

Condensation

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F Major
 Daniel Read, 1786

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. Sweet - ly in - vites His

1. Hark! Hark! Hark, the Re - deem-er, from on high,

1. Sweet - ly in - vites His

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

fav - orites nigh.

1. He gent - ly speaks And

From caves of dark-ness and of doubt,

fav - orites nigh.

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

calls them out, He gent - ly speaks, And calls them out.

4. Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
 The hope thine invitation gives;
 To thee our joyful lips shall raise
 The voice of prayer and of praise.

5. I am my Love's, and he is mine;
 Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join;
 Nor let a motion, nor a word,
 Nor thought, arise to grieve my Lord.

6. My soul to pastures fair he leads,
 Amongst the lilies where he feeds
 Amongst the saints, whose robes are white,
 Washed in his blood, is his delight.

7. Till the day break, and shadows flee,
 Till the sweet dawning light I see,
 Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
 Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

8. Be like a hart on mountains green,
 Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin;
 Nor guilt nor unbelief divide
 My Love, my Savior, from my side.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2015
Counter transposed down one octave,
except measures 14-15 and 19-20,
"He gently speaks."