

# Augusta

John Gambold, 1742

55. 65.

Transcribed from Law's *Rudiments of Music*, 1792.

C Major

Alexander Gillet, 1792

Tr. 5 10 15 20

1. O tell me no more Of this world's vain store; The time for such trifles With me now \_\_\_\_\_ is o'er. A country I've found, Where true joys abound; To dwell I'm determined On that happy ground.  
2. The souls that believe In par-a-dise live: And me in that number Will Jesus \_\_\_\_\_ receive. My soul, don't delay, He calls thee away; Rise, follow thy Savior, And bless the glad day.

C. 3

3. No mortal doth know What He can bestow, What light, strength, and comfort: Go after Him, go! Lo! onward I move, And but Christ above None guesses, how wondrous My journey will prove.  
4. Great spoils I shall win From death, hell, and sin; 'Midst outward afflictions Shall feel Christ within. Perhaps for his name, Poor dust as I am, Some works I shall finish With glad loving aim.

T. 3

5. But this I do find, We two are so joined, He'll not live in glory And leave me \_\_\_\_\_ behind. Lo this is the race I'm running, through grace, Henceforth, till admitted To see my Lord's face.  
6. And now I'm in care My neighbors may share These blessings: To seek them Will none of you dare? In bondage, O why, And death will you lie, When one here assures you Free grace is so nigh?

B. 3

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2020

Transposed down from D Major to C Major.