

Charles Wesley, 1742

(Isaiah 32:2)


76.76.78.76.

Woodstock

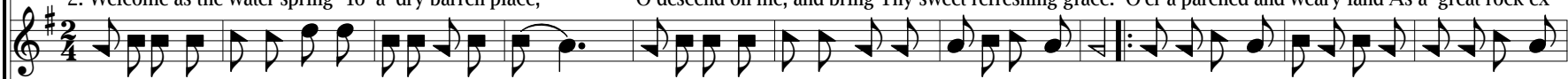
Treble-Tenor-Bass Transcribed from *Province Harmony*, 1809; *Counter* by B. C. Johnston, 2018.

G Major

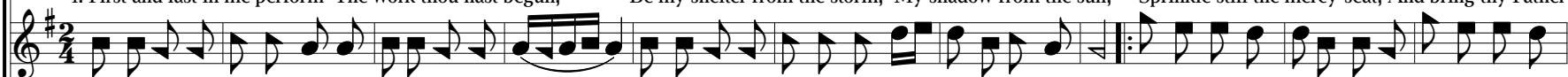
Hezekiah Moors, 1809

Tr.  5 10

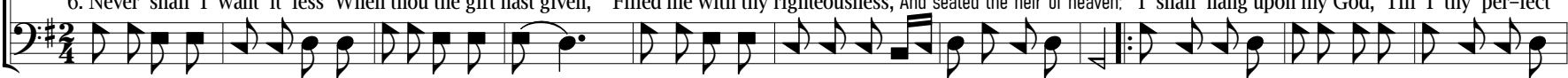
1. To the haven of thy breast, O Son of man, I fly: Be my refuge and my rest, For O! the storm is high: Save me from the furious blast, A covert from the
 2. Welcome as the water spring To a dry barren place, O descend on me, and bring Thy sweet refreshing grace: O'er a parched and weary land As a great rock ex-


C. 

3. In the time of my distress Thou hast my succor been, In my utter helplessness Restraining me from sin; O how swiftly didst thou move To save me in the
 4. First and last in me perform The work thou hast begun, Be my shelter from the storm, My shadow from the sun; Sprinkle still the mercy-seat, And bring thy Father's

T. 

5. Let thy merit as a cloud Still interpose be - tween, Plead th'atonement of thy blood Till I am cleansed from sin: Weary parched with thirst and faint Till thou th'a-bi-ding
 6. Never shall I want it less When thou the gift hast given, Filled me with thy righteousness, And sealed the heir of heaven; I shall hang upon my God, Till I thy per-fect

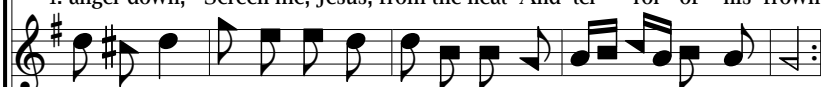
B. 

Tr.  15

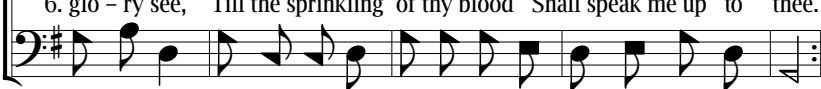
1. tempest be, Hide me, Jesus, till o'er-past The storm of sin I see.
 2. -tends its shade, Hide me, Savior, with thy hand, And screen my naked head.

C. 

3. trying hour! Still protect me with thy love, And shield me with thy power.
 4. anger down, Screen me, Jesus, from the heat And ter - ror of his frown.

T. 

5. Spirit breathe, Every moment, Lord, I want The me - rit of thy death.
 6. glo - ry see, Till the sprinkling of thy blood Shall speak me up to thee.

B. 

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2018

1. Grace eighth note converted to normal eighth note in measure 4.
2. *Counter* part written.