

# The Heavenly Contention

Ralph Erskine, 1685-1752

88. 88. (L. M.)


Transcribed from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805.

D Major


Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805


Tr.  5 10

1. In heavenly choirs a question rose That stirred up strife will ne – ver close, What rank of all the ransomed race, Owes highest praise to sovereign grace? Babes  
2. Tis I, said one, 'bove all my race, Am deb–tor chief to glo – rious grace, Nay, said another, hark, I trow , I'm more o–bliged to grace than you. Stay,


T.  8

3. I'll yield to none in this debate; I'm run so deep in gra – ce's debt, That sure I am, I boldly can Compare with all the heavenly clan. Quick  
4. What, will no rival singer yield He has a match up – on the field? Come then, and let us all agree To praise up – on the high–est key. Then


B. 

Tr.  15 20

1. thither caught from womb and breast, Claimed right to sing above the rest; Because they found the happy shore They never saw or thought before. Those that arrived at  
2. said a third, I deepest share In owing praise beyond com–pare; The chief of sinners, you'll allow, Must be the chief of sin – gers now. Hold, said a fourth, I

T.  8

3. o'er their heads a trump awoke. Your songs my very heart have spoke; But every note you here propel, Belongs to me be – yond you all. The listening millions  
4. jointly all the harpers round In mind unite, with solemn sound, And strokes upon the highest string Made all the heavenly arches ring. Ring loud with hal – le–

B. 

Based on an older instrumental tune (Jackson 1952, no. 118).

