

G Major. Robert Seagrave, 1742.

Sherman.

My drow - sy pow'rs, why sleep ye so? A - wake, my slug - gish soul, Nothing has

Nothing has half thy

Nothing has half thy work to do,

half thy work to do, Yet nothing's half so dull. Nothing has half thy work to do, Yet nothing's half so dull.

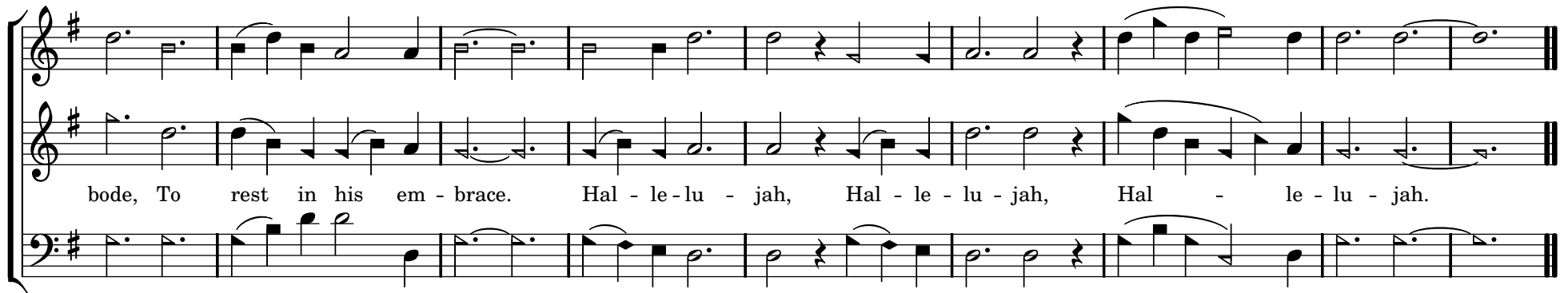
work to do,

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Towards

heav'n, thy na - tive place; Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way

To seats prepar'd a - bove. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire as cen - ding seeks the sun,

Both speed them to their source. So a soul that's born of God Pants to view his Sav - ior's face; Up - wards tends to his a -



bode, To rest in his embrace. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

## TRUE RICHES. 7s.

G Minor. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Lowry.



1. I am not concern'd to know What to-mor-row's fate will do; 'Tis e-nough that I can say, I possess'd my - self to-day.  
 2. Then if hap - ly midnight death Seize my flesh, and stop my breath, Yet to-mor-row I shall be Heir to Im - mor - ta - li - ty.

3. Glitt'ring stones, and gol - den things, Wealth and ho - nors that have wings, Ev - er flut - t'ring to be gone, I could nev - er call my own:

4. Rich - es that the world be - stows, She can take, and I can lose; But the trea - sures that are mine Lie a - far be - yond her line.  
 5. When I view my spa - cious soul, And sur - vey my - self a - whole, And en - joy my - self a - lone, I'm a king - dom of my own.

DAUPHIN on page 94 appeared on this page in the *Supplement*.