

Buckland

Transcribed from Brownson's *Select Harmony*, 1783.

1. Th' Eternal speaks, ___ all heav'n at-tends; Who that unhappy race defends, While justice aims the blow. See nature tremble at their fates; Death

2. Which of the bright ce - les - tial throng, With love so warm and heart so strong, Dares languish on a cross? Who can leave liberty for chains, A -

3. He said; and death - like silence reigned; Deep was their awe; the radiant band The mighty task declined. At length heaven's Prince the silence broke, And

4. Th' Almighty ra - diance smiled assent, Loud was the shout that ether rent. All heav'n was in amaze. ___ Go, my lov'd Image, said the Sire, Be

15 with ___ his iron scep - ter waits; Hell opes her ad - a - man - tine gates, And triumphs at their woe, ___ And triumphs at their woe.

C. -ban - don ec - sta - sy ___ for pains, What an - gel for - ti - tude sus - tains The in - esti - ma - ble loss. ___ The in - esti - ma - ble loss.

T. ar - dent, thus, the Sire ___ bespoke, None but ___ thy Son can ward ___ the stroke; Then let the task be mine, ___ Then let the task be mine.

B. born ___ in anguish to ___ expire; Earth tri - - - umph; angels, strike ___ the lyre To e - ver - las - ting praise. ___ To ev - er - las - ting praise.