

# Pomfret

Transcribed from *The Middlesex Harmony*, 1795.

Tr. 1. Let everlasting glories crown Thy head, my Savior and my Lord; Thy hands have brought salvation down, And writ the blessings in thy word.  
2. What if we trace the globe a-round, And search from Britain to Japan, There shall be no re-li-gion found So just to God, so safe for man.

T. 3. In vain the trembling conscience seeks Some solid ground to rest upon; With long despair the spirit breaks, Till we ap-ply to Christ alone.  
4. How well thy blessed truths a-gree! How wise and holy thy commands! Thy promises, how firm they be! How firm our hope and comfort stands.

B. 5. Not the feigned fields of heathenish bliss Could raise such pleasures in the mind; Nor does the Turkish paradise Pretend to joys so well refined.  
6. Should all the forms that men devise Assault my faith with treacherous art, I'd call them vanity and lies, And bind the gospel to my heart.