

Isaac Watts, 1709  
(Hymn 131, Book 2) 88. 88. (L. M.)

Pomfret  
Transcribed from *The Middlesex Harmony*, 1795.

G Major  
Samuel Babcock, 1795

Tr. 1. Let ev - er - las - ting glo - ries - crown Thy head, my Sa - vior  
2. What if we trace - the globe a - round, And search from Bri - tain  
T. 3. In vain the trem - bling con - science seeks Some so - lid ground to  
4. How well thy bles - sed truths a - gree! How so - wise and ho - ly  
B. 5. Not all the feigned fields of forms that heathen-ish de - bliss Could raise such plea - sures  
6. Should the men de - vise As - sault my faith with

Tr. and to my Lord; Thy hands have brought sal - va - tion down, And So  
to Ja - pan, There shall be no re - li - gion found So  
rest thy up - on; With long pro - des - pair the how spi - rit they breaks, Till How  
com - mands! Thy mi - ses, firm be!  
B. in treach - erous mind; Nor does the Tur - kish pa - ra - dise, Pre -  
the art, I'd call them va - ni - ty and And

Tr. writ just to bles - - sings in thy word.  
T. we firm ap - - apply our hope to and Christ a - lone. com - fort stands.  
B. tend bind to joys gos - - so well to re - fined. my heart.