

A Minor.

Bradshaw.

1. Keep si - lent all cre - at - ed things, And wait your mak - er's nod; His pro - vi - dence un - folds
My soul stands trem - bling, while she sings The hon - ors of her God, God, His pro - vi - dence un - folds

2. Here, he ex - alts ne - glect - ed worms, To scep - tres and a crown; Not Ga - briel asks the rea -
And there, the fol - l'wing page he turns, And treads the mon - arch down. down. Not Ga - briel asks the rea -

3. In thy fair book of life and grace, O may I find my name My God, I would not long
Re - cor - ded in some hum - ble place Be - neath my Lord the lamb! My God, I would not long

the book, And makes his coun - cils shine; Each op'n - ing leaf, and ev - 'ry stroke Ful - fills some deep de - sign.

son why, Nor God the rea - son gives; Nor dures the fa - v'rite an - gels pry Between the fold - ed leaves.

to see My fate with cur - ious eyes, What gloom - y lines are write for me, Or what bright scenes may rise.