,
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.