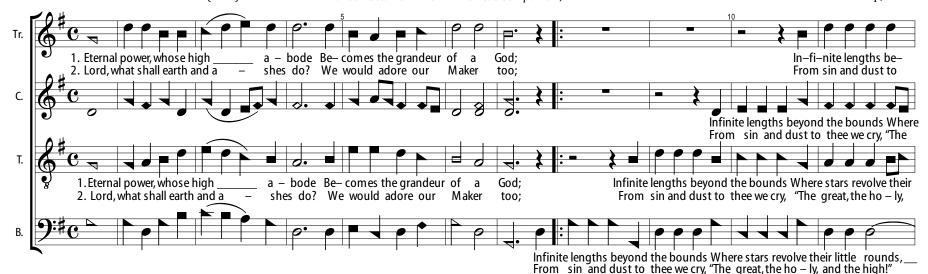
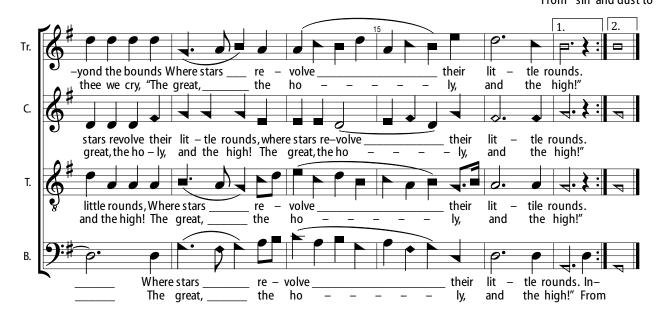
Transcribed from *The Harmonist's Companion*, 1797.





- 3. Earth from afar has heard thy fame, And worms have learnt to lisp thy name: But, oh! the glories of thy mind Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 4. God is in heaven, and men below; Be short, our tunes; our words be few; A sacred reverence checks our songs, And praise sits silent on our tongues.