

Orange

Transcribed from Jenks and Griswold, *The American Compiler*, 1803.

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. Ear - ly, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spirit fains away Without thy cheering grace. So pilgrims on the scorching sand, Be-

2. I've seen thy glory and thy power Through all thy temple shine; My God, repeat that heav'nly hour, That vision so divine. Not all the blessings of a feast Can

3. Not life itself, with all her joys, Can my best passions move, Or raise so high my cheerful voice, As thy forgiving love. Thus till my last ex-pi-ring day I'll

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

1. -neath a burning sky, Long for a coo - ling stream at hand, And they must drink or die. And they ____ must drink ____ or die. So

2. please my soul so well, As when thy ri - cher grace I taste, And in thy pre - sence dwell, And in ____ thy pre - - - - sence dwell. Not

3. bless my God and King;; Thus will I lift my hands to pray, And tune my lips to sing, And tune ____ my lips ____ to sing. Thus