

Isaac Watts, 1709
(Hymn 150, Book 1) 66. 66. 88.

Freetown

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C Major
Daniel Read, 1785

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. Join all the glorious names Of wisdom, love, and power, That ever mortals knew, That angels ever bore. All are too mean to

All are too mean to speak His

All are too mean to speak His worth, All are too mean to

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

All are too mean to speak His worth, Too mean to set my Savior forth.

speak His worth, to speak His worth, All are too mean to speak His worth, too mean to set my Savior forth.

worth, All are too mean to speak His worth, All are too mean to speak His worth, too mean to set my Savior forth.

speak His worth, All are too mean to speak His worth, All are too mean to speak His worth, Too mean to set my Savior forth, my Savior forth. All

2. But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3. Arrayed in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands;
Commissioned from his Father's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.

4. Be thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side:
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

5. Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered his blood, and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

6. My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King!
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power; behold, I sit
In willing bonds before thy feet.