

Issac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 145) 86. 86. (C. M.)

Lynn

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G Major
William Billings, 1770

Tr. 1. Sweet is the memory of Thy grace, My God, my heavenly King. From age to age Thy right - eous - ness In sounds of glo - ry sing.

C. 2. God reigns on high, but not con-fines His good-ness to the skies, Through the whole earth His bounty shines And every want supplies.

T. 3. With long - ing eyes, Thy creatures wait On Thee for dai - ly food; Thy liberal hand provides their meat, and fills their mouths with good.

B. 4. How kind are Thy compassions, Lord! How slow Thine anger moves! But soon He sends His pardoning word, To cheer the souls He loves.
5. Creatures with all their endless race Thy power and praise proclaim; But saints that taste Thy richer grace Delight to bless Thy name.