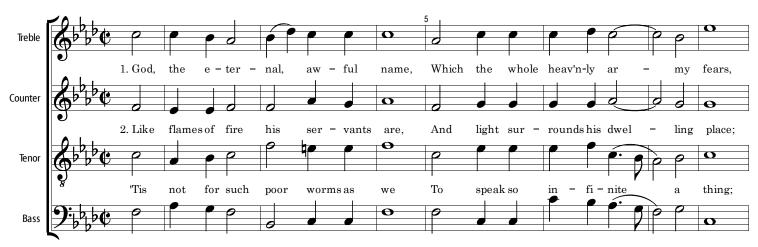
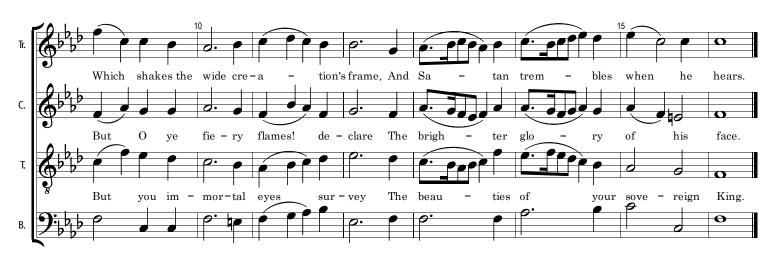
Pittsford

Transcribed from The Village Compilation, 1806.

F minor Daniel Belknap, 1802





- 4. Tell how he shows his smiling face, And clothes all heav'n in bright array; Triumph and joy run through the place, And songs eternal as the day.
- 5. Speak, for you feel his burning love, What zeal it spreads through all your frame; That sacred fire dwells all above, For we on earth have lost the name.
- 6. Sing of his power and justice too, That infinite right hand of his That vanquished Satan and his crew, And thunder drove them down from bliss..
- 7. What mighty storms of poisoned darts Were hurled upon the rebels there! What deadly javelins nailed their hearts Fast to the racks of long despair!
- 8. Shout to your King, ye heav'nly host, You that beheld the sinking foe; Firmly ye stood when they were lost: Praise the rich grace that kept you so.
- 9. Proclaim his wonders from the skies, Let every distant nation hear; And while you sound his lofty praise, Let humble mortals bow and fear.