

6. Gloucester C.M.

Isaac Watts
Ps. 15:1

[Thomas Tomkins]

Treble

1. Who shall in- hab- it in thy — hill, O God of ho- li- ness?

Alto

1. Who shall in- hab- it in thy hill, O God of ho- li- ness?

Tenor

1. Who shall in- hab- it — in thy — hill, O God of ho- li- ness?

Bass

1. Who shall in- hab- it — in thy hill, O God of ho- li- ness?

6 5 3 6 5 6
3 3 4

9

Whom will the Lord ad- mit to dwell So near his throne of grace?

Whom will the Lord ad- mit to dwell So near his throne of grace?

Whom will the Lord ad- mit to dwell So near his throne of — grace?

Whom will the Lord ad- mit to dwell So near his throne of grace?

6 6 - [8] 6 6 5

2. The man who walks in pious ways,
And works with pious hands;
Who trusts his maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

3. He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

4. The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all who fear the Lord!
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

5. His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heav'n secure.

Common Meter Tunes, Minor Mode

94. Standish C.M.

Isaac Watts

Grave

Treble

1. Great God, I own the sen- tence just, And na- ture must de- cay;

Alto

1. Great God, I own the sen- tence just, And na- ture must de- cay;

Tenor or 2d Treble[*]

1. Great God, I own the sen- tence just, And na- ture must de- cay;

Bass

1. Great God, I own the sen- tence just, And na- ture must de- cay;

9

I yield my bod- y to the dust, To dwell with fel- low clay.

I yield my bod- y to the dust, To dwell with fel- low clay.

8 I yield my bod- y to the dust, To dwell with fel- low clay.

I yield my bod- y to the dust, To dwell with fel- low clay.

2. Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my redeemer, lives;
My God, my saviour, comes.

3. The mighty conqu'ror shall appear,
High on a royal seat;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4. Though greedy worms devour my skin
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.

5. Then shall I see thy lovely face,
With strong, immortal eyes;
And feast upon thy unknown grace,
With pleasure and surprise.

[*2d trebles should sing the line in an untransposing treble clef.]