

F# Minor.

Daniel Belknap, 1795.

1. See the Lord of glo - ry dy-ing, See him gasp-ing, hear him cry-ing, See his bur-den'd bos-om heave;  
 2. See the rocks and moun-tains quaking, Earth un - to her cen - ter shaking, Nature's groans a - wake the dead.

3. Heav-en's bright, me - lo - dious le-gions, Chant-ing through the tune - ful re-gions, Cease to thrill the quiv'ring string;  
 4. Hell, and all the pow'rs in - fer-nal, Vanquish'd by the King E - ter-nal, When he pour'd the vi - tal flood;

5. Shout, ye saints, with ad - o - ra-tion, Fill with songs the wide cre - a-tion, He is ris - en from the grave;  
 6. Bear, with pa-tience, trib - u - la-tion, O - ver - com - ing all temp-ta-tion. Till the glo-rious ju - bi-lee;

Look, ye sin - ners, ye that hung him, Look how deep your sins have stung him, Dy - ing sin - ners, look and live.  
 Lo, the sun is struck with won-der, While the le - gal peals of thun-der Smite the dear Re-deem-er's head.

Songs se - raph - ic all sus - pend-ed, Till the migh-ty war is end - ed, By the all - vic - to - ri - ous  
 By his groans, which shook cre - a - tion, Lo! we found a proc - la - ma - tion, Peace and par - don by his blood.

Shout, with joy - ful ac - cla - ma-tion, To the Rock of your sal - va-tion, Who a - lone has pow'r to save.  
 He will come with bursts of thun-der; Then shall we a - dore and won-der, Sing - ing on the high-est key.