

# Augusta

Transcribed from *The Village Harmony*, 1803.

Tr. 5 10 15

1. Shout to the Lord, and let our joys Through all the nations run; Ye western skies, resound the noise Beyond the ri - sing sun. Thee, mighty God, our  
2. Thy pow'r the whole creation rules, And on the star - ry skies Sits smiling at the weak de-signs Thine envious foes de - vise. Thy scorn derides their

T. 8 3

3. Their secret fires in caverns lay, And we the sac - ri - fice; But gloomy caverns strove in vain To 'scape all-sear - ching eyes. Their dark designs were  
4. In vain the busy sons of hell Still new re - bel - lions try, Their souls shall pine with envious rage, And vex a - way and die. Almighty grace de -

B.

Tr. 20 25

1. souls admire, Thee our glad voices sing And join with the ce - les - tial choir To praise th'e - ter - nal King, To praise th'e - ter - nal King.  
2. fee - ble rage, And with an awful frown Flings vast con - fu - sion on their plots, And shakes their Ba - bel down, And shakes their Babel down.

T. 8

3. all reveal'd, Their treasons all betray'd: Praise to the God that broke the snare Their curs - ed hands had laid, Their curs - ed hands had laid.  
4. - fends our land From their malicious pow'r Then let us with u - ni - ted songs Al - migh - ty grace a - dore, Al - migh - ty grace a - dore.

B.